25 Cents

JULY

The RING

Souvenir

Heavyweight Championship

Number

Enjoy Perfect Vision

without these eye crutches

Thousands Can Throw Their Glasses Away

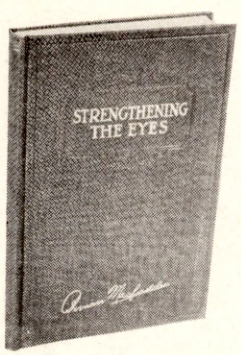
GLASSES are only eye crutches. They simply bolster up the eyes—they cannot cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for the trouble. They are useful just as crutches are useful for an injured leg, but they can no more restore your eyes to their former strength than crutches can mend a broken limb. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes it is exercise.

Over 20 years ago Bernarr Macfadden, father of Physical Culture, had a most trying experience with his eyes. Due to many nights of hard literary work under poor artificial light, they became terribly strained. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started in upon a course of natural treatment that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so entirely satisfactory that he associated himself with one of the few really great eye specialists and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

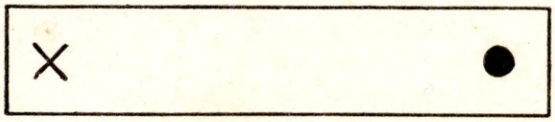
A Startling Revolutionary System of Eye Training

Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.



Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value.

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision.



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to everyone who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturist.

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.,
Dept. R-7, Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York City

Entirely at your risk, you may send me your course of Eye Exercises. Upon receipt I will pay the postman $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my money upon return of the course.

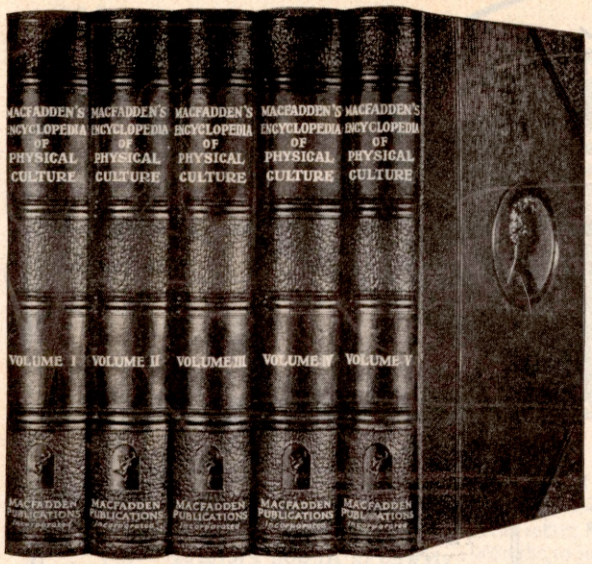
(We pay postage on all cash orders)

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

Canadian and foreign orders—cash in advance.



Will you be one of the 800,000 who will die this year of preventable disease?

OF the hundreds of thousands who die from respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney diseases, tuberculosis, influenza, and intestinal disorders, a large portion would not have died if they had been able to recognize early symptoms and had known how to treat themselves.

Nature always warns of impending sickness. The occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are Nature's warnings to you that your body isn't functioning properly or that you are not living and eating correctly.

You can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. If you are not enjoying perfect health today it is because you haven't enjoyed the method provided by Nature to keep you well. If you don't know what her requirements are, you are sure to blunder into some kind of sickness—perhaps fatal disease.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE
New 8th Edition ~ Completely Revised

EVERY year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

Barring accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these thousands should die.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "Off" right now, will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

Nature is constantly warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious trouble taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuse—she accepts no apologies.

The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctors' Bills

Those who do not know Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness are ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends $4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness or disease that might overtake you or any member of your family? To enjoy perfect health, almost complete freedom from sickness, doctor and hospital bills, and no days of suffering and worry, or salary lost through sickness?

How to—

- possess exhilarating health every day in the year
- know your own body
- eat for health
- diet for the cure of disease
- know the art of food preparation
- build a powerful physique
- correct physical imperfections
- become a physical director
- avoid unhappy marriages
- avoid disease
- fast as a curative measure
- cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
- apply all methods of drugless healing
- give first aid in emergencies
- apply home treatment for disease
- recognize diseases by manifestations
- build nervous energy
- treat the common form of disease
- understand the process of reproduction
- benefit by laws of sex and marriage
- treat diseases of women
- diagnose diseases
- have healthy and vigorous children
- treat female disorders
- treat male disorders
- obtain virility and manhood
- care for the complexion
- manicure; care for the hair and feet
- cultivate the mind—

These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture

(8th Edition—Greater Than Ever Before)

This marvelous 5-volume work gives you the information you need to build up rugged strength, health and vitality. It is for every member of the family—it covers every phase of strength and body building for adults, children and babies. It gives invaluable information on fasting, dieting and exercise. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is simple, comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. He has had more than thirty years' experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

Seven big editions of this popular work have been exhausted. And now the eighth edition—greatest of all—has just come off the press. This edition has been completely revised at great expense. Scores of new illustrations have been inserted. The binding has been changed to a beautiful all Fabrikoid, more durable than leather. Altogether it is the finest edition of the encyclopedia ever issued.

10 Days' Free Examination of Entire Set—No Money Needed

This is the most liberal offer we have ever made on the Encyclopedia—10 days' examination of the entire set at no expense to you. There is no money needed—no deposit to pay. Just fill in the coupon and we will send the five volumes to you, all shipping charges prepaid, for your inspection.

Take ten days to examine the set. Then, if you decide to purchase, send us only $2.00 as your first payment. Additional payments may be made at the rate of only $3.00 a month until the total cost of $35.00 has been paid.

If you care to pay cash you may do so by sending us only $31.50. This represents a 10 per cent discount.

If you purchase the set at once we will include, without extra charge, a one year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine.

Remember, no money now, and no obligation to purchase. You simply agree to return the books at the end of ten days in case you decide not to keep them.

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. R-7, 1926 Broadway, New York City

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. R-7, Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

SPECIAL

Send me on 10 days' inspection the five volumes of the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. If I find the set satisfactory I will either send $2.00 in ten days and $3.00 a month until $35.00 has been paid, or $31.50 cash. If I decide not to keep the books I will return them in 10 days postpaid.

Foreign orders—cash in advance.

Name.....

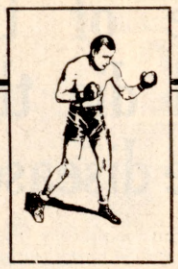
Occupation.....

Residence.....

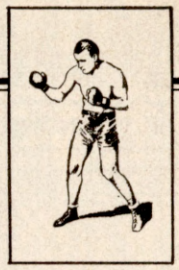
Employed at.....

Business Address.....

I understand that this price includes a subscription to Physical Culture Magazine for one year.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(*Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office*) (*Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1930—All Rights Reserved*)

Vol. IX JULY, 1930 No. 6

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Table of Contents

	Page
SHARKEY AND SCHMELING MAKE DEMPSEY HOMESICK By Jack Dempsey	4
THIS SHARKEY ROUSES MEMORIES OF ANOTHER By Charles F. Mathison	6
HOW HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE BOUTS HAVE BEEN DECIDED By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	8
HEAVYWEIGHT HISTORY IN STIRRING ACTION	9
HISTORIC BATTLES IN WHICH CORBETT FIGURED	10
THE RISE AND FALL OF JEFFRIES	11
WINNING AND LOSING A CHAMPIONSHIP	12
WHEN NEW HEAVYWEIGHT KINGS WERE CROWNED	13
CLOSE CALLS IN CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS	14
FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL TILTS	15
TWO HECTIC CONTESTS	16
THE RING BELT GOES TO NEW CHAMPION	17
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER—Part 3 By Jack Curley as told to Frank Graham	18
NEGRO BOXERS REVIVE GLORIES OF DIXON HEYDAY By Wilbur Wood	20
THE NOOSE By Daniel M. Daniel	22
WHEN CARELESS CORBETT LOST TITLE TO FITZ By Jim Nasium	24
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS—Editorial Comment	26
SHIKAT ON A PAR WITH FORMER WRESTLING KINGS By Jack Curley	28
"THE GOOD OLD DAYS!" By Jack Kofoed	30
IN THE LONG AGO By A. D. Phillips	31
JACK AND MAX IN HIGH LIGHTS By Daniel M. Daniel	32
IN THE RING AND AT HOME	33
IMPORTANT CONTESTS IN SHARKEY'S CAREER	34
THE NEW EMPEROR OF GERMANY	35
HIS LEADING AMERICAN FIGHTS	36
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED—Series No. 7	37
McGOVERN'S GREAT TRIUMPH OVER PEDLAR PALMER By Joe Humphreys	38
THEIR PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT	40
LIL' ARTHUR'S LEAN DAYS By Hype Igoe	41
TWO-ROUND REILLY'S BIG JOLT By Edwin A. Goewey	42
EDDIE McGOORTY, WORLD TRAVELER By Jimmy Bronson	44
"KNOCKOUT MADE ME," SAYS AL SINGER By Edward Merrill	45
FROM A REPORTER'S NOTES By Jack Skelly	46
WHAT PRICE CAULIFLOWER? By Earl McKee	47
ON THE HIGHWAYS OF NEW YORK By Eddie Borden	50
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET By Eddie Borden	52
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO By Frank Mastro	54
CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN By Ted Broadribb	56
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON By Doc Almy	58
FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY By Ray Bouslog	61
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS By Charles F. Mathison	70

In Our Next Issue

The Sharkey-Schmeling Fight Reviewed in Action Pictures

The New Heavyweight Champion—By Jack Dempsey

The Science of the Sharkey-Schmeling Fight described by James J. Corbett

When Gans Fought Nelson at Goldfield—By Jim Nasium

How Ernest Siegfried, the German Oak, made his American Wrestling Debut—Another interesting story by Joe Humphreys

New Orleans Fistic Carnival of 1892—By A. D. Phillips

Jack Curley continues his thrilling story in "Memoirs of a Promoter"

The Ring's Most Dramatic Moments—By Jack Kofoed

Australia's Great Middleweight—The Story of Les Darcy—By Will Lawless (Solar Plexus)

In addition to splendid stories by Daniel M. Daniel, Wilbur Wood, Ed Goewey, Charles F. Mathison and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45 General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary

Advertising Manager—J. W. Burnham, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and Eddie Borden.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Behind the Scenes With Real Detectives!

Tales with the Added Thrill of Truth

Written by World's Leading Detectives and Reporters

Actual Inside Stories of 20 Great Crime Mysteries

FIENDISH murder tracked to its lair. Treacherous blackmail exposed. Debauching white slavers brought to justice. Tragic kidnapping—gruesome crime—intriguing mystery revealed. Not by fictional pawns moved at the will of a clever story writer. But by real detectives and newspaper men.

Here are the true stories—the inside facts of most baffling and sensational murders, mysteries, and crimes that have paraded themselves across the front pages of our newspapers within the last few years. Told to you by the actual detectives and reporters who worked on the cases.

Here you learn the real solutions to the mysteries that have always puzzled you. The actual motives, intimate facts and ultimate conclusions of crimes that have rocked our continent. The actual solution coming in most instances after the newspapers have dropped the cases. And now are for the first time revealed to the public.

Not a Book of Fiction

"Strange and Mysterious Crimes" is a book you will eagerly read from cover to cover. For it is not a book of fiction—not a tale of the imagination. It deals with *real* mysteries and *real* criminals. Crime mysteries that are true—thrilling—exciting—baffling—fascinating. Each story tingles with the reality of blood-chilling experiences. The bizarre crimes and misdoings described have been committed by cunning individuals who leave no clues behind them. Not only the brutal crimes themselves, but the gradual unfolding of the processes of justice, add to the suspense.

In these stories you read of detectives—crime-hunters, clever, brainy and brave. And of how they take the tangled knots of circumstance into their own hands. How they slowly and patiently unravel all their twistings and windings until finally the great secret is disclosed—and the criminals brought to justice.

You have long been waiting for tales of this sort. Stories that are true—that combine all the fascination—all the lure of fictional stories—with the sure knowledge that the events unfolded in cameo clearness on the pages before you *have actually happened*. Stories that for suspense, surprise and startling denouement are setting a new mark in popular reading material.

Lovers of the finer points of crime detection will find this book more fascinating, more absorbing than any of the imaginary detective novels. In this great book you enjoy thrilling accounts of the actual exploits of living detectives—revealing first-hand statements of how tangled trails of criminal operations have been solved. Tales from the life experiences of crime hunters well known in the American detective world.

Written by or under the personal direction of the detectives and newspaper men involved, these stories reveal the cases described in accurate detail from beginning to end. They supply the important facts not available in newspaper accounts. They give, often for the first time, the authentic version of the episodes leading to the crime's solution.

Twenty Complete Stories in One Volume

The Strange Story of the Lost Millionaire
The strangest disappearance case on record

The Crime that Rocked a Continent
Inside story of the sensational Hans Schmidt murder case

Chicago May's Cleverest Job
A clever blackmail scheme revealed

The Horror Package in Red
Story of the cold blooded "Guldensuppe Murder"

My Adventures with a Blackmail Ring
Story of a cruel blackmailer at work

The Crime Without a Clue
Was this ferocious crime finally solved?

The Clue of the Crucifix
A fiendish killing shrouded with black mystery

Inside Story of the Catherine Ging Murder
The famous "Harry Hayward" case

The Boy Who Stole a Million
How the underworld works

The Lone Million Dollar Diamond Thief
The story of Hubbard, notorious diamond thief

Human Contraband
Smuggling opium and Chinese girls from Mexico

The Unwritten Evidence
A helpless creature buried alive

How They Captured the "Human Gorilla"
Earle Nelson's mad career of blood totalled 22 victims

The Farm of the Seven Crimes
Inside story of the mysterious Oberst horror

Tapped Wires
"Limping Charlie" Cleaver, notorious Chicago safe-cracker, captured

The Strange Death of Beautiful Elizabeth Griffith
A tragic end to the 17-year-old Kentucky beauty

My Encounter with a White Slave Ring
Girls taken to South America to marry wealthy men. What they found

Hands Up
Story of a $73,000 Los Angeles hold-up

The $1,000,000 Insurance Frauds
The gang responsible for the losses

Written With Scissors
Amazing grab for $200,000 from the National Bank of Cuba

20 Stories For the Price of One

One glance at the contents of this book will convince you of its scope. And these stories—twenty of them—have been put into a single volume, within the means of all. And you do not have to send a cent with your order. Merely mail the coupon below and the book will come to you by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman only $2.00 plus a few cents postage. There is no further charge. *You get this masterpiece—twenty heart-throbbing, hair-raising stories in one volume—for only $2.00.*

The edition is limited. So order from your book store or send in the coupon at once assuring yourself of a copy now.

Macfadden Book Company Inc., Desk R.-7
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me at once a copy of "Strange and Mysterious Crimes." When the book arrives, I will pay the postman $2.00 plus a few cents delivery charges. This will pay for the book in full.

If you care to send cash with your order, we will pay the postage.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....
(Canadian and foreign orders—cash in advance)

On Sale at all Bookstores

. . . or use coupon to order direct

Sharkey and Schmeling

Manassa Mauler Tells of Big Moments in Carpentier and Firpo Fights

THE Sharkey-Schmeling fight just concluded brings to mind other bouts. It brings back memories of the days when I was the center of fistic excitement. It's good to look back at them, and it sort of gives me a thrill to go back to some of the good things I may have done in the ring. It gives me a thrill to remember, and to try to dope out just how I would fare were I to take a notion to put on the gloves again just once more.

The fight I like to remember is the one with Georges Carpentier in that muggy heat in Jersey City. I had no doubt at all that I could stop the Frenchman—and stop him I did. But he certainly socked me. Not as hard as some of the stories would make it out. Yes, Carpentier hit me hard and maybe he thought he had a chance to follow that up and put me out. But I was absolutely clear of head, knew just what I was doing, and even when hit, still had all my confidence with me.

That fight is far enough back to go into the details for the first time in a frank way. You remember that the French champion came over here surrounded with a lot of hip, hip, hurray. The fight was billed the Battle of the Century.

Thousands of fans whom I never had seen and who never had seen me, somehow or other got the impression that they did not like me. I could feel that in my training. But I was a lot younger then and I was resentful—and very determined.

"I'm going to make them like me," I said to myself. "They have nothing against me. They have no real reason for wanting to see me licked. Let me win, and win handsomely, and the boys will be with me. I want them with me. I can't go on without the complete support of the public. I don't want to be a champion who is something of a hermit."

* * *

WHEN I went into the ring I got a surprise. I got a big hand. As big a hand as the Frenchman—and maybe better. I said, "Well, I have some friends after all. I've got to win this thing."

You know, Tex Rickard was afraid I would hit Carpentier just once and ruin all that stuff about the Battle of the Century. He said to me before the fight: "Don't hit Carp right away. You can stop him as soon as you like, you know. But give the boys a run for their dough."

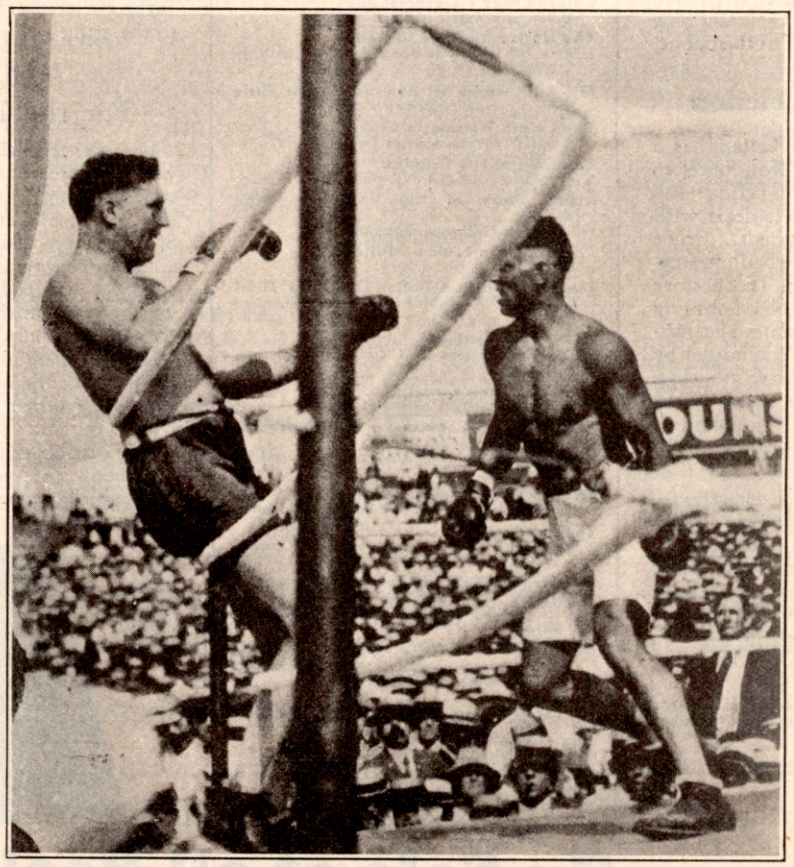
I decided to oblige Tex and as soon as I got into the ring and heard those shouts, I was sorry I had promised to carry my opponent for even one second longer than necessary. As a matter of fact, Carpentier surprised me a little as he was sturdier than he looked. When he came into the ring, weighing scarcely 170, I thought I could hit him once and end it.

I like to remember that fight, with the crowd shouting for me when it was all over. That was the fight that really made me. It was the turning point in my career. I knew I would stop Willard. But somehow I got greater satisfaction, strange as it may sound, out of stopping Carpentier and having that big crowd turn toward me.

* * *

AS I left the big arena at Boyle's Thirty Acres, I said, "Jack, you can beat them all now. The boys are with you."

That may sound like a lot of hokum, but the champion who could remain a champion without the moral support of the people of his own country never lived. I say that definitely—very definitely—now.



The fight in which Jack Dempsey won the title. Here he is shown cornering Big Jess in the first round with the champion unable to defend himself

Yes, I can hear you ask it. Maybe with a laugh. How about Firpo? Well, that was a tough fight. The Argentinian hit me. But it was mostly my own fault. You see, I got it into my head that I was invincible. I had no respect for Firpo as a fighter because he lacked science. But how that bull could sock! Say, I can feel it yet!

Of course, Firpo's knocking me out of the ring created quite a sensation. I note from time to time that certain ring experts say that if Firpo had had a capable handler he would have claimed the title—and got it.

Pardon me if I do not agree with this opinion. I was removed from the ring by my op-

Make Dempsey Homesick

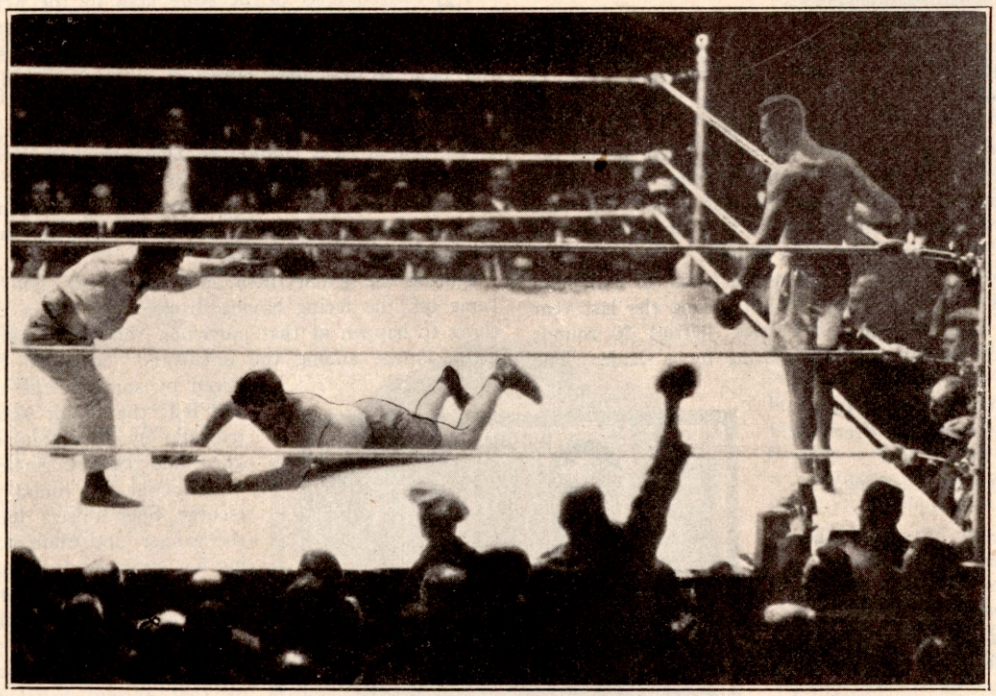
By Jack Dempsey

ponent. True enough. But at no time during the period which elapsed between the blow and my return to the ring was my head befogged. At no time was I near a knockout. At no time did I lose my confidence.

As I hit the press row, I said, "Well, this is a fine kettle of fish, being socked out by a guy like that. You're a hell of a champion. Get back in there and finish him." And that I did.

That night there was no question as to the support of the crowd. That night there was no doubt as to the sympathies of ninety-eight percent of the onlookers.

I could feel it in the very air. I could feel it as I was hit and I could feel it in the sigh of relief that sounded through the stadium when I met Firpo again and let him have it with every ounce of power it was possible for me to command.



Luis Firpo taking the third count in his fight with Jack Dempsey

I don't think I ever hit anybody with anything like the punch I hit Firpo the first time he went down after my return to the ring. I hit him harder then than I did when he was counted out. No, he wasn't hard to find with those punches. He was one of those huge targets—not as clever as Willard, but stronger and in much better shape.

* * *

THERE are moments of anxiety and minutes of strain for a champion in a fight. I can remember Willard. He was all strained when he got into the ring, and I knew it the moment I hit him. There was no rebound from the body. The punch sank. Jess was soft. If he underestimated me, it was too bad. Maybe he had no stomach for training in that terrible heat. It sure was hot the two weeks before the fight, and that afternoon when we met on the shores of Maumee Bay.

Yes, there are tough times in a fight. But the big strain comes the week before the encounter. I always felt more or less mean that week, and when I got that way I knew I was in shape.

I never worried about the outcome of a fight. I am not boasting, because I don't have to boast. But that's a fact. I never lost a bit of confidence at any time. No, not even when I was harried and harassed at Atlantic City before the first fight with Tunney.

I felt out of sorts, but still had enough confidence in my ability to feel I would win by a knockout in seven rounds. At no time in the rain that night did I lose that feeling. I always had an idea that somehow I would get one in before the final bell. But somehow, I didn't.

The anxiety of the week before saps some fighters and makes others stronger and tougher. Before the first Tunney fight it worked opposite to what it had been working through my career. Instead of getting tougher I suppose I got softer.

* * *

WELL, all these reminiscences make me kind of homesick for the ring, and the excitement. Sometimes I feel relieved that I no longer have to go through it all—the long training spell, the crowds and the work and the hard hours and the combat. But then again there are times when I miss it all so much that I feel like going back.

Those are the times when you read, "Dempsey working again, comeback in prospect," or some such thing.

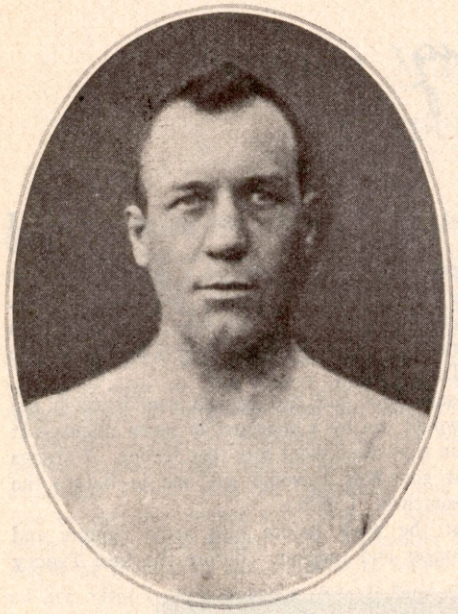
I work again, because I have to.

You know, I have a hunch I could beat some of the boys in training now. Some, maybe all of them, in turn. But I could not go in for a protracted campaign.

The Sharkey-Schmeling fight already has given the game a big impetus and I think we will have another big heavyweight battle before Winter comes. Very likely in September.

This *Sharkey* Rouses

When Siler Gave Jeffries Decision Over Sailor Tom in Tumult at Coney Island



Gus Ruhlin

IF modern spectators of glove contests, who are accustomed to rail at nearly every close decision in 10, 12 or 15-round bouts could have been present at the contest between Jeffries and Sharkey they would have seen something warranted to arouse their hearty indignation. They would have been able to voice their resentment against what was probably the poorest verdict ever rendered in a battle that ended with both men on their feet at the close of the stipulated twenty-five rounds.

Although Sharkey was by no means the equal of a number of heavyweights of the crop that fought during the last year of the Horton Law, yet he had battled Jeffries 20 rounds in San Francisco on May 6, 1898, losing by a shade. The Sailor had also stopped Gus Ruhlin in the first round at Coney Island, and had a 9-round decision over Jim Corbett at the Lenox A. C. Then he fought an eight-round draw with Joe Choynski.

Tom was a heavy hitter and when the announcement was made of a twenty-five-round struggle for the championship between Jeffries and Sharkey, the fight fans expected a tough mill. That they were not disappointed was due to Sharkey's aggressive tactics.

* * *

THE fight was a blistering go in more ways than one, for in the attempt to take moving pictures of the fray, a system of numerous strong lights was installed over the ring. The heat from these lights not only was weakening to the gladiators, but ringside spectators all but collapsed before the bout ended.

The physical disparity of the men was marked, Jeffries weighing 220 pounds, and standing 6 feet 1½ inches tall. Sharkey weighed 180 pounds and stood 5 feet 8½ inches tall. The Sailor's arms were short compared to those of Jeffries, and while the former was stocky and muscular he was inferior in all respects except one—fighting heart. In the matter of courage he thoroughly outclassed the title holder.

Sharkey was a swinger with both hands, and the boxer of average ability had little trouble in avoiding the seaman's blows. Yet Jeffries was unable to do so. Sharkey landed his left on the hard jaw of the Coast man like clockwork in each round. There was not a knockdown in the entire 25 rounds, nor anything that approached one. Sharkey's hardest thumps did not jar the giant, and Jeff was so cautious, he did not dare take a chance of mixing it with his squatty opponent.

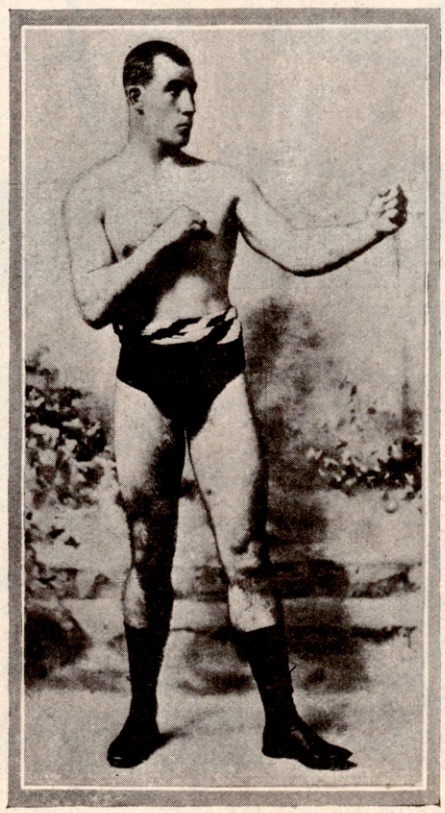
* * *

ACCORDING to the score kept by the writer, Sharkey up to the 20th round had won eighteen rounds on aggressiveness and blows landed. The stumpy sailor carried the fight to his huge opponent in each round, and never wavered for a moment.

In the final five or six rounds, Jeffries, coached by Tommy Ryan, sent a right counter to Sharkey's body every time the Sailor shot a left swing to the Boilermaker's jaw.

Sharkey was just as aggressive and tireless in the closing rounds as he had been in the earlier sessions, and continued to score points to the close.

During the twenty-fifth and last round, Jeff's right glove came off, the lacing having broken. It was a very peculiar thing to happen at that particular time, and there was much astonishment among the onlookers. Although Sharkey was urged by some of the spectators to hit Jeff, the Sailor showed sportsmanship by not attacking until the glove had been readjusted.



Tom Sharkey

When the last round was finished, George Siler raised Jeff's hand as the winner, and there was no cheering nor applause, for nine out of ten persons in the arena were convinced that Sharkey had won the bout and the title.

Siler unquestionably was influenced by that ancient belief that a title holder could not lose his crown unless he was knocked out. This singular idea was followed closely in London Rules days, although frequently it was abandoned by the backers of a defeated fighter, who was so badly done for as to be unable to get out of his corner for an ensuing round. In this event the crowd behind the beaten man would rush into the ring, cut the ropes and break up the affair. Then it was customary for the referee to call the contest a drawn battle.

In the case of Jeffries, the softhearted Siler decided it would be cruel to declare the title holder beaten when he was on his feet at the conclusion of the twenty-fifth round. Jeff had been outpointed in eighteen of the twenty-five rounds, but that

Memories of Another

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

meant nothing to the referee, who apparently was there to see that Jeff kept his championship unless he was carried out of the ring on a stretcher. If a decision akin to Siler's were made in these days the roof of the club would be blown out by the raucous shouts of the onlookers.

* * *

BUT Siler's decision was not the only amazing thing in connection with that notable fight. It developed a few days after the fight that Jeff's right counters to the body had damaged a couple of Sharkey's ribs, and that the Sailor received treatment from a physician.

Jeff's handlers used this as proof positive that Jeff had earned the decision. Yet they failed to mention the fact that no one in the arena, save Sharkey, knew that his ribs were hurt. Certainly Siler knew nothing of it, and his decision was based entirely on what took place in the ring during the 25 rounds.

It would be a great help to many boxers if referees could wait a few days before deciding a bout in order to get reports from hospitals to which contestants had been taken some days after fights. If Mike O'Dowd, who was fouled about two dozen times by Johnny Wilson, and who a few days later went to the hospital to be operated on for hernia, could have induced the referee to delay his decision until he emerged from the hospital, he might have received the decision that went to Wilson despite his many foul blows.

Nevertheless, the adherents of Jeffries have continued to dwell on the injury to Sharkey's ribs as proof that Jeff won the fight despite the fact that the sailor was on his feet fighting like a gamecock at the close of the twenty-fifth and last round.

As proof that the injury was not lasting, Sharkey, following the fight with Jeff, scored six knockouts in a row, his victims being Joe Goddard, Jim Jeffords, Jim McCormick, Tom Conroy, Joe Choynski and Yank Kenny.

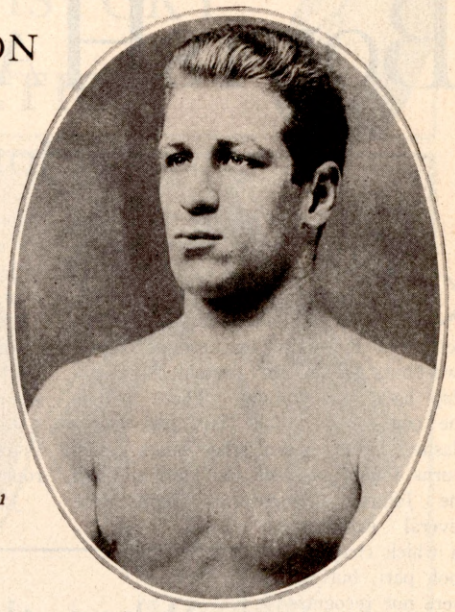
* * *

RECOLLECTIONS! Sullivan losing to Corbett, Corbett losing to Fitzsimmons.

Memories! Fitz being beaten by Jeffries. And Jeff being whipped by Johnson.

Recollections and memories of years and years of competition in the ring, and the one fight which stands out on the screen of memory is that twenty-five round struggle between Jeffries, then the world's heavyweight title holder, and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, N. Y., on November 3, 1899.

In the last few years we've had several unsatisfactory endings to important fights. The finale of the Sharkey-Scott thing in Miami exploded a lot of talk. The Dempsey-Sharkey affair resulted in acrimonious debate. There have been too many fouls and charges of fouls. And over the short route of to-day, too!



Joe Choynski

Jack Sharkey's bout with Max Schmeling brings to mind the effort of the other Sharkey—a greater Sharkey, and a real Sharkey, too—to win the heavyweight title. And it carries us back to that night at Coney Island—that night of turmoil—that night when Jeff had the fight of his life with Sailor Tom.

The fight game, like all other branches of sport, has made great strides. This is an era of progress and the boys who don the padded mitts have not been backward in keeping up with the times. Yet, one cannot compare the heavyweight battles of the last four years with the hectic struggles of the past. The last great heavyweight championship bout took place at Soldier's Field in Chicago, in which Gene Tunney received the famous long count. With that bout, passed, at least temporarily, the hectic struggles that marked great heavyweight bouts of a generation or more ago.

George Siler

* * *

SULLIVAN, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Sam Langford, Joe Choynski, Gus Ruhlin, Peter Maher, Peter Jackson—all receive a ranking in the heavyweight division greater than that which any of the present-day headliners merit. Jack Sharkey, as fighters of to-day are measured, is a good, two-fisted battler, but he wouldn't have stood up long against the attacks which both his namesake, Tom Sharkey and Jeffries hurled at each other on that memorable day at Coney Island. Fights like that affair are not regular occurrences. They are the thrillers that come but once in a while. Commercialization has taken the place of ring romance and with it, has arisen a new type of fighter.

Oh! for the rise of a Dempsey, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons—among the heavyweights.

How Heavyweight Title Bouts Have Been Decided

By John L. (Ike) Dorgan

SINCE the start of the modern era of boxing, when John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett fought for the heavyweight title at New Orleans and Corbett won in twenty-one rounds, forty-two bouts for the heavyweight championship have been fought. These include the contest in which Hart and Burns clashed and fourteen other bouts which Burns fought between the Hart tilt and the Johnson slaughter. There were several exhibitions in which champions took part, but they were not recognized as titular bouts nor advertised as such.

The longest of these fights was that between Johnson and Willard; the shortest, four one-round battles, which Burns won; the most thrilling, the Dempsey-Firpo encounter; the most punishing, the Dempsey - Willard; the most scientific exhibition, that of Corbett against Jim Jeffries; the most pathetic, that of Jeffries in his bout with Jack Johnson, and the most one-sided, the Tunney-Heeney and Burns-Johnson battles.

Of the heavyweight championship contests in which the title changed hands, the only one in which a knockout was not recorded or the bout stopped to save the loser from unnecessary punishment, was the Dempsey-Tunney battle in Philadelphia.

Here is a list of all heavyweight championships from the Sullivan-Corbett battle to the present day:

John L. Sullivan knocked out by James J Corbett with right to jaw, twenty-first round, in 1893.

James J. Corbett drew, 4 rounds, with Tom Sharkey, San Francisco, 1894.

James J. Corbett knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons with left to stomach, the solar plexus blow (fourteenth round), in 1897.

James J. Jeffries knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons in 11th round, Coney Island, 1899, with left to jaw followed by a right to the jaw.

James J. Jeffries won referee's decision over Tom Sharkey, twenty-five rounds in 1899.

James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett with left to jaw, twenty-third round, in 1900.

James J. Jeffries knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons with right to jaw, eight rounds, in 1902.

James J. Jeffries knocked out Gus Ruhlin with left to stomach, San Francisco, 5th round, 1901.

James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett with left to stomach, tenth round, in 1903.

James J. Jeffries slaughtered Jack Munro. Referee stopped contest, second round, in 1904.

Tommy Burns won referee's decision over Marvin Hart, twentieth round, in 1908, and claimed the title.

Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires with right to chin, first round, in 1907.

Tommy Burns knocked out Jim O'Brien with a right to the jaw in one round in 1906.

Tommy Burns knocked out Jim Walker in one round with a right hook in 1906.

Tommy Burns knocked out Jim Flynn in 15th round with a left to the jaw in 1906.

Tommy Burns won from Joe Grimm in three rounds on a decision in 1907.

Tommy Burns won from Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in 20 rounds on a decision in 1907.

Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in one round with a right to the chin in 1907.

Tommy Burns knocked out Gunner Moir in 10th round with a right to the jaw in 1907.

Tommy Burns knocked out Jack Palmer in the 4th round with a right hook in 1908.

Tommy Burns knocked out Jem Roche in one round with a right to the chin in 1908.

Tommy Burns knocked out Jewey Smith in 5th round with a right hook to the jaw, in 1908.

Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in 8th round with a right to the chin in 1908.

Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in 13th round with a right and left to the jaw in 1908.

Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Lange in 6th round with a right to the chin in 1908.

Jack Johnson defeated Tommy Burns. Police stopped contest in the 14th round, in 1908.

Jack Johnson beat Victor MacLaghlen, 10 rounds, 1908.

Jack Johnson knocked out Stanley Ketchel, Colma, Cal., in 12th round, 1908, with left to stomach and right to head.

Jack Johnson fought no decision bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman in 1908.

Jack Johnson defeated Jim Jeffries, latter's seconds interfering in the fifteenth round in 1910.

Jack Johnson defeated Jim Flynn, police interfering, ninth round, in 1912.

(*Continued on page* 49)

When the Champion Couldn't Take It

IT was a new experience for the Champion. Never before had he been subjected to this painful ordeal. The other man lunged with his right, tore at the Champion's jaw, and the famous title holder, winner of a hundred furious fights, world's fistic leader and known as one of the gamest men the ring had produced, emitted a howl of pain.

"Hurt?" chuckled the other man. "Never had this done before, eh? Well, it's coming to you, Big Boy. And this isn't all."

The Champion sparred for time. He winced at the next lunge and spat out a tooth. The other man laughed with fiendish glee.

Now the title holder found himself stretched out, at the mercy of the other man. Again the other fellow tore into the Champion's jaw, again the famous fighter howled with pain, and the other man stood off and sized up the battler who was hailed as one of the most amazing fighting machines boxing had developed.

"Hurt?" he asked again. There was a strange gleam in his eye.

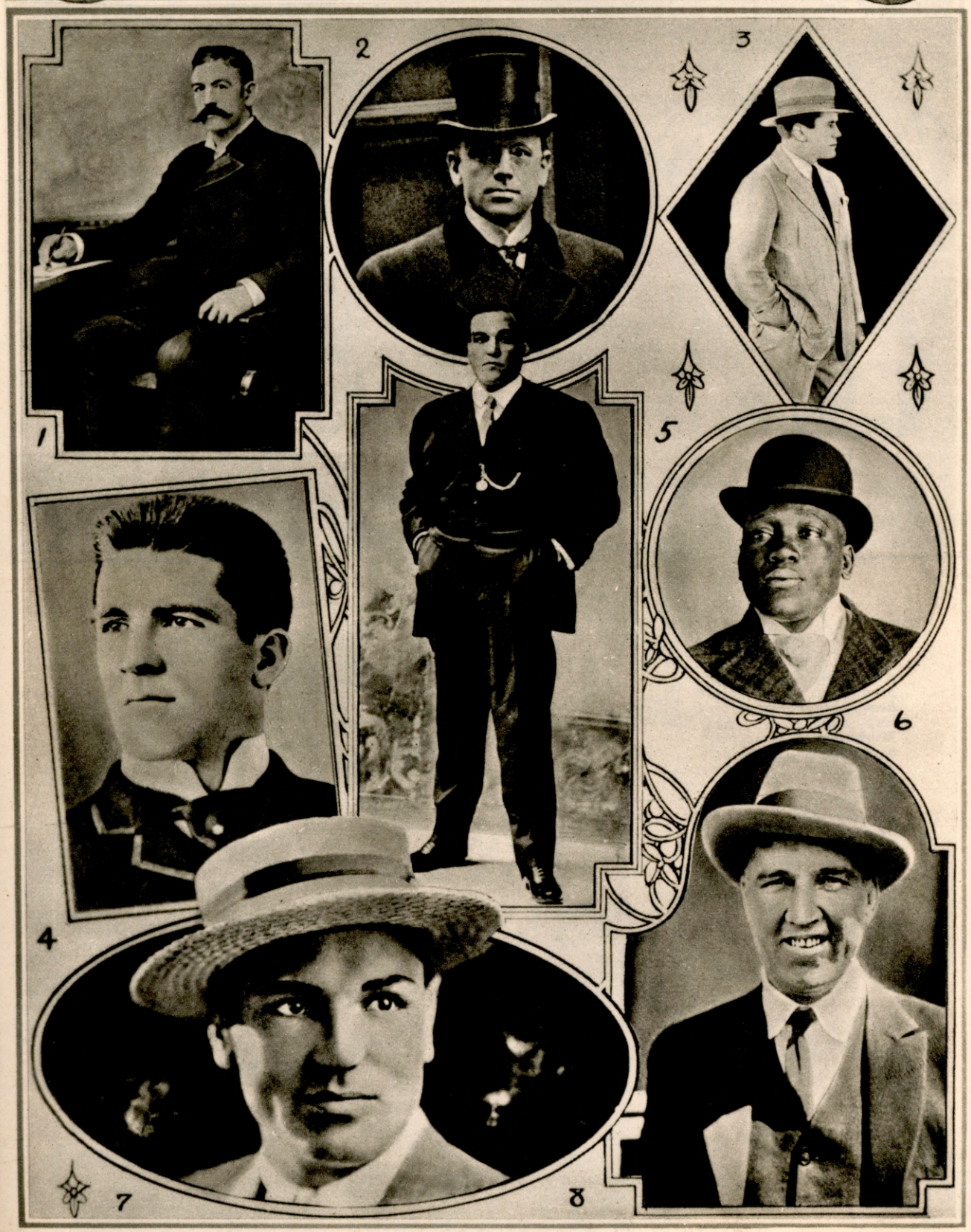
"Well, we will have to gas you," said the other man, and he was all over the Champion in a trice.

Now the Title Holder was an inert human mass. Another lunge finished the job.

When the Champion regained consciousness, he said, "Doctor, I'll never neglect a bad tooth again. The pain was awful."

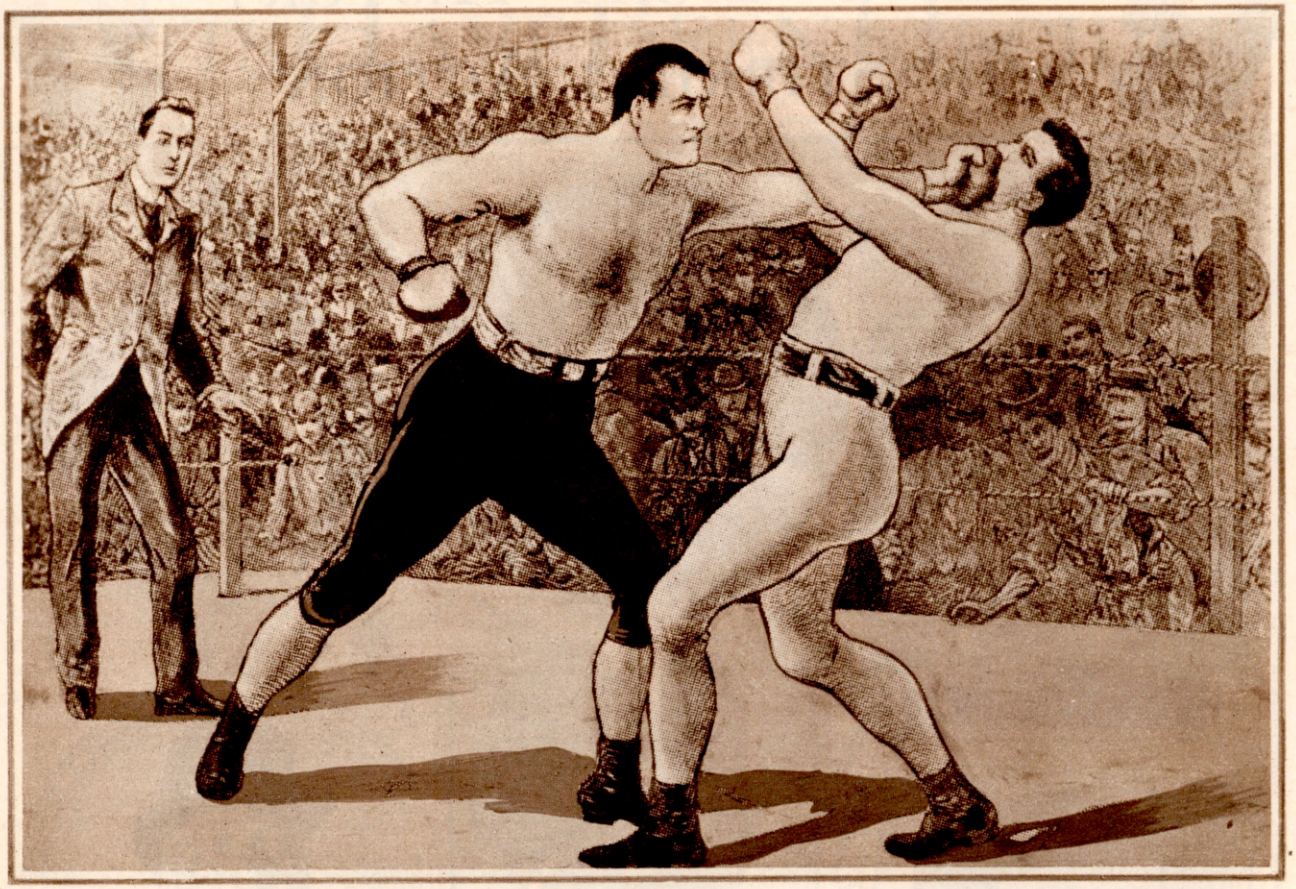
The Champion had had two molars extracted—one with gas!

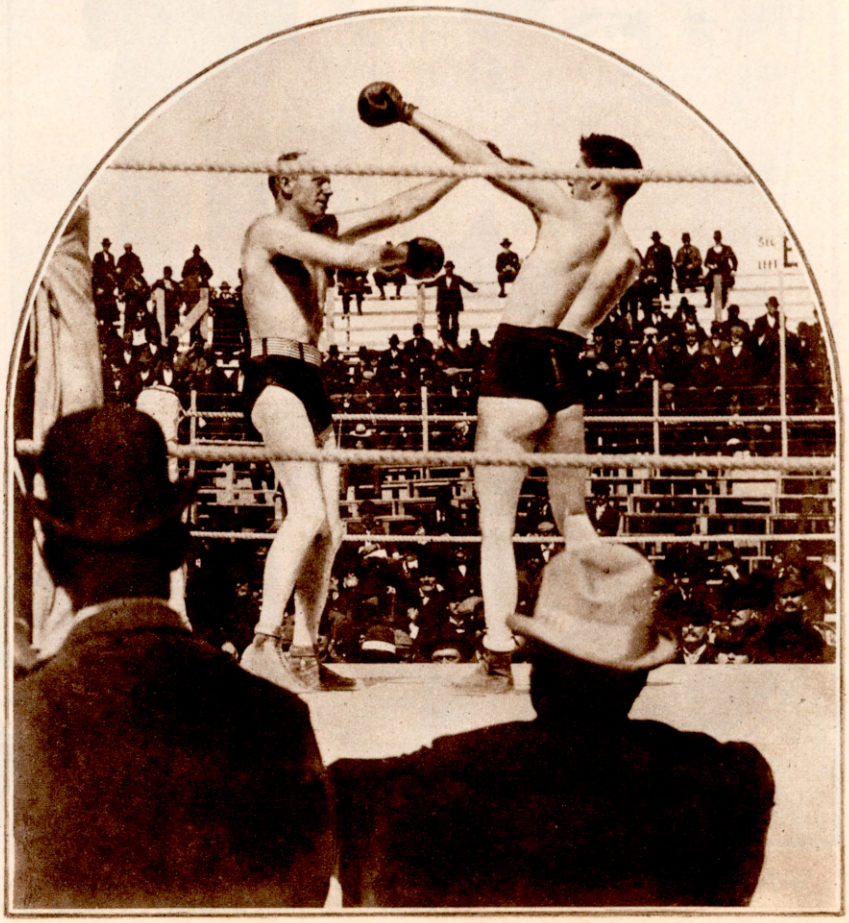
Heavyweight History In Stirring Action



1—John L. Sullivan; 2—Bob Fitzsimmons; 3—Gene Tunney; 4—James J. Corbett; 5—James J. Jeffries; 6—Jack Johnson; 7—Jack Dempsey; 8—Jess Willard

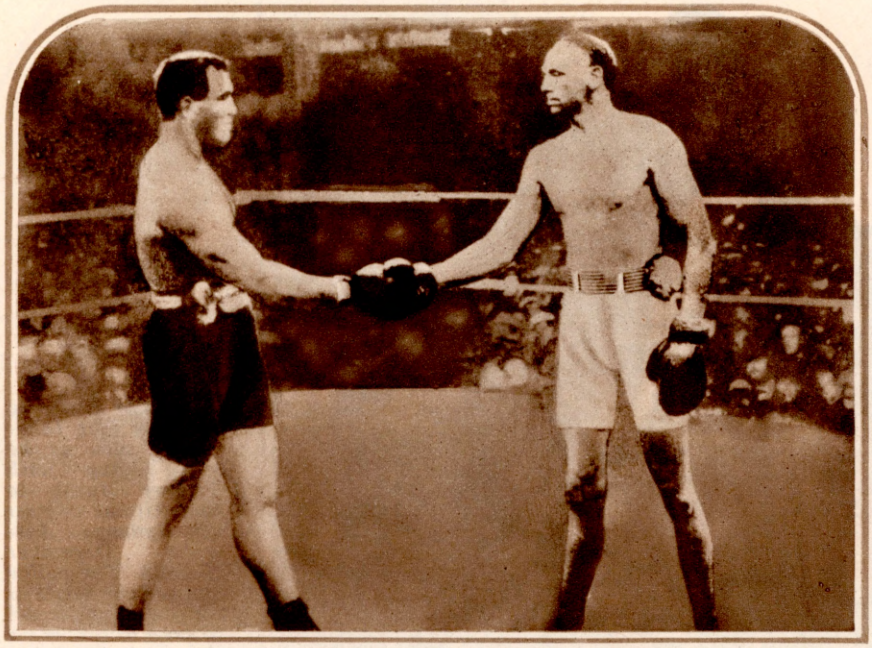
Historic Battles in Which Corbett Figured



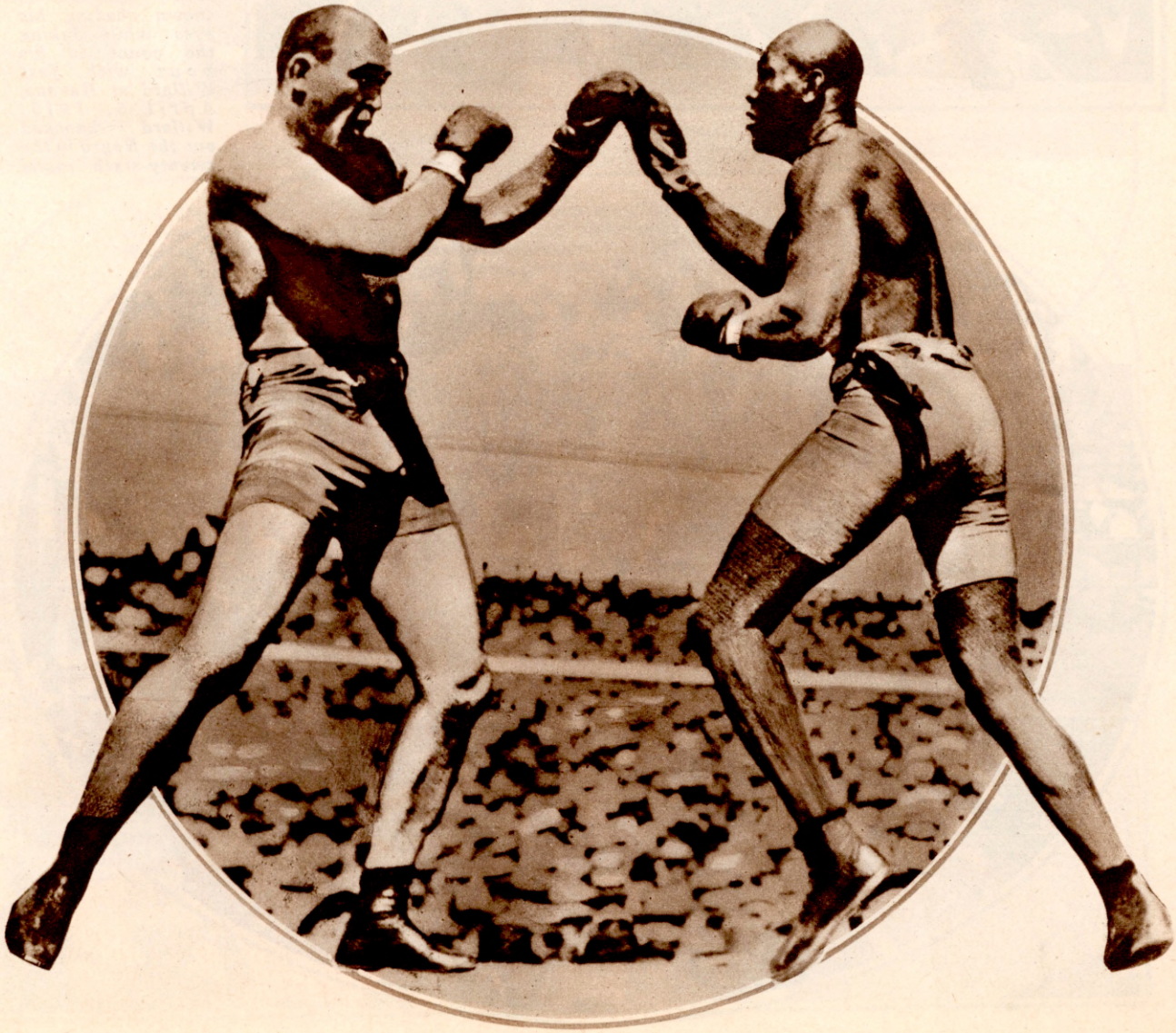


Above—A graphic reproduction of the first heavyweight championship fight under the Marquis of Queensberry Rules staged at New Orleans, September 7, 1892. It was in this contest that Sullivan was shorn of his title. Corbett knocked him out in the twenty-first round. Right—A scene in the eleventh round of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons bout at Carson City, in which Corbett was knocked out in the fourteenth with the famous solar plexus blow

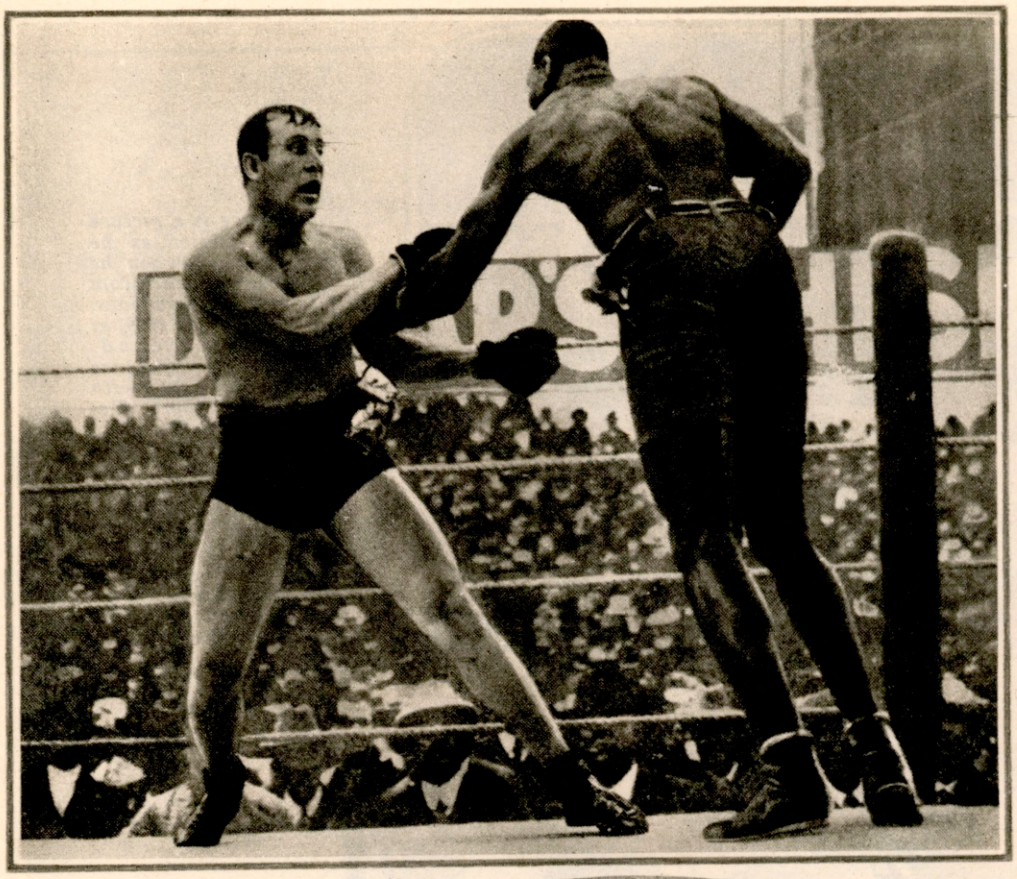
The RISE and FALL of JEFFRIES



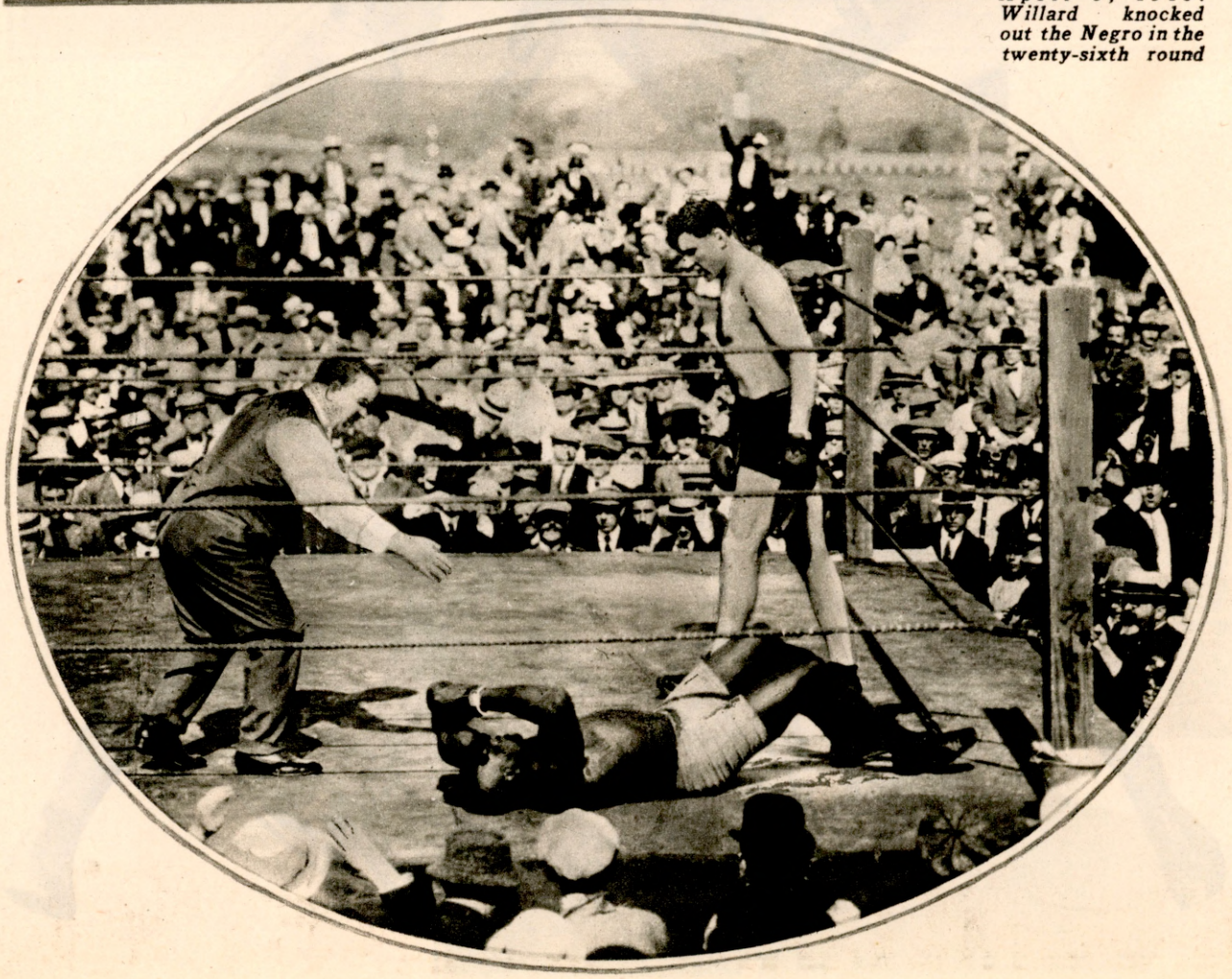
Above is a picture of Jeffries as he appeared when he won the title from Bob Fitzsimmons, on June 9, 1899, at Coney Island. Jeffries, (left) is shaking hands with Ruby Robert. Below, Jeffries is making his last stand in the fifteenth round, July 4, 1910, against the Negro champion, Jack Johnson. Jeffries, in a "comeback," was stopped by the Negro



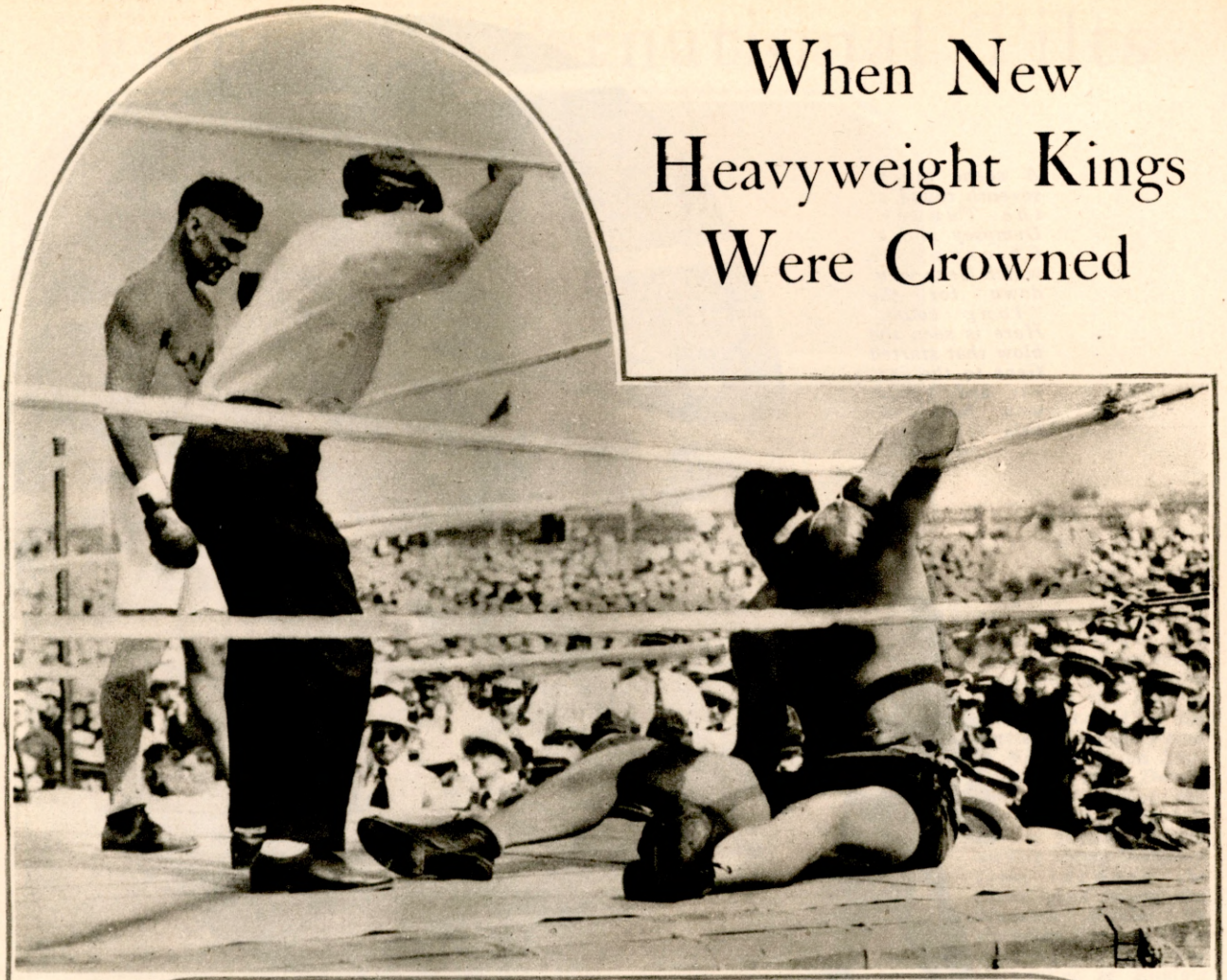
Winning and Losing a Championship



Left—The towering figure of Jack Johnson is seen as he was toying with Tommy Burns in their titular contest at Sydney, Australia, December 26, 1908. The police stopped the battle in the fourteenth round to save Burns. With the victory, Johnson won the heavyweight crown. Below, Johnson is shown shading his eyes while taking the count in his bout with Jess Willard at Havana, April 5, 1915. Willard knocked out the Negro in the twenty-sixth round

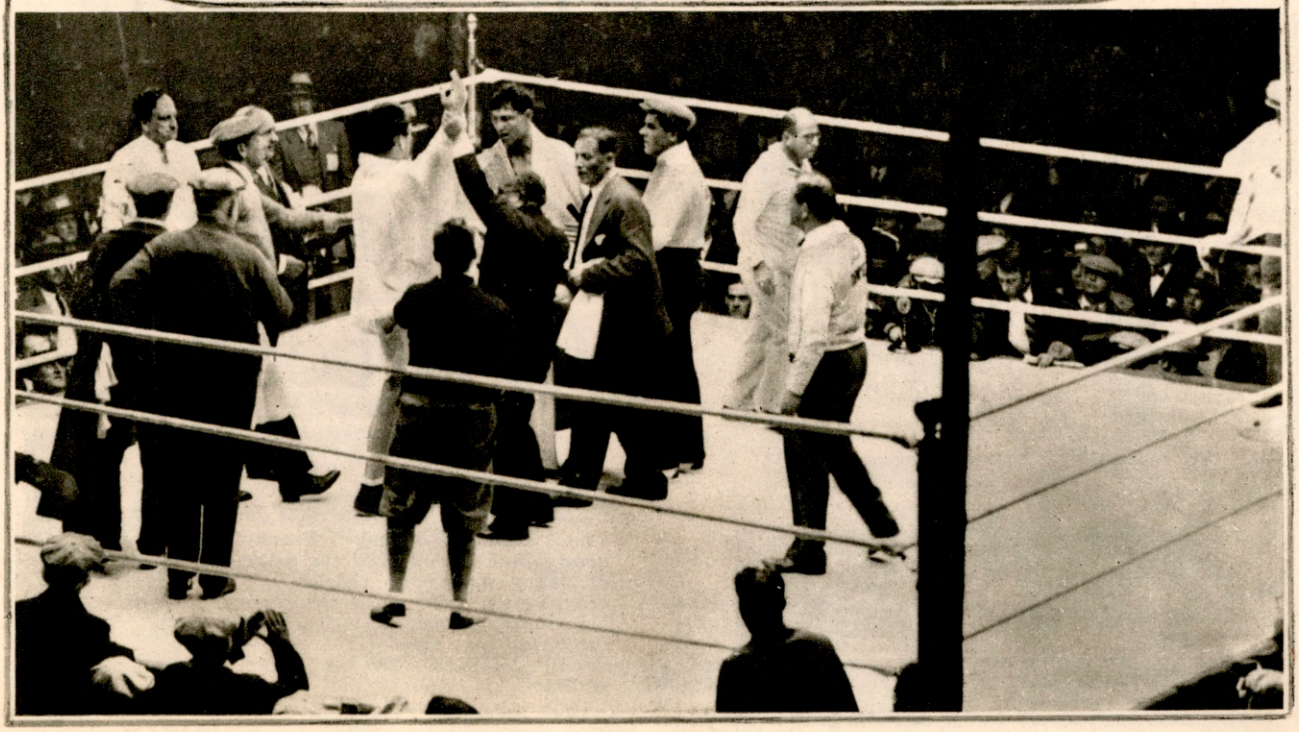


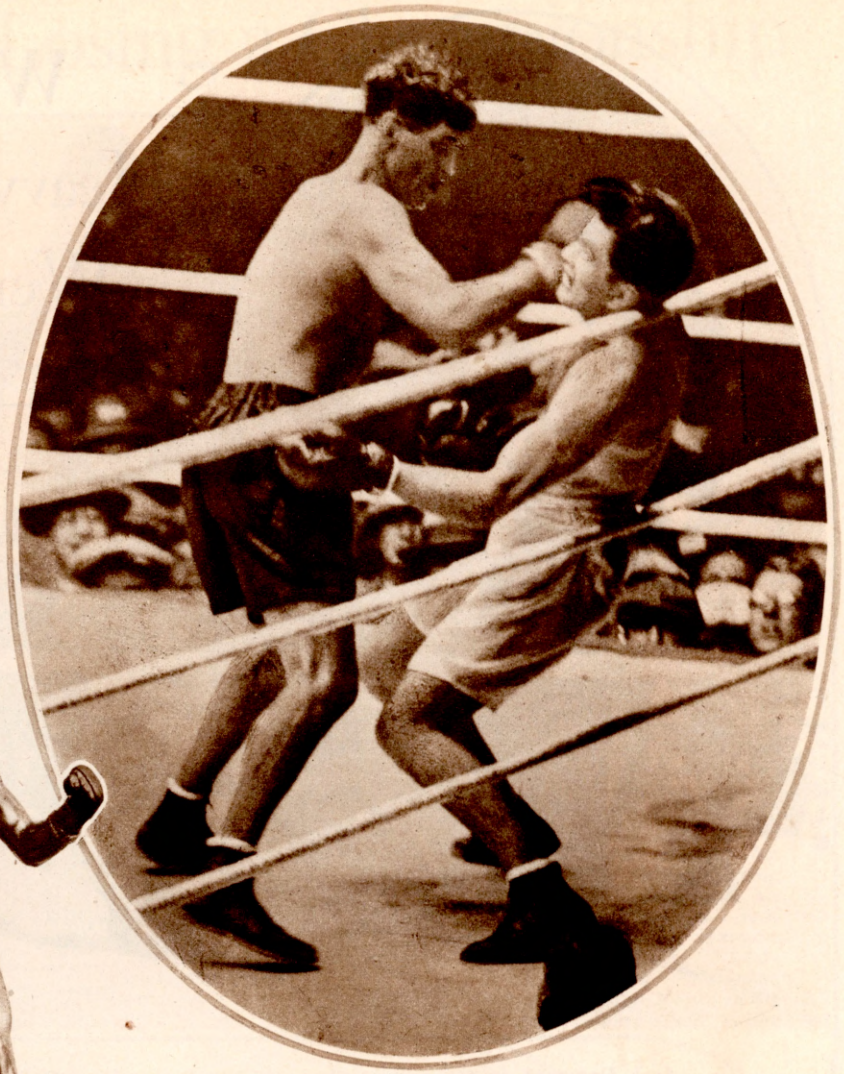
When New Heavyweight Kings Were Crowned



Jack Dempsey, in the picture above, is shown watching Referee Ollie Pecord tolling off the count in the sixth knockdown of the fight with Jess Willard, July 4, 1919. Willard, dropped seven times, refused to come out of his corner at the end of the third round and Dempsey won the title.

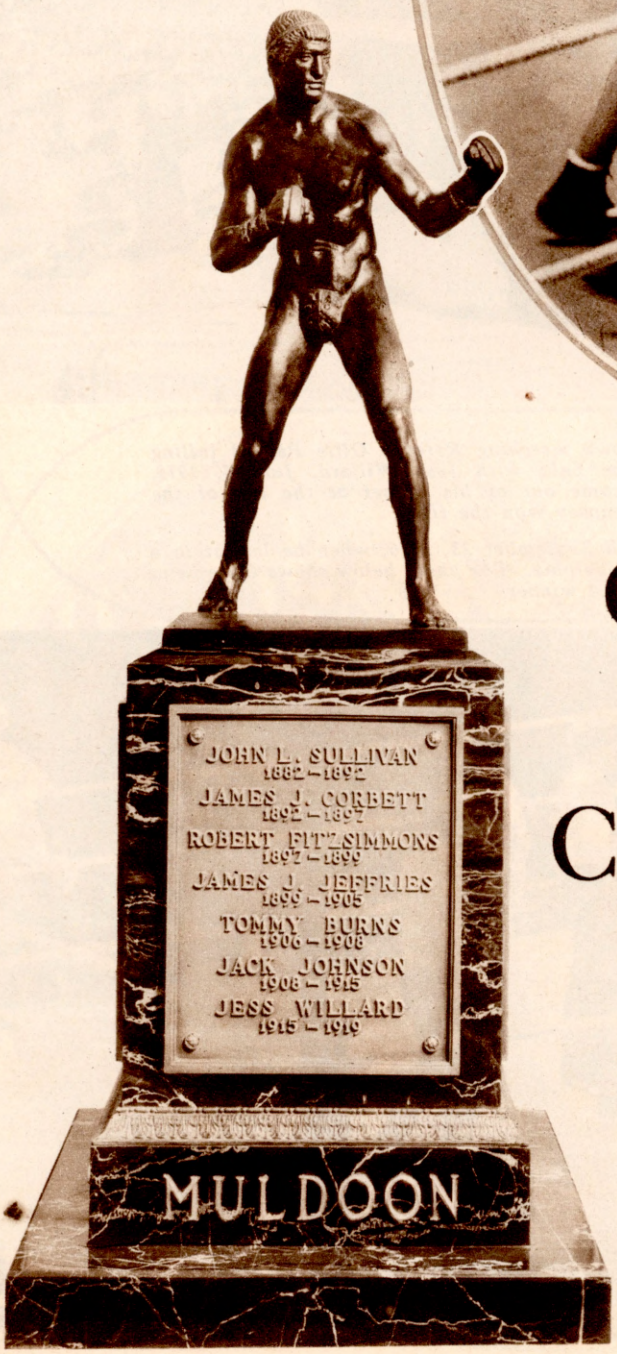
The Manassa Mauler held the crown until September 23, 1926, when he lost it in a ten round tilt with Gene Tunney at Philadelphia. The photo below shows Gene being declared a winner





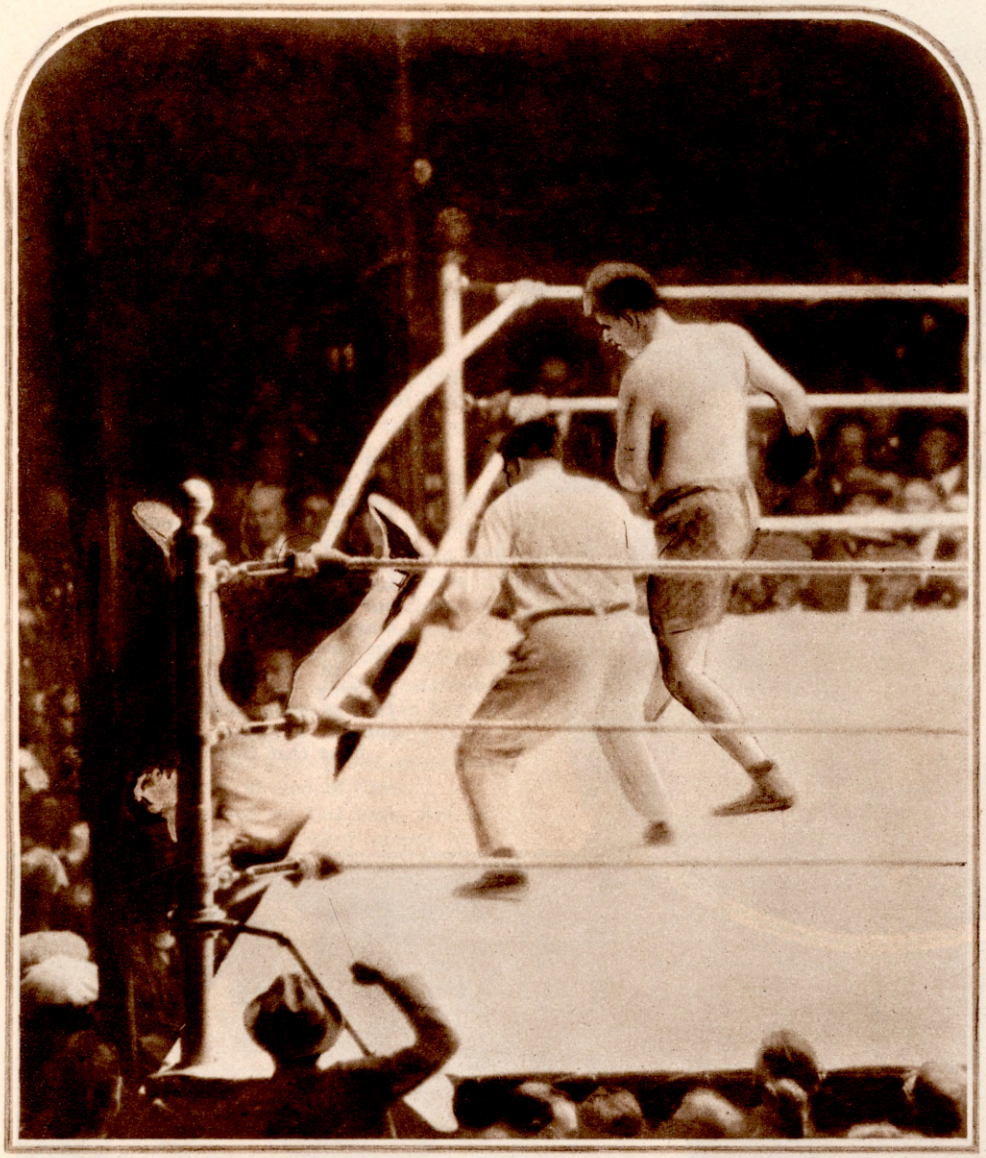
A scene in the seventh round of the Tunney-Dempsey mill at Chicago, in which Gene went down for the "long count." Here is seen the blow that started Gene to the canvas and almost won back the title for Dempsey

Close Calls in Championship Contests

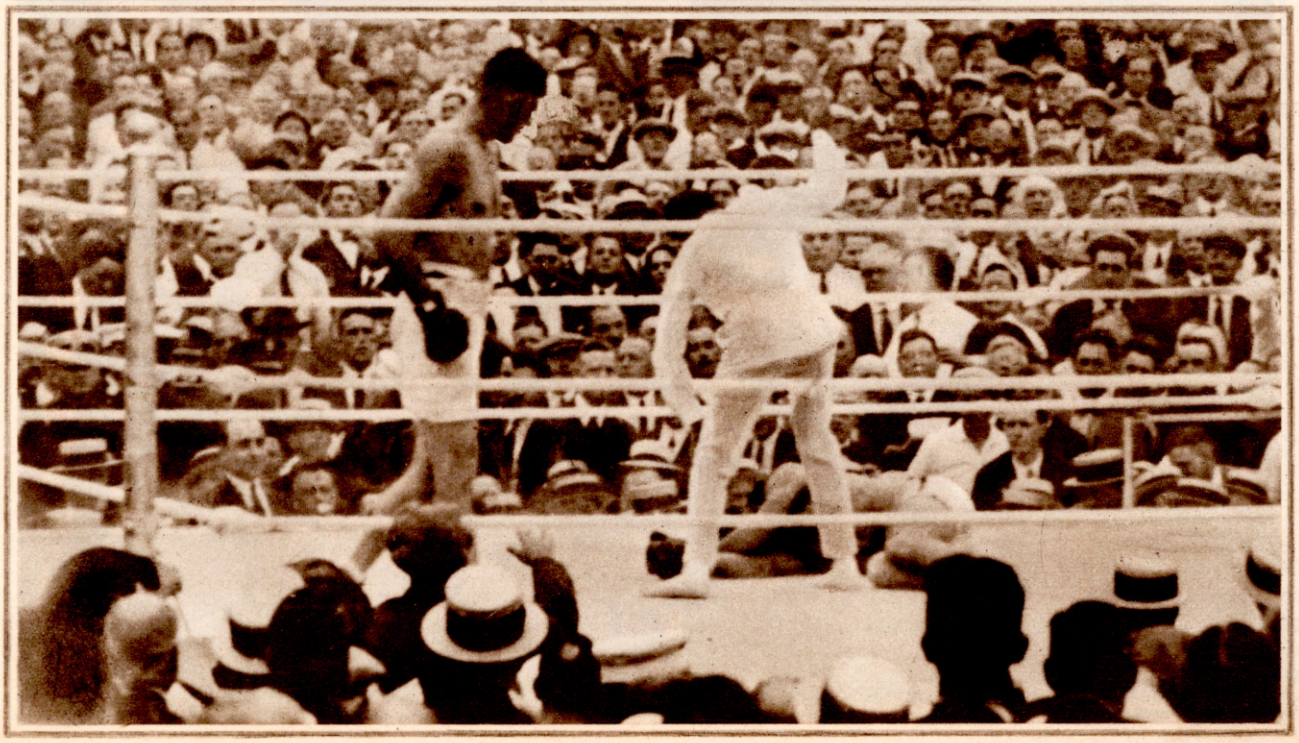


The Muldoon-Tunney Trophy upon which is engraved the name of every holder of the world's heavyweight title since the Corbett-Sullivan bout. It is a beautiful statue that stands in Madison Square Garden, the gift of William Muldoon and Gene Tunney

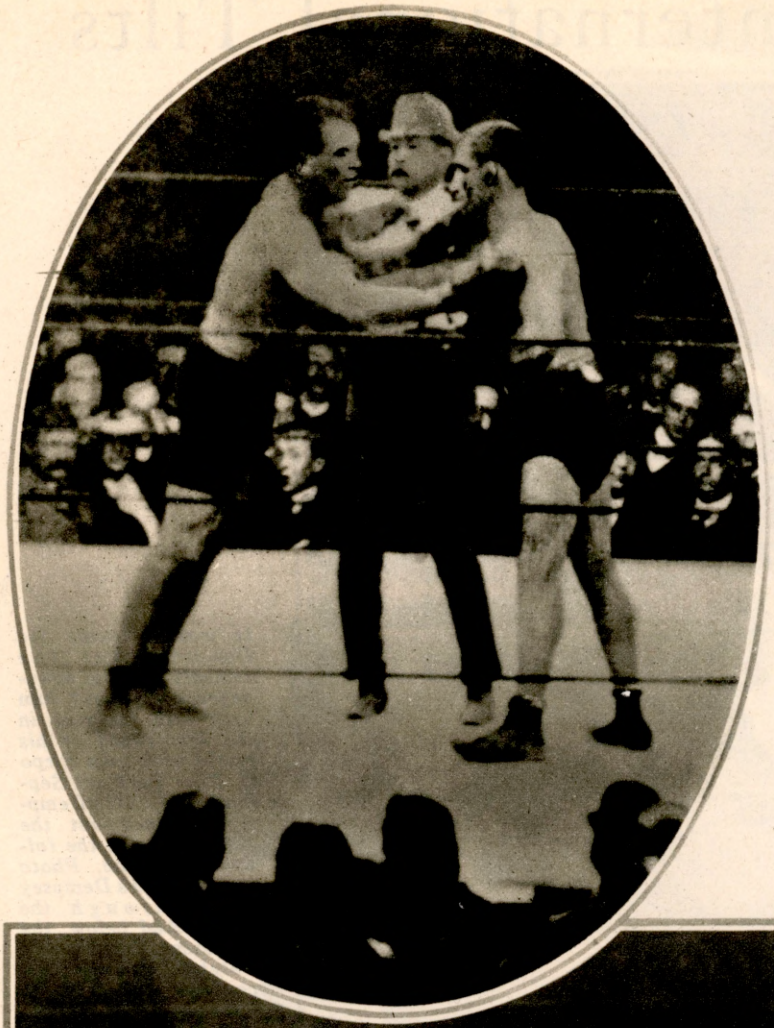
Famous International Tilts



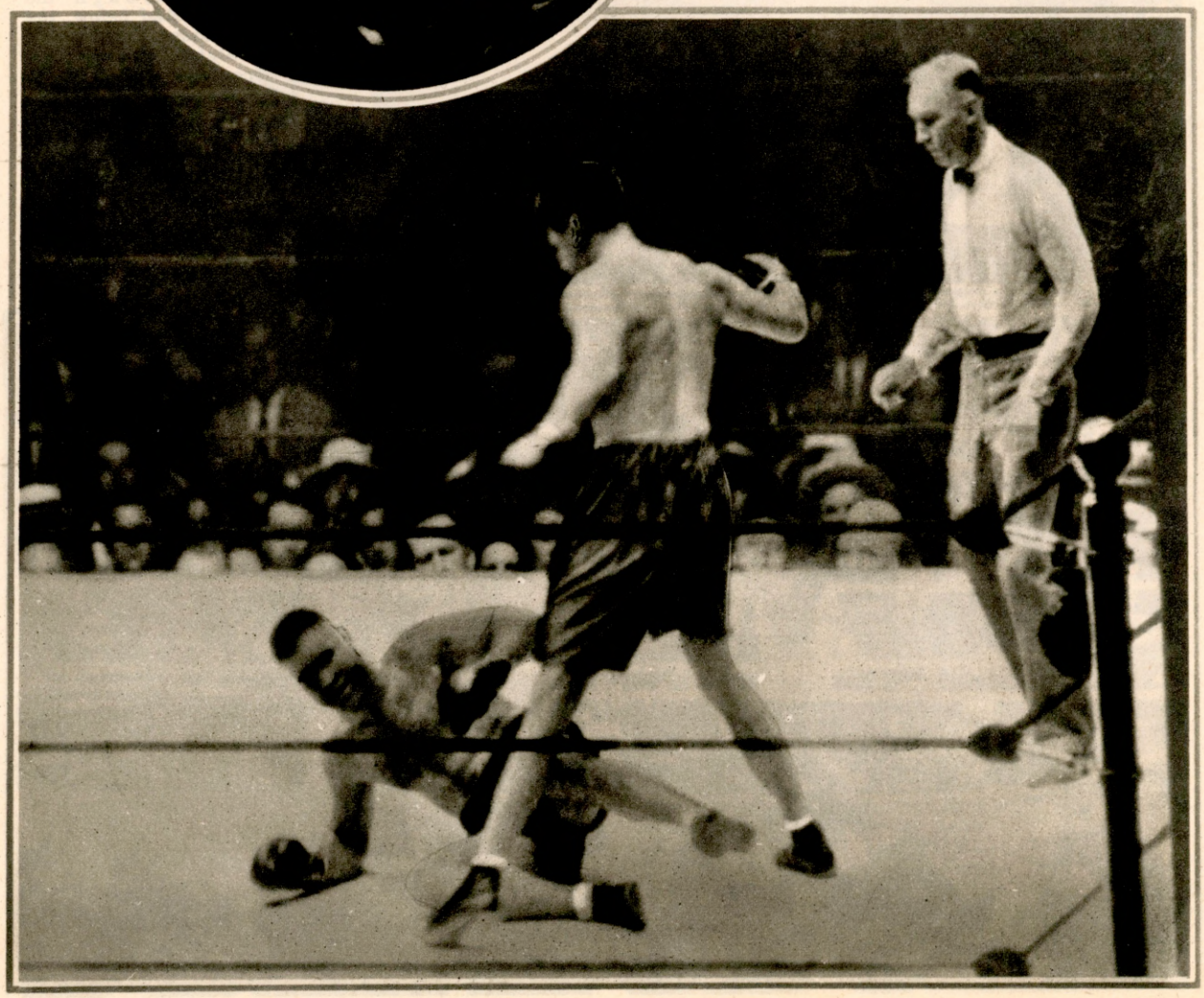
It was fortunate for Dempsey that the friendly hands of newspapermen pushed him back into the ring in the first round of his battle with Luis Firpo in New York on September 14, 1923. Dempsey knocked out the Argentinian in the following session. Photo on left shows Dempsey going through the ropes. And below, the Manassa Mauler is watching Referee Ertle counting out Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, July 2, 1921, in the fourth round



Two Hectic Contests



On the left is the finish of the great fight between Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, November 3, 1899, which was won by Jim Jeffries. Several of Sharkey's ribs were broken. He put up a game battle and many thought he deserved the victory. Below is a photo of the knockout of Tom Heeney by Gene Tunney, July 26, 1928, in the eleventh round. It was after this bout that Gene retired



The RING Belt Goes to New Champion

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE Sharkey-Schmeling fight is over. Through the efforts of the New York State Athletic Commission, the California, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Illinois and Massachusetts bodies and other organizations which have the interests of boxing at heart, the winner of that contest has been declared the world's heavyweight champion, the successor to Gene Tunney, retired, undefeated title holder who abdicated his throne two years ago to enter into a less hazardous career—that of a country gentleman.

The Muldoon-Tunney trophy, the first of its kind ever devised for boxing, will have engraved under the name of Tunney, that of the Yankee Stadium winner, thereby assuring the victor a place among the recognized title holders of the past.

While this prize is a beautiful, substantial trophy, its very size and nature, and the fact that it is a permanent trophy which will remain in the lobby of Madison Square Garden as long as that structure exists, precludes that personal, intimate connection which exists between a champion and his prize when that award takes the form of a belt.

Therefore, following the custom established four years ago of awarding a championship belt to each recognized new title holder, THE RING again has come to the front with a silver belt, more beautiful than any offered in modern times.

This belt, displayed on this page, will be awarded the Sharkey-Schmeling winner by THE RING at a championship dinner which will be given shortly. At this dinner, William Muldoon will make the presentation on behalf of THE RING.

This belt will become the property of the winner and should be cherished by him as a priceless token. Unlike the belts given on previous occasions to newly crowned champions, THE RING heavyweight trophy consists of nine instead of three panels, with Red, White and Blue bunting interwoven and a handsome four-inch rosette surrounding the buckle.

The belt itself tells the history of the Muldoon-Tunney heavyweight elimination tournament. The center panel contains the name of the winner of the final bout and the date. On the left of this panel, is one with the inscription of the donor, THE RING, and on the right, an inscription on the open tournament.

On each of the other six panels is recorded a short history of each elimination fight naming the winner, date, place, the number of rounds and how won.

The fights listed on the panels are the following: Campolo vs. Scott, Scott vs. Von Porat, Loughran vs. Sharkey, Schmeling vs. Paulino, Scott vs. Sharkey and Schmeling vs. Sharkey.

Thus, for the first time in the history of American pugilism, a world's heavyweight champion will receive a belt containing an historic sketch of the fights leading up to the contest in which he won the crown. With this award we return to the old custom of recognizing the winning of the heavyweight championship with the award of a belt of considerable value.

The old belts were somewhat ornate and were studded with gems which some of the ancient champions found very handy in their times of need.

However, those times are past, and the need for diamond-studded belts is gone. THE RING trophy is costly, and it is a comprehensive, historic memento for him who follows after Tunney in the list of heavyweight leaders.

* * *

THE history of belts in pugilism reads like a romance. The first belt to be awarded dated back almost 150 years ago. In all the history of fistiana, the most costly belt ever offered was that which Richard K. Fox gave to John L. Sullivan when he beat Jake Kilrain. This trophy, called by Sullivan the "Dog Collar", was bedecked with diamonds and was melted only recently at the Philadelphia mint.

The next most costly and prominent belt, was that awarded to Charley Mitchell after fighting a 39-round draw with Sullivan at Chantilly, France. It was given him by London sportsmen, headed by the Lord Mayor, and is now in the possession of THE RING. This is a solid silver belt, with an embossed American and British flag in the center and weighs 27 pounds.

The Heenan-Sayers belt was another valuable trophy. When their battle ended unsatisfactorily, the British, claiming victory for Sayers, gave him the belt and then to satisfy the demands of the Americans who claimed victory for Heenan, a duplicate was made and given to the Benecia Boy.

The Lord Lonsdale Belt is given to every new champion in England and has been awarded for many years. In this country the late Tex Rickard revived the custom inaugurated by Richard K. Fox when he gave Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Joe Lynch and several other champions a diamond belt, and when Rickard died, THE RING publisher continued the custom.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART THREE

AS I write, memories crowd upon me so rapidly that at times it is difficult for me to force them into an orderly line and review them in sequence. Thus, while I have dealt in the preceding chapter with events that occurred as late as 1902, I must go back to 1899 for my first glimpse of one who, in later years, was to write his name in bold characters across the pages of the history of pugilism —John Arthur Johnson.

In 1899, Carroll was running the Illinois Athletic Club in the Howard Theatre on Desplaines street and also frequently arranging fights to be held at clubs in neighboring cities. Among those for whom he performed this service was John Connors, whom I mentioned as having been scheduled to fight Jimmy Barry in the fistic carnival at New Orleans that ended prematurely with the death of Andy Bowen.

Tom Hanton, President of the Dearborn A. C.

Connors kept the Senate Bar in Springfield—which was patronized by the members of the Illinois legislature and really was one of the finest bars in the country—and over the bar-room was a hall in which he conducted fights twice a month. Carroll and I would book his fights and usually accompany the fighters to Springfield to help handle the show.

Some of the best fighters then campaigning around Chicago appeared at Connors' club under our auspices, but one night when things were dull, the best we could produce for the main event were Martin Judge and Jim Popp, two very clever but very uninteresting fighters who, when brought together, were doubly uninteresting. The fans didn't like the fight but I couldn't blame them. I didn't like it, either.

Carroll, George Siler, who had refereed, and I caught the midnight train back to Chicago. As those were the rough and ready days when only the wealthy rode in drawing rooms or used sleepers for a jump like that, we sat up in a day coach. We had purchased some sandwiches in the station and ate and talked and smoked as the train rolled on through the night. Finally Carroll, a cigar butt drooping from the corner of his mouth, fell asleep, his chin on his chest. George and I continued to chat, for neither of us was sleepy.

* * *

ONCE, during a lull in the conversation, George asked: "Did you see the battle royal they put on there to-night?"

"No," I said. "I was pretty busy about that time. Why?"

"The big 'coon that won it looked pretty good, to me," the referee answered speculatively.

"George," I said, "you're just a natural booster. You know as well as I do that it was a rotten show. The semi-final was bad and the main event was worse. You don't want to pan the show, so you've just gone over the card in your mind and picked out a Negro in a battle royal who, you pretend, looked pretty good, simply so you can say something nice about it."

"No," he said, earnestly, "I'm serious. This big Negro had a great left hand and looked as though he knew his way around the ring."

"Poor George!" I said. "I guess you're incurable."

But George continued to talk about the "big 'coon" with the great left hand. He always was attracted to fighters with good left hands and I finally was convinced that he had been impressed by the winner of the battle royal.

At this time the most famous gathering place of sporting men, newspaper men and men about town in Chicago, was Stillson's Cafe, at Madison and Dearborn streets, and the night bartender there was Frank Kennedy. Frank was the official timekeeper at every important fight held in Chicago in that era. He was extremely popular with all the patrons of Stillson's. He also was the butt of their gentle witticisms and the newspaper men especially, or at least those of the type we know to-day as "wise crackers," wouldn't count an evening complete without dropping in at Stillson's to josh Kennedy, whom they called the "Night Mayor of the Lake Front." Another famous frequenter at Stillson's was Tom Hanton, president of the Dearborn A. C. and a well-known fight promoter of Chicago.

* * *

FRANK KENNEDY'S pet theme just then, and one which made him a mark for the kidders, was the fistic prowess of a Negro porter in Stillson's who went by the name of Klondyke. Klondyke had beaten some fairly good men and Kennedy, who was his manager, constantly was combating the mock arguments of those who professed to believe he couldn't fight at all.

When Siler returned from Springfield with his tale of the "big 'coon" with the great left hand, he provided fresh ammunition for the boys whose delight was tormenting Kennedy. For a week the nightly discussions along the bar were given over to stories of the terrible "black man" and every time Kennedy sought to break in with a word about Klondyke, they

would look at him pityingly and say:

"Frank, please don't annoy us. Just walk down the bar there and look wise. We're talking about something that doesn't concern you."

This went on until Kennedy reached the boiling point. One night he whipped his bank roll out of his pocket and laid a fifty dollar bill on the bar.

"That says Klondyke will put this big shine of yours out inside of six rounds!" he shouted. "Now you smart Alecks can either put up or shut up."

That was exactly what the boys had been waiting for and they begged Carroll to send for the Sprinfield Negro and match him with Klondyke for the next week's card. Carroll fell into the spirit of the thing and wired to Connors, asking him to send the battle royal winner up to Chicago—and, incidentally, to tell us what his name was. Connors wired back that he was sending him and that his name was Jack Johnson.

* * *

CARROLL put the bout on as a preliminary, scheduled for six rounds, and hung up a purse of thirty-five dollars for them, the winner to get twenty-five and the loser ten. Malachy Hogan was the referee, Kennedy the timekeeper, and, of course, all the Stillson regulars were there to see Klondyke beaten and gloat over Kennedy's discomfiture.

In the first round, Johnson cracked Klondyke on the head and Klondyke went down.

"One!" shouted Hogan.

Klondyke didn't move.

"What's the matter?" asked Hogan. "Ain't you going to get up?"

Klondyke was silent. Also inert. Hogan looked at him for a moment.

"Two!" he roared.

Klondyke still hugged the canvas and Hogan prodded him with his foot.

"Get up!" he commanded.

Klondyke merely shut his eyes.

Hogan walked over to where Kennedy sat.

"He's a dog, Frank," he said.

He walked back to where the fallen Klondyke lay.

"Three!" he bellowed.

It was the origin of the long count in Chicago. The house was convulsed.

Hogan must have used up three minutes reaching a count of nine, when Klondyke, feeling that further resistance to his pleadings and proddings was useless finally got up.

The Negroes mauled each other until the fifth round, when Klondyke's left landed with a thud in Johnson's body and Jack sank to the canvas. Again Hogan began a burlesque count but Johnson was even more obdurate than Klondyke had been. He rolled over, assumed a comfortable position with one elbow resting on the floor, his hand bracing his head, and settled himself to take the count if the process required the entire evening. When it had been completed, he dragged himself to his feet and shuffled out of the ring, paying not the slightest heed to the mingled hooting and laughter of the crowd.

Scene at Galveston prison gate on release of Jack Johnson and Joe Choynski

Malachy Hogan

Cartoon by Ripley

* * *

IT was at least one o'clock when Sig Hart, the assistant matchmaker, and I, having completed our check of the gate receipts and attended to other details, came downstairs. There, just outside the door, stood Johnson.

"Gentlemen," he asked, plaintively, "ain't I goin' to get nuthin' for fightin' here to-night?"

"What did Carroll say?" I asked.

"He said if I didn't get out, he'd skin my black hide off me."

I shrugged.

"Then I'm afraid you won't get anything," I said.

"But, Mr. Curley," he said, "I'm hungry. I ain't had nuthin' to eat since seven o'clock this mawnin' in Springfield. If I could just get three dollars I could get something to eat and go back to Springfield."

"Wait here a minute," I said.

I went up to the office, where Carroll still sat at his desk, and explained the situation to him.

"Not a dime!" he said.

"But," I argued, "Connors sent him up here and he's a good friend of ours. We ought to give the poor fellow something."

"He quit, didn't he?" Carroll snarled. "I won't give him a dime!"

I knew he meant it, so I went downstairs again.

"Sig, have you got a buck?" I asked of Hart.

He had and produced it. I put two dollars to it and handed it to Johnson, who thanked me and shuffled off.

Had any one told me then that this lowly, hungry preliminary fighter would be the heavy- (*Continued on page* 49)

Negro Boxers Revive

Black Bill, flyweight

THE cry goes up in the sock market for color, for more color. Well, there is, right now, plenty of one color. That's black. Never before in the history of the Queensberry sport have there been so many good Negro boxers, with the possible exception of the period from 1900 to 1910.

It is customary for the older generation to sneer at modern boxers. "Why haven't we today, great Negro boxers like we used to have?" some graybeard will demand. Then he will proceed to name all the great colored boxers of the past, Peter Jackson, George Dixon, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Joe Jeanette, Jack Blackburn, Jeff Clark, Kid Norfolk and possibly Battling Siki.

That is a formidable array of fistic talent. Nobody can deny that. Unless the young man of today knows his Queensberry, he is very likely to fold up and admit that the present time is sadly deficient in the production of first class colored fighters.

If you know your boxing history you can put some dents in the oldtimer's conceit. It is the regular thing for these veterans, when upholding the glories of other days and running down the modern crop of nose busters, to include on their side all the best fighters of the forty years from 1880 to about 1920.

Obviously, it is unfair, when making a comparison, to include on one side all the stars of forty years against those who are on hand just at this particular time. Ten or fifteen years from now, the big shots of today will be added to those of previous times when the same oldtimer, if he still lives, tells the new generation what great fighters there used to be.

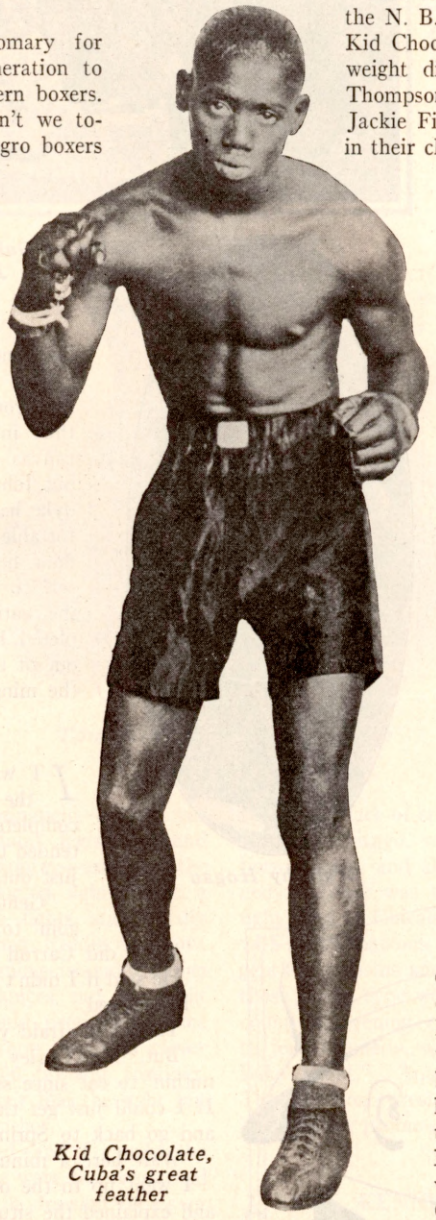
* * *

THE famous fighters enumerated spread their activities over a period, roughly, of forty years. If we split that length of time into two decades, we soon discover that it makes a different story.

From 1880 to 1890, for instance, only Dixon and Jackson were performing notably. From 1890 to 1900 Dixon, Gans, Walcott and Jackson stood out among the fighters of their race.

The halcyon days for the colored gladiators lay between 1900 and 1910. In those ten years the fans saw at their best, Blackburn, Clark, Dixon, Gans, Jeanette, Johnson, Langford, McVey and Walcott. What a crew they made, those nine black destroyers!

Some of those names are missing from the roster of the 1910-1920 span. In that period the outstanding colored battlers were Jeanette, Johnson, Langford, McVey and Norfolk.



Kid Chocolate, Cuba's great feather

Now, what of the decade from 1930 to 1940? What will the folks say about the colored fighters of this era when they fall to discussing such matters in the years to come? What do we think today of the present colored fighters?

Let's look them over. Who are they? Well, here is a list of the best: Kid Chocolate, Larry Johnson, George Godfrey, Al Brown, Black Bill, Bruce Flowers, Gorilla Jones, Billy Jones, Baby Joe Gans, Jack Thompson, Canada Lee, Larry Smith, Jack McVey and Frankie Anselm.

Not so bad, eh? We'll say not. Al Brown is the N. B. A. bantamweight champion of the world. Kid Chocolate is almost certain to top the featherweight division before the summer is out. Jack Thompson has just won the welterweight title from Jackie Fields. All the rest are among the first ten in their class.

* * *

WHEN we classify them by weight, this is the way they line up:

Flyweight—Black Bill, who was beaten by Midget Wolgast for the title in one of the fastest fights ever staged.

Bantamweight—Al Brown, N. B. A. reigning champion, and the best puncher of his weight; Frankie (Kid) Anslem, holder of the New York National Guard title, with a fair chance to top them all in a couple of years.

Featherweight—Kid Chocolate of Havana, considered one of the best all-around boxers the game has produced in recent years; a tremendous drawing card; rated highly even by the most critical veterans, who have watched the fistic parade go by for forty years.

Lightweight — Bruce Flowers, a sturdy performer who has never failed to give a good show; Baby Joe Gans of California, a smart boxer and a smashing hitter, who still can make the lightweight limit though he boxes generally as a junior welterweight.

Welterweight—Young Jack Thompson of California, who not long ago gave Jimmy McLarnin a battle that had the crowd in Madison Square Garden dizzy with excitement and topped that off by winning the crown from Jackie Fields; Gorilla Jones, Akron's mighty hitter; Canada Lee of New York, a flashy boxer who is likely to shine more now that he has been taken under the wing of Luis Gutierrez, developer of Kid Chocolate and Black Bill.

Middleweight — Harry Smith, young New York graduate of the amateur ranks, who is living up to his simon-pure prowess by his work among the professionals; Jack McVey, the veteran who was defeated by Smith for the colored middleweight title.

Light heavyweight — Larry Johnson of California, who hits as hard with his right hand as

Young Jack Thompson, new welter king

Glories of Dixon Heyday

By WILBUR WOOD

any man in the game, regardless of weight, holding knockouts over Fred Lenhart and Joe Sekyra; Billy Jones of Philadelphia, who recently took a decision over James J. Braddock.

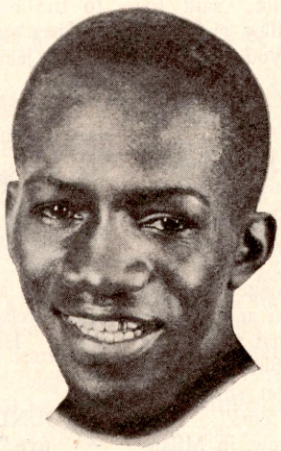
Heavyweight—George Godfrey, styled the Black Menace, dodged by the leading heavyweights and generally understood to be compelled to wear invisible handcuffs whenever he fights one of the topnotchers.

* * *

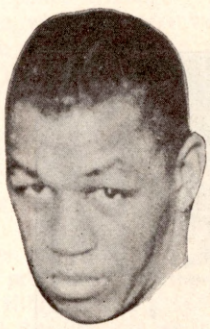
SO, you can readily see, the Negro race may be proud of its fistic representatives, with at least one leading contender in every division. Even in the period from 1900 to 1910, this condition did not prevail.

What has brought about this plenitude of capable and popular Negro boxers? That is not such an easy question. Possibly one reason is that the disfavor with which boxers of the race were regarded after the Jeffries-Johnson affair in 1910 has gradually come to be forgotten.

Where do all these fellows come from? Four of them were born beyond the confines of this country. Chocolate and Black Bill are natives of Cuba, former newsboys in Havana. Al Brown hails from Panama. Anselm is from British Honduras.



Al Brown, N. B. A. bantam champion



Larry Johnson, light heavyweight

The city of New York has contributed Flowers, Lee and Smith. McVey really learned to fight in New York, though he was born in Athens, Georgia. Gans, Thompson and Johnson are California products. Akron claims Gorilla Jones, though he got his start, I believe, in Memphis. Godfrey was born in Mobile.

Of all those mentioned, Chocolate appears to be the standout. The "Keed" is universally popular and seems to be still far from the peak of his form.

Chocolate's life story reads like a fairy tale. He began boxing in amateur tournaments when he was not more than nine years old. His record as a simon-pure comprises 100 bouts, of which he won 86 by knockouts. He never has been beaten, as either amateur or pofessional.

When he turned professional in Cuba, he hung up 21 knockouts in succession. Then he packed his scanty belongings and came to this country with the man who had developed him, Luis (Pincho) Gutierrez.

* * *

Baby Joe Gans, junior welter

FOR his first start in this country, at Mitchell Field, Long Island, the Keed was paid thirty dollars for knocking out Eddie Enos in three rounds. That was in August, 1928. Within three months he was boxing in main events in the smaller clubs of New York.

Before the year was out he had appeared in Madison Square Garden, boxing a draw with Joey Scalfaro. The huge gathering in the Garden came near being the "Keed's" undoing. He was so impressed by the mass of people there to see him fight that he let his mind wander from his work and was floored by a right to the jaw almost before the echoes of the opening bell had died away. In spite of practically starting the fight on the floor, he rallied to receive a draw. Many of the critics thought him entitled to the decision.

* * *

ONE year from the day he landed in New York, wondering what it was all about, Chocolate, paired with Al Singer, attracted a gate of $250,000 at the Polo Grounds. The "Keed" took down the decision and $50,000 in cash. Not bad, eh?

How did Chocolate learn to fight? Well, that's another story—and a good one. Veteran fistic critics, noting in Chocolate's style some of the traits of the Old Master, Joe Gans, made inquiry as to how he got that way. It was learned that the "Keed" had made a careful study of Gans' style. How was that possible, you may ask, when Gans died in 1910, almost before the Keed was born?

The answer is through the moving pictures of several of Gans' greatest fights, shown many years later, in Havana. It was the habit of Chocolate and his fistic tutor, Gutierrez, to sit for hours watching these movies. They studied every move Gans made. When they went home the "Keed" practiced these moves for hours and hours.

* * *

WHEN Young Jack Thompson carried off the decision over Fields in Detroit a few weeks ago, the transplanted Californian gained for the Negro race the first championship it has held in many years. Thompson also has the distinction of being the first Negro to win the welterweight title in twenty-nine years, Joe Walcott having relieved Rube Ferns of the title at Fort Erie, Ont., December 18, 1901. Now Walcott, one of the greatest fighters of all time, is a porter in Madison Square Garden while his successor is ready to reap championship fortunes.

Thompson has been fighting only since 1926 and has engaged in only 43 battles of which he has won 22 by the knockout route. Numbered among his opponents in addition to Fields, were Young Corbett, 3rd, Joe Dundee, whom he knocked out in two rounds when the Baltimore fighter was the welter king; King Tut, Jimmy Duffy and Jimmy McLarnin. Had he not been forced to enter the ring a few pounds over the class limit, he would have won the title when he stopped Dundee. He lost his bout with Corbett and also was twice defeated by Fields before taking the championship from Jackie.

Jack Thompson can make a name for himself, as did Joe Gans, Walcott, Langford and others of his race, if he decides to be a real champion. He can reap a fortune with the welterweight title, because that is one class which boasts of several high class fighters, each of whom is a drawing card. It remains to be seen whether he can carry on his predecessors' traditions.

At any rate, his victory over Fields brings back memories of former Greats, memories that have lived through the years with undiminished brilliance, and perhaps Thompson may scrawl his name among those of his illustrious brethren.

The Negro has come into his own again, and don't be surprised before the year is over, to find Al Brown and Kid Chocolate added to the list of Negro champions.

THE NOOSE

"NOTHING can stop us now, Jim," said Joe Reicy. "Nothing—not even Krilley himself—Krilley the champion. Why, you ought to knock him out in five rounds. Nothing in the way. But—you've got to stop being chicken-hearted."

It was the daily "pep" meeting between Big Jim Milander, contender for the world's heavyweight championship, and his manager, a raw, untutored member of an old, raw, untutored school, who fancied himself a keen student of psychology.

"Them big fellers have to be keyed up," Reicy said to Carl Matthews of *The Star* in expounding his managerial creed and system. "You've got to keep rousing them and making them believe the world is against them. I did that with Hank Haster for three years, and just when I have him all set to grab the title he marries a blonde with a sweet smile, and what happens? Yeh, what happens? You tell 'em!"

Reicy spat in disgust then, even as he spat now, in Milander's room at the Gorgeous Hotel.

"You big birds have small hearts and you let yourselves weaken," the psychologist continued. "Now this fight with Tandy next month. He's tough. Make no mistake about it. You will have forty-five pounds in the weights, but he will stop you if you don't make up your mind to cut him down. Hit with everything you've got."

Reicy left Milander strangely thoughtful. "Why not?" Big Jim asked himself. "This is a game of dog eat dog. If I weaken, the other guy will plaster me as sure as the widow Larken had five husbands. Reicy has the right dope. I could have knocked out Richlow in two heats. What did I do but carry him for five, because I saw he was hurt, and he too game to quit. Five heats, and then out. Suppose he had clipped me in the third? Reicy has the right dope. Dog eat dog."

* * *

THE Milander-Tandy fight, with a good buildup and fine publicity, packed the New York park. Milander apparently on his way to a fight with Krilley—Tandy one of those "shortstops" who cannot get anywhere themselves but keep upsetting the apple cart for contenders. It was supposed to be quite a fight.

Round Two. Milander walked from his corner and struck Tandy with a hard left to the body. Tandy clinched. He felt himself slipping.

"Say, Jim, listen," he whispered as they were in close. "I had just two grand in this world when I went into this fight. I bet it on staying five rounds with you. What do you say? Five rounds, a little nest egg for me, and I buy myself that gas station out in my home town and quit the game."

The referee broke them. "Remember, sock with everything. Get him or he gets you," Reicy reminded Milander.

"Yeh, Reicy is right. I got to win this fight quickly. This Tandy guy may be playing a little trick," said Milander to himself. "I'll give him the whole works with this left and see how it goes."

They sparred and Milander shot that left under the heart. Tandy went down and took the count of nine.

"Did ye hear me before? Five heats and I win that bet. 'Tain't anything to you. I can't beat you, Jim," Tandy pleaded.

"Everything ye got in this round," Reicy kept shouting to the big boy but Milander smiled and shook his head.

They sparred again. Tandy tried some foot work and the crowd jeered. He just had to stay five rounds and win that money.

Milander led with his left for the head and followed with his famous one, two. Another left to the body, then a right to the heart. And Tandy took the count again.

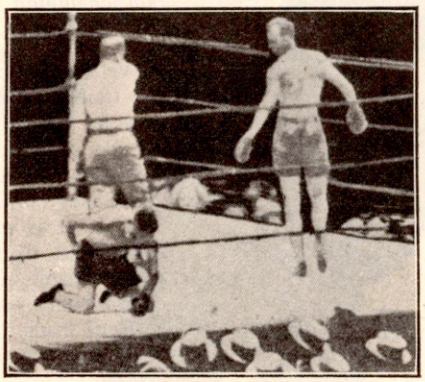
When Tandy arose his legs threatened to fold under him. There was pleading in his eyes. But Milander refused to look his man in the eye. He measured him again. Left, right; left, right.

"What a game guy this Tandy is!" the experts in the press seats exclaimed. "Why doesn't he say his prayers and go to sleep? He's taking a terrible lacing, and all for nothing."

* * *

ROUND Three. "Well, Jim, what do you say? Let's go five," Tandy pleaded again as he fell into a clinch and the crowd again hissed and hooted.

"Put him out," the boys shouted. "Yeh, give him the works," Reicy commanded. The referee broke them again. Milander struck with his right for the heart, and Tandy fell over on his face.



Tandy, game guy, was knocked out. He had fought his last fight

At the count of six Tandy arose, his expression glassy, his face ashen. His eyes pleaded. His lips moved, but were mute.

"Tough game this, but I gotta get rid of this," said Milander to himself. Left, right!

"Ten and out," shouted Joe Creetzy, the referee. Tandy's handlers rushed into the ring to carry their man to his corner.

They placed him in his chair, and he slipped to the canvas. The experienced Creetzy called for a doctor. It didn't take long to determine the trouble.

For Tandy, game guy—Tandy had been counted out for good.

"Quick, Jim, let's get out of here," Reicy said to Milander, who was being congratulated in his corner.

"Why, what's the rush?" laughed Big Jim.

"Rush, hell! This Tandy guy is dead. You did the job too well. There will be cops and trouble. Let's get," pleaded Reicy.

"Tandy dead! Why, I didn't hit him so hard. I didn't know he was so far gone," wailed Big Jim. "Are you sure? Get a doctor. It can't be true."

"Yep, they got a doctor and I tell you Tandy is dead. You did the job too well."

"Yeh, I did the job too well," said Milander—and he dragged himself out of the ring while the crowd surged around the squared circle, mystified, waiting for Tandy to revive.

They carried Tandy to the dressing room and laid a sheet over him. Tandy, game guy—Tandy had fought his last fight.

* * *

MILANDER went in to pay his last respects to Tandy. When not used as a dressing room, the place was a small gymnasium. From the rafters hung ropes of all sorts, which held trapeze and other gymnastic paraphernalia. Acrobatic teams in vaudeville used it for practice.

One of the ropes now hung in a loop. Back home in Arkansas Milander had seen an execution some years before. A murderer had been hanged and this, thought the panicky, impressionable Milander, was the very noose!

How Big Jim Milander Went from One Nightmare into Another Just as Horrible

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

He shivered. "Joe," he whispered to Reicy, "I am afraid. See that noose? It's after me, Joe. Let's get out of here."

There was a perfunctory sort of police hearing, and Milander was released. It was an accident, the coroner said.

Milander went back home to Arkansas to rest and try to forget. But in his waking hours, in his dreams, he saw that noose. It was after him. It swung toward him, always.

Again he saw the pleading Tandy. Again he heard him, over and over. "Please, Jim, five rounds. The nest egg."

His sleeping hours were black with nightmares. Mornings he took long hikes in the hills and every once in a while he went into town. But after a spell, these visits ceased.

As he walked down Main Street he imagined he heard condemnation, execration. He thought folks pointed him out. "There goes the killer of Mike Tandy," he imagined he heard them say. He dared not look back. For he would be certain to see fingers of scorn and accusation pointed at him.

He walked past a store building on which painters were doing some work. They dropped the scaffold rope to the street. It curled in a noose over Jim's head. Milander screamed with fear and anguish, and ran down the street, a raving maniac.

* * *

"HOW long is this going to continue?" Reicy asked, in the third month of Milander's layoff. This was serious. It was costing Reicy money. Thirty-three percent—that's what it was costing, to be exact—and all the promoters hollering for Milander, the Man Mountain with the Killer Instinct.

"The noose. It's after me," moaned Big Jim. "I see it in my sleep, I hear Tandy all the time. I should have let him go five rounds."

"Dog eat dog, Jim," Reicy reiterated for the thousandth time. "He was playing you for a sucker. Anyway, they find out he'd been drinking that poison hootch. None of your fault. He collapsed. Wasn't hit hard at all."

This was an invention of Reicy's, on the spur of the moment. "Sure about that, Joe?" Milander's face brightened. "I haven't seen that in the papers."

"Oh, they've forgotten all about Tandy. It's you who can't forget," Reicy wailed.

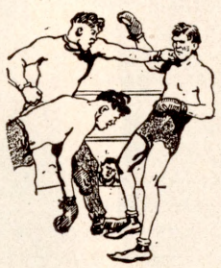
A couple of youngsters in the farm yard were busy chasing a poor old cow with an improvised lariat. They were playing Wild West, and were bound to get the "steer".

One of them threw the rope. In a noose, it fell through the window at Milander's feet.

Big Jim went rushing from the room, crying, shouting, hysterical.

"The noose, it's got me!" he raved—and Joe Reicy went back to Chicago to cogitate over this serious setback in his fortunes.

"Thirty-three percent, and a guy headed for the title goofy about ropes," said Joe to himself on the train. "Well, if I ain't a guy with a jinx, who is?"



* * *

"WELL, I could use some money, what with Mike leaving me nothing but his old clothes," said Jean Tandy, widow of the Milander victim. "By the way, it will cost you a thousand if I do anything for you. But what's the gag?"

Tandy had met her in a night club in New Orleans, and despite warnings had married Baton Rouge Jean, as she was known among her kind.

Tandy had been a good provider. But now that he was gone, there was no sense in donning the widow's weeds and a long face and wailing over a guy who had been put out of the way. The world was sad enough without going around looking for more trouble.

"Here's the story," Reicy explained. "You go to Milander. He's on the farm in Arkansas. You tell him that you have heard he is all busted up about this business.

"Well, give him the low down. Tandy was a dope. Shot it into the arm. Sniffed it. Gulped it. Give him anything you like. But make it strong and convincing.

"The doctors told Tandy to quit the ring, that his ticker was bad. But he needed more dough. Not to buy any gas station. But for more dope. You were ready to quit him. Gave you nothing. Just spent everything for dope.

"You want to set him straight. Tell him not to ruin his career. Of course, you are in tears. You are helpless, homeless, without money, without your poor, dear beloved husband. But you are a woman with a heart! And you don't want Milander to get the wrong steer. Now, do you get it? Five centuries just for doing the act."

"I'll do the act, Reicy. But five hundred—hell! This will be a grand, or little Jeanie doesn't budge."

"Damn you and your Baton Rouge education, a grand it is," wailed Reicy.

"And it's to be paid as I get off the train in Hensonville and take the Ford to the Milander farm," the widow Tandy insisted.

"Okeh," wailed Reicy in sadder tempo. "But for the lovva Mike, do a good job!"

* * *

TWO hours had elapsed. Baton Rouge Jean, with a flair for acting, had done the trick in perfect style.

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate this," Milander said for the twentieth time. "I was about to announce my retirement. Thought I had killed your husband. But you coming to me this way, of your own free will, in spite of what I did to poor Mike. Well, I appreciate it. This will save my life."

Jeanie had spent a couple of hundred on glad rags. She had looks, if nothing else. A coarse face, a hard mouth, glinty eyes. Baton Rouge Jean. But Big Jim Milander saw nothing but fresh, innocent beauty—and beauty in most terrible distress!

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Jim asked. "I understand Mike left you without a dime. Suppose I draw you a check for a thousand to tide you over?"

A wan smile lurked on Jeanie's hard face. "Please, please, don't make it unbearable for me"—and Baton Rouge Jean went into tears—an easy transition in her current mood.

"Please, you've done just what I thought, or rather feared, you would do. You have misunderstood the reason for my coming here. I wanted to save you from yourself, and your fears. I don't want a cent. I couldn't accept anything from you, of all men on earth.

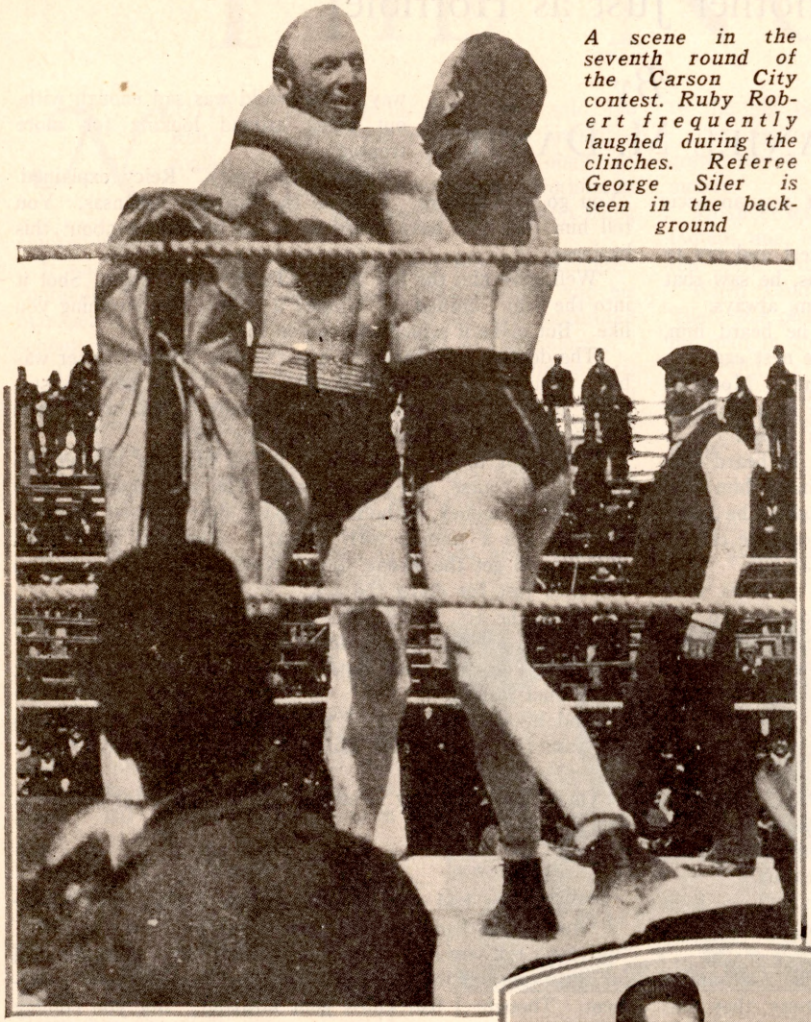
"I appreciate your spirit. I like your manliness. I admire your great courage in thinking of quitting the ring just because you had fought a man with a bad heart, who died from the effects of an overdose of heroin. A smaller dose, and he would have come out like a lion, and maybe killed you. Who knows? Oh, I hate to think of it. Imagine your being hurt!"

* * *

YES, Baton Rouge Jeanie did a neat job. An extra good job. Three weeks later she became Mrs. James Milander. She had needed a big strong man to take care of her and protect her. All alone in this big, hard (*Continued on page* 49)

When *Careless* CORBETT

By JIM NASIUM



A scene in the seventh round of the Carson City contest. Ruby Robert frequently laughed during the clinches. Referee George Siler is seen in the background

YES, the old fight fan whom I found sitting disconsolate in the lobby of the La Salle Hotel, in Chicago, the morning after 140,000 of the world's "best people" had crowded their way into Soldier Stadium and paid $3,000,000 to see the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, was correct—"the fight game ain't what it used to be."

Back in the '90's, when Bob Fitzsimmons sunk his freckled fist into the solar plexus of James J. Corbett and pulled it out with the heavyweight title in its clutches, Carson City, Nevada, the scene of the fight, was a "wide open" town. Two weeks before the date of the fight itself all the riff-raff of the early days of the prize ring began to drift into Carson—gamblers, fight fans, gunmen and ordinary thugs.

The previously peaceful calm of the night hours was broken by the click of the roulette wheel and sounds of revelry, with now and then the dull thud of a lead pipe descending on the cranium of one who had been lucky—or unlucky—enough to win more money than somebody else thought he had any right to possess.

Happening into the washroom of one of these gambling halls of Carson City one night a few days before the fight, I found a sporting man from New York with whom I had become acquainted on the train coming out from the East. He had his shirt and collar off and his undershirt opened and rolled back from his chest. In one hand he held a porous plaster and in the other hand a sheaf of bills of large denomination. This latter represented a "cleanup" he had just made in the temple of chance.

While I watched with amused amazement, he heated the gummed side of the porous plaster over an old oil lamp, placed the bills on his chest, and then, clapping the plaster over them, he proceeded to squeeze down the edges of the plaster until it stuck tightly to his chest, covering up the money. Then he buttoned up his undershirt and re-dressed.

"There," he gloated, "I'd like to see the guy who gets *that* money before I get back to Broadway!"

* * *

YES, that old ring follower was right—"the fight game ain't what it used to be, an' the old gang ain't here no more." The scattered few of the "old guard" who occasionally get up on their hind legs and give an imitation of Custer's Last Stand, must feel lonely indeed.

It is a wide gap between Carson City in 1897 and Soldier's Field, Chicago, in 1927, or even between Gans and Nelson at Goldfield in 1906, and Sharkey and Scott at Miami in 1930—a gap that is wider than the mere span of the years.

James J. Corbett; just before he lost the world's heavyweight title

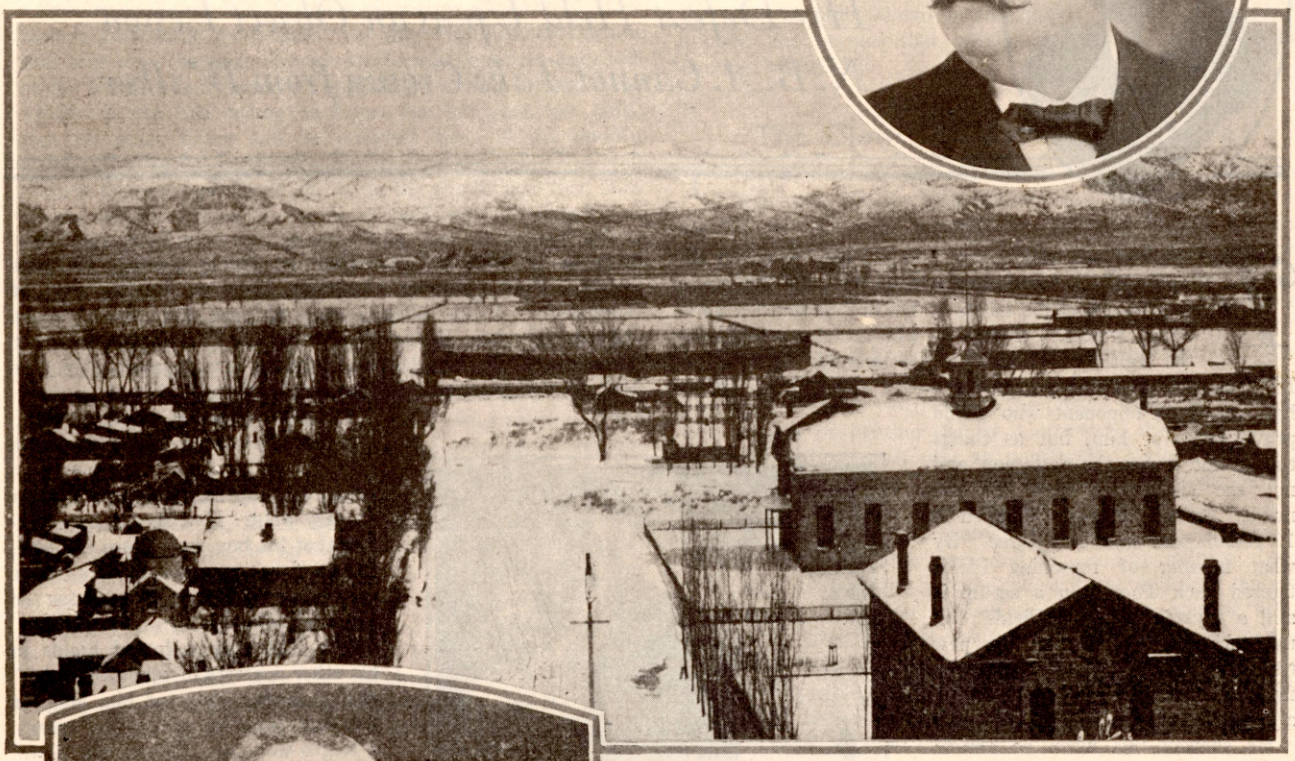
The atmosphere at Carson was that of the early days of the prize ring—a scattered handful of the country's roughest citizens; a carnival of bad liquor and rowdyism, long nights of gambling and brawling that had no connection with the fight that had been the magnet which attracted the "mob" to the "party."

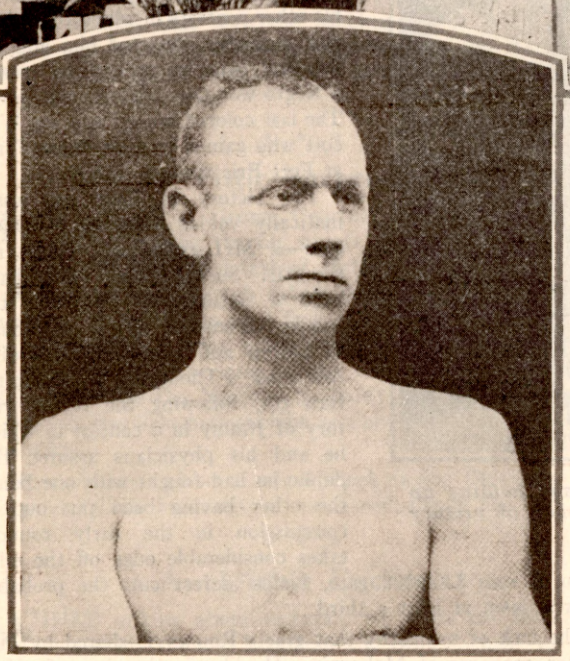
The atmosphere at Chicago was that of a gathering of the social elite—the wealth of the nation with its women folk, more millionaires than all the gold that Carson City had ever dreamed of could create; staid, solid citizens who would have considered it beneath their dignity to attend a fight in the wild, boisterous days of Carson City—citizens who came to the fight as they would go to the opera and then went home again.

Yet somewhere along the trail between Carson City and Soldier Stadium, between Goldfield and Miami, there has been lost much of the romance and the picturesqueness that once constituted one of the

Lost *Title* to FITZ

Solar Plexus Punch in Fourteenth Won for Bob—Veteran Reporter Tells About Carson in 1897





Bob Fitzsimmons as he looked when he fought Corbett

Above—Dan Stuart, who promoted the Fitz-Corbett battle at Carson City

Birds-eye view of Carson City, Nevada, where the arena for the Corbett-Fitz battle was built

principle attractions of the fight game to its followers.

Into Carson City with Fitzsimmons came Bob Davis, then a newspaper writer with the New York *American*. When we other newspaper men trooped over to Fitzsimmons' training camp to hear what the challenger for the heavyweight title had to say about it for publication, we were told by the lanky Cornishman that "ye ll 'ave to see me sec'etary."

The "secretary" was Davis, who blithely told us that if our papers wanted to publish any statement whatsoever from Fitzsimmons, they would have to buy it from the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate, and he advised us to so inform our papers.

* * *

DID we do it? We did not! We simply put our heads together and wrote what we thought Fitzsimmons ought to say and let it go at that. I think Davis had paid Fitzsimmons $10,000 of Mr. Hearst's money for the exclusive privilege of doing the talking for publication—only to see the other papers printing better stuff than they could possibly have obtained from Fitzsimmons, because we weren't hampered by facts.

During the first rounds of the fight that followed, Corbett simply cut Fitzsimmons to ribbons. Blood smeared his face and ran down over his hairy chest. In the sixth round, when Corbett knocked Fitz to his hands and knees and the Cornishman was taking all the time possible on the floor, one of the newspaper men in the press seats got up and called across to Davis, "Hey, Secretary Davis, get a broom and sweep up your boss—he's ready for the ash can!"

Wyatt Earp, gambler and gunman of the Old West, was there with his gang. It was generally known that everywhere Earp went, his followers were always around him—each one with his hardware handy. Wyatt and his brother had gained a reputation second only to that of the celebrated James Boys, yet in the days of the Carson City fight carnival they mingled with the sporting fraternity of the West as it then existed without being molested.

Wyatt even officiated as referee in several fights in which it had been freely stated that the ringside seats were occupied by his followers all with their guns ready to make certain that the joust would end the way they had fixed it. (*Continued on page* 48)

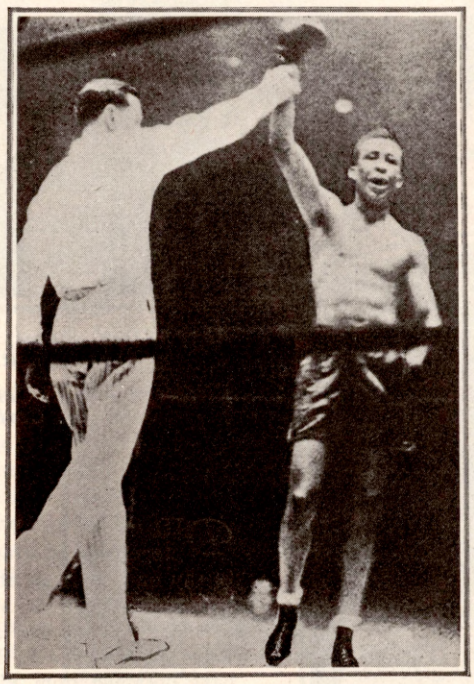
Nat FLEISCHER says:

Little Sympathy Expressed for Fields
His Defeat Held Up as an Object Lesson
N. B. A. Cannot Take Crown from Walker

THE sad fate that befell Jackie Fields when he was shorn of his welterweight title by Jack Thompson in a fifteen-round battle at Detroit, should act as an object lesson to champions who are always shunning — the legitimate contenders for so-called "soft ones." In Thompson, the newly crowned welter king, Fields felt he had drawn an opponent who would prove easy for him, but as things turned out, it was the champion, and not the challenger, who was the mark. Fields was badly whipped in 10 rounds and won only three. By what manner of reasoning Fields figured Jack Thompson a set-up is still a mystery, despite Fields' two triumphs over the Negro. The new title holder is an in-and-outer so far as form goes, but always is rated a dangerous fighter.

He showed this when he almost outpointed Jimmy McLarnin in a hot contest in Madison Square Garden recently. Thompson once before came within an ace of winning the crown. It was back in 1928 when he fought Joe Dundee in Chicago. On that occasion Dundee, the welter king, was knocked out by the Coast battler in the second round. The referee halted the bout to save Joe after he had gone down twice. Dundee scaled 147 but forced the Negro to come in at 148 pounds, thereby assuring the retention of the title regardless of the verdict.

* * *



Referee "Slim" McClelland holding up hand of Thompson in token of victory

Little Sympathy for Rooney

WHY then Fields regarded Thompson as easy prey is beyond understanding. Gig Rooney, like many other managers, who, after steering their charge into a championship find themselves dazzled by the novelty, will find little sympathy from those who have become tired of the type of managership that keeps feeding the champion with others than the legitimate contenders. Rooney recently was offered $60,000 to fight McLarnin for the title in the Yankee Stadium, but he turned that down. The ante was then raised $10,000 but still he refused to permit Fields to risk the crown against so dangerous a hitter as McLarnin, who previously, as a featherweight, had knocked out Fields.

Rooney had the welterweight championship and he intended to keep the title for his boy by passing up lucrative matches to skip around the country and take on boys who would agree to scale beyond the class limit so Fields couldn't lose the crown. There was an exception, however, in the case of Thompson. Fields already had whipped him twice, hence Rooney felt that Jackie could turn the trick again and that there would be no danger of losing the championship. In this, as things turned out, he was sadly mistaken.

Rooney consented to accept $37,000 for his end of the purse for a bout with Thompson, this snug sum being what he thought good pay for an easy bout. Had he the least inkling that his boy would lose the title, twice that sum would not have sufficed to get Rooney to sign for the mill with Thompson.

The luck that followed Fields in his other contests in which the "risk" was negligible, deserted him and for the first time in twenty-nine years, a Negro won the welterweight crown. The last colored holder was Joe Walcott who gained it from Rube Ferns at Fort Erie, Ontario, in 1901.

The victory of Thompson automatically voided a certain $300,000 gate—a McLarnin-Fields battle for the title. Such a contest would have been a natural just as was the Sharkey-Schmeling affair. Although McLarnin still remains the leading contender, a Thompson-McLarnin return tilt, following the recent victory of Jimmy in a contest in which he and his physicians assured the public he had fought with one hand, the other having been put out of commission in the early rounds, takes considerable edge off the mill. From a sure $300,000 gate, Fields' defeat cuts the probable figures down at least a third.

The lack of sympathy that greets Rooney is shared by Pop Foster, manager of McLarnin. He likewise has been figuring too high on the services of the great little welterweight whom he pilots. A fighter should be worth only what he can draw, but in the case of Foster he cannot be budged from the idea that whenever his boy is one of the contestants, McLarnin is the lone attraction. That obviously is a fallacy and the sooner Pop Foster realizes that, the better he and McLarnin will fare.

Last winter Foster turned down $40,000 to fight Fields for the title because he insisted that if Fields were to get $70,000, McLarnin was worth as much. While from a drawing point of view Foster is correct, yet the fact remains that the champion is always entitled to a bigger percentage, and when a fellow has a chance to win a title, a sacrifice is worth while

N. B. A. on Wrong Trail

THE National Boxing Association, which has an opportunity to make of itself a great governing body for boxing in this country, has been on the wrong trail in many of its decisions. For one, I take issue with the N. B. A. for its attitude in re championships. It seems to me that not by the farthest stretch of imagination can the N. B. A. throw out Mickey Walker's claim to the middleweight crown.

Mickey is the world's champion no matter what the N. B. A. moguls may think about him. The only way Mickey can lose that title is in the ring, through a referee's verdict, a knockout at the hands of an opponent or through fouling an opponent. Mickey is the title holder, and you can bet your last dollar that no other boxer will be crowned king of the middles unless he disposes of Walker in the ring.

Such decisions of the N. B. A. as the above hold that body up to ridicule. The N. B. A. is well within its rights to discipline Walker by suspending him, but it cannot relieve him of the crown. There is plenty of good, constructive work the N. B. A. can carry on without getting itself into entanglements which it should avoid.

Take the case of Midget Wolgast. He won the flyweight title in an elimination tournament in which the cream of the boys in his division were the contestants. Yet Genaro, not Wolgast, is acclaimed champion. Genaro, who previously had been knocked out by Spider Pladner and then won from him on a foul and lost to Willie Davies, has been ignoring the claims of the good boys on this side, and yet is held up as champion by the N. B. A. while Wolgast, who has the best claim to the crown, is ignored. Davies was one of those eliminated in the flyweight tourney.

An attempt to arrange a contest between Wolgast and Genaro to settle the flyweight dispute, fell through. Wolgast is eager for such a match, but Genaro is not. Why? Because Genaro realizes that with the backing of the N. B. A. in twenty-nine states, he can make more by being exploited as the N. B. A. title holder than he can if he is whipped by Wolgast, a great little champion.

* * *

Fistic Surprises

THE knockout of George Courtney by Leo Williams will be ranked among the big upsets of the 1930 fistic campaign just as will the defeat of Fields by Thompson. Every now and then a top-notch fighter decides to take on a "soft one" just for a tuneup, and finds, much to his consternation, that the so-called "easy mark" turns out to be a real tough baby. Such was the case in the Courtney-Williams tilt at Holyoke, where the Negro, who didn't rank among the first fifteen in the light-heavyweight section, put Georgie away in the fifth.

That victory proved a severe shock to the Oklahoma idol, as prior to the knockout he was listed among the first five.

* * *

An Unfair Decision

WHILE talking about setbacks, we must not forget the defeat of Tommy Loughran by Ernie Schaaf in their first battle. The upset proved a shock to Tommy's many home rooters who jeered the verdict and started a riot because of what they considered was extreme unfairness. I received many letters from fight fans who saw the battle and also received all of the Philadelphia papers, and the judgment of the majority seems to uphold the contention of the former world's light-heavyweight champion that the verdict was unjust. Judge Knarsborough voted for Loughran, and Judge Cox declared the bout a draw. Leo Houck, the referee, decided matters by handing the verdict to Schaaf.

Unlike the New York rules, where such a variation would make the bout a draw, in Pennsylvania, when the judges disagree, the verdict rests with the referee. Therefore, while sports scribes generally sing Tommy's swan song because of the setback in the Schaaf tilt, Tommy's horde of admirers feel he still is among the top-notchers and will eventually come through as a heavyweight, just as he did in the lighter division over which he held sway.

To the unbiased fight followers, however, one well known fact stands forth—Tommy Loughran as a heavyweight is far from the invincible fighter he was as a light-heavy. Like the great Jack Delaney, he simply can't get his bearings among the heavier men. As a 175- to 180-pounder, Tommy, one of the most likeable fellows in the boxing game, stood without a peer, but beyond that weight his status in the ranking changes materially.

* * *

The Clown of the Roped Square

THE recent return match between Larry Johnson, Chicago Negro, and Maxie Rosenbloom was far from being as exciting as their first encounter in Madison Square Garden, yet from the experts' point of view, the result was sufficient to prove that Maxie can slap his way to victory over any of the boys who are seeking the crown which Tommy Loughran abdicated.

This does not indicate, however, that Rosenbloom is a great fighter. Far from that—he is a great clown who has been permitted, through violations of the boxing codes, to get away with a style of fighting that is contrary to the rules of the game. When a fighter uses an unorthodox style and through the employment of such can roll up a string of triumphs, the credit is all his. But when a fighter employs a style of open-glove hitting and scores, then it is a discredit to the boxing commission that adopts rules and is afraid to enforce them.

At least such is my opinion when I see a fighter engage in contest after contest without as much as a warning being issued for open-glove slapping. If the rules were strictly enforced, Maxie Rosenbloom, the clown of the ring, would be compelled to fight according to Hoyle. Until then, it is folly to compare him even to the Human Whirlwind, Harry Greb, or other great light-heavyweights.

I have just received several copies of the latest issue of the New York State Boxing Commission's rules and regulations, thanks to Bert Stand, and on page 44, listed under the head, "fouls", I find in paragraph 6, the following:

"Hitting with the inside or butt of the hand, wrist or elbow."

And below it, paragraph 7, I find:

"Hitting or 'flicking' with the open glove."

Perhaps the members of the boxing commission were not aware of these two clauses!

* * *

Tuffy Griffiths Turns Tables

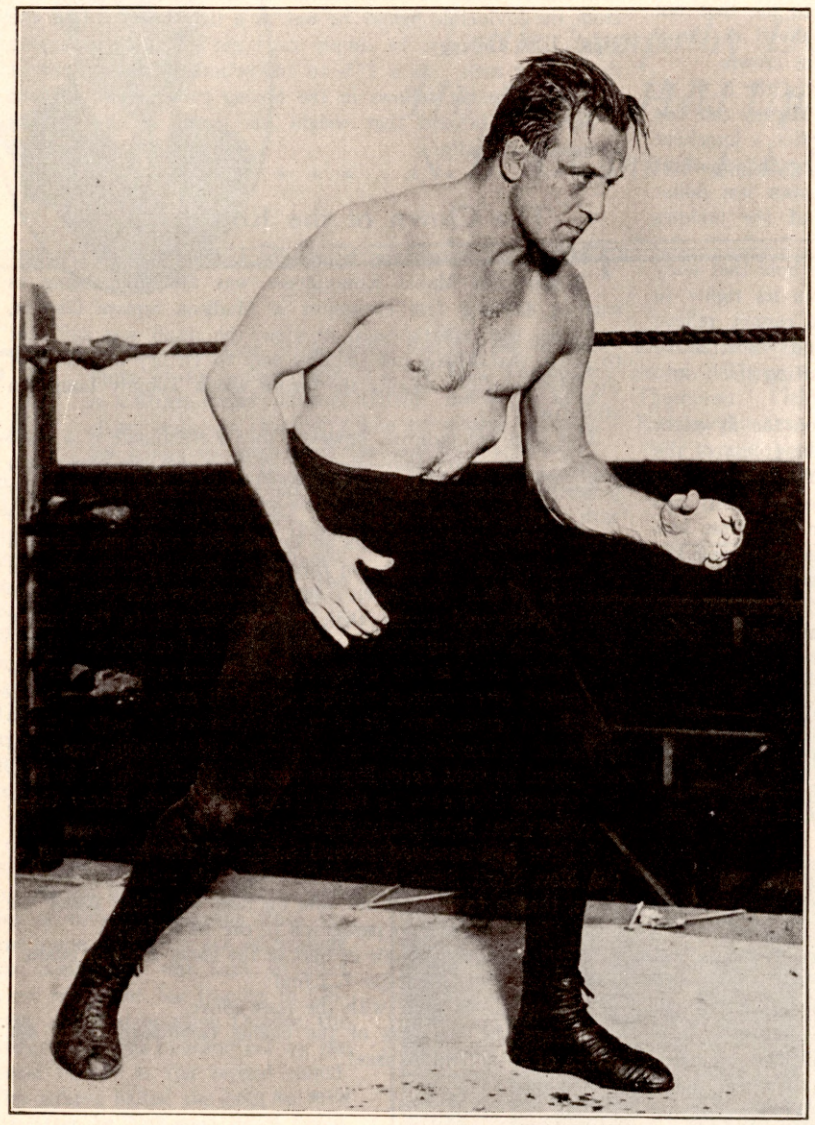
ON the same night that Rosenbloom took the measure of Johnson, Tuffy Griffiths came back with a victory over Jack Gagnon, who only a few weeks previously had knocked out Tuffy for one of the biggest surprises of the year. If Tuffy is nursed along properly, by the end of the year he should be one of the world's leading heavyweights. He has the fighting heart and the punch—two essential points in the make-up of a good fighter.

* * *

Wrestling Comes Back With a Bang

WRESTLING has come back with a bang throughout the country. With more stringent regulations to keep the undesirables out, and closer supervision by State Athletic Commissions and the National Boxing Association, the mat artists have enjoyed a big season. If the season that has just come to a close is taken as a criterion, next fall, winter and spring should see wrestling running neck-and-neck with boxing for popular support. In New York, the efforts of Jack Curley, dean of the Metropolitan promoters, on behalf of the mat game, are worthy of commendation. Curley has placed the sport on a high level.

SHIKAT on a *Par* with



Richard Shikat, present heavyweight champion

IT was in the drill shed of the Seventy-first Regiment Armory of New York a few weeks ago that Richard Shikat, world's heavyweight wrestling champion, successfully defended his title in a gruelling contest with Hans Steinke, another brawny German from whom Shikat won the crown some months ago. That match in New York, one of the greatest bouts staged in this country in many moons, brought out a throng that packed the arena and proved that wrestling is again coming into its own. Give the fans honest-to-goodness wrestling, such as was the Shikat-Steinke bout, and you'll soon find that the mat game will give boxing a neck-and-neck run for popularity.

Sitting at the ringside in the armory, watching the gladiators give an exhibition of stamina, courageousness, vitality and strength such as one does not see in the ordinary match, my thoughts wandered back to the days when I handled the great Frank Gotch on a tour of this country. I couldn't help but see a close resemblance between the present champion and the man who made wrestling history years ago.

Following the bout, I entered the dressing room of Ernest Roeber, official New York State wrestling referee and one of the kings of the old school of wrestlers, and soon we were wrapped in reminiscences on the mat artists of the past, for there was much in the Shikat-Steinke contest to invite comparisons. Both Roeber and myself, delighted at the turnout of wrestling fans and the enthusiasm of the crowd, saw in that bout a sure comeback of the sport which Roeber as a contestant, did much to keep alive in the old days.

As we were about to bid each other good night, into the room came a scribe from an evening newspaper.

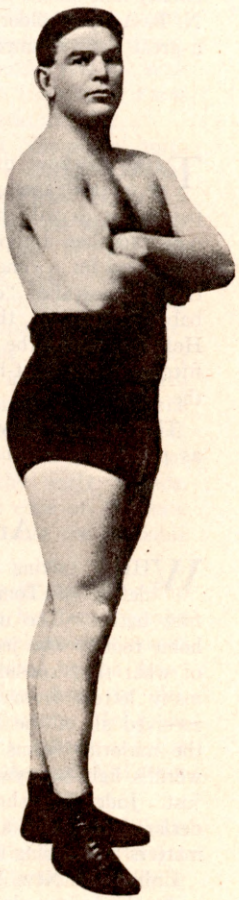
"You are just the fellow I'm looking for," said he to me. "I've been asked by my chief to get a story for to-morrow's paper on a comparison of Shikat with the champions of other periods. How does he compare to Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Caddock? Is he as good as was Ivan Padoubny, Tom Jenkins, Roeber, Farmer Burns, Muldoon and Whistler?"

* * *

I WAS not surprised at his query, for ever since Shikat has come to the front, I have had inquiry after inquiry along that line. I have handled wrestlers from all parts of the world. Probably no man has promoted so many mat contests among world-famous stars as I, hence I am in a position to qualify as an expert on the grappling sport.

Comparing Shikat to the men of the school made famous by Muldoon, Whistler, Bauer and others of the "good old days", would not be possible so far as I am concerned, for I can go back only thirty years in my promotion and managerial work, but placing him alongside the stars who figured in the more modern era, I feel safe in saying that he is as good as any of the past masters. In build, carriage, general shiftiness, strength and craftiness, he is a second Gotch. I think they are about as alike as two peas in a pod. To me, their closeness of resemblance in all of their ring actions is almost uncanny.

Shikat is not so massive and heavily-built as most of the giant wrestlers of the past, yet behind that body of his is a muscular system second to none among the champions of recent years. He knows every trick of wrestling, can wriggle out of almost any hold, is a most powerful leg wrestler and in the application of the body scissors, toe and ankle holds and the head and ground chancery, none of the



Frank Gotch, greatest leg wrestler

Former *Wrestling* Kings

By JACK CURLEY
(America's Premier Promoter)

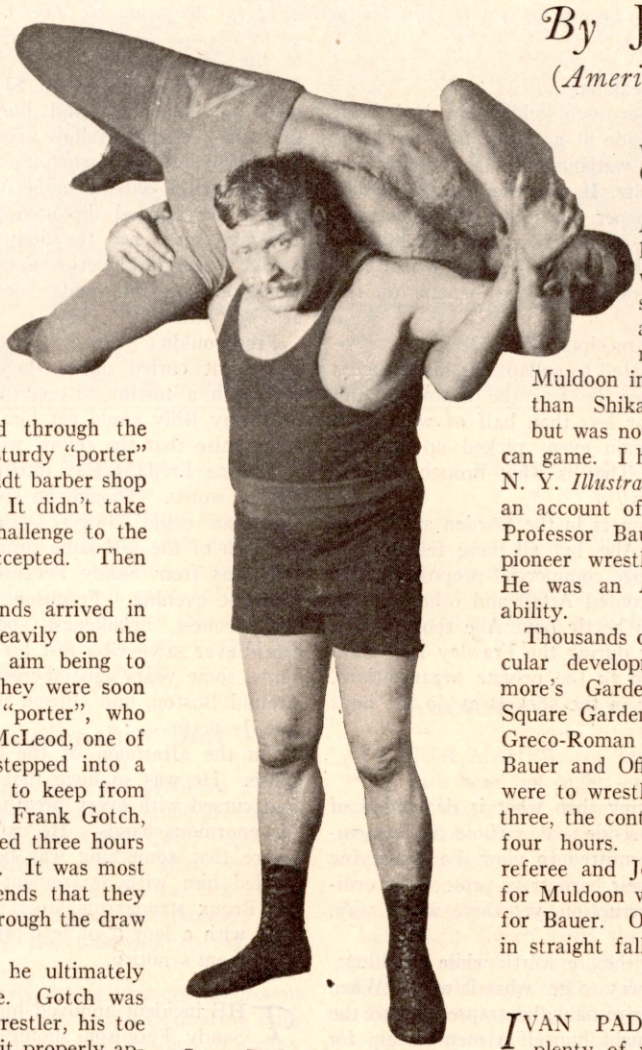
present day stars can equal him.

Frank Gotch was the greatest leg wrestler of the last half century, and Shikat follows his style. The story of Gotch's rise to fame is a most interesting one. This Iowa farmer boy who learned his wrestling on the haystacks of his home burg—Humboldt—gained a local reputation as a mat artist and soon attracted attention among the clique that toured the country to find some "hayseed" who could help them make a betting coup.

When Gotch's name spread through the middle west, this clique sent a sturdy "porter" to seek employment in a Humboldt barber shop or hotel to steam up a match. It didn't take long. This "porter" issued a challenge to the local title holder and Gotch accepted. Then the real fun began.

Dozens of the "porter's" friends arrived in town and started to wager heavily on the chances of the unknown, their aim being to make a betting "killing". But they were soon to get a big surprise for the "porter", who turned out to be the great Dan McLeod, one of the best little men that ever stepped into a ring, had to work like a beaver to keep from being thrown. The country kid, Frank Gotch, created a sensation when he lasted three hours with McLeod and gained a draw. It was most fortunate for the "porter's" friends that they were able to save their wagers through the draw decision.

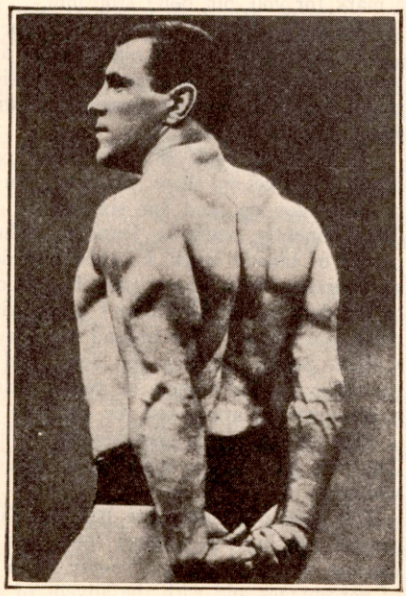
Gotch's name was made and he ultimately landed in the champion's throne. Gotch was cunning, and being a great leg wrestler, his toe hold was real death once he had it properly applied. Yet, only in leg work did he excel Shikat.



Ivan Padoubny, who had tremendous strength

* * *

THEN there was George Hackenschmidt. He was the "Baby Grand" of the wrestling game. Hack was full of nervous energy. No human could withstand his pull. He met all comers and seldom took more than a few minutes to win a match. He was a better top wrestler than Shikat but in general all-around ability, Shikat excelled. Shikat's leg work is far superior to that which Hackenschmidt showed. Shikat is also more spectacular than was either Hackenschmidt or Gotch.



George Hackenschmidt, the "Baby Grand" of the wrestling game

William Muldoon, the first American champion, was strictly a Greco-Roman man. He was a good wrestler, a great showman and set a great example to athletes on the proper mode of living. Those who saw Muldoon in action say that he was better than Shikat at the Greco-Roman style but was not as good at the catch-as-catch-can game. I have before me a clipping of the N. Y. *Illustrated News,* May 14, 1879, with an account of Officer Muldoon's match with Professor Bauer. Bauer was one of the pioneer wrestling invaders of this country. He was an Alsatian and had considerable ability.

Thousands of enthusiastic admirers of muscular development were assembled at Gilmore's Garden, later known as Madison Square Garden, to witness the long-talked-of Greco-Roman match between Professor Bauer and Officer Muldoon. The conditions were to wrestle for the best two falls out of three, the contest not to continue longer than four hours. Mr. J. M. Laflin served as referee and Johnny Dwyer acted as umpire for Muldoon while Leonardo Trourigais acted for Bauer. Officer Muldoon won the match in straight falls.

* * *

IVAN PADOUBNY was a giant with plenty of real ability. In my opinion he was better than Shikat on account of his tremendous strength and size. The same can be said of Yousouf, the Terrible Turk.

Clarence Whistler was fast and game and was about on a par in ability with Shikat. A match between them with Whistler in his prime, would have been a sensation.

Paul Pons, the Frenchman, ranked with Padoubny and Yousouf, but was too slow a thinker to have matched Shikat.

Alexander Aberg and Jess Pederson were strictly Greco-Roman style wrestlers, and neither, I think, would have thrown Shikat even at their own style.

Tom Jenkins was a real champion. Game to the limit, he would have made a great match for the German.

The original Evan "Strangler" Lewis could not have coped with Shikat with his favorite strangle hold ruled out.

Ernest Roeber was no slouch at the wrestling game. He was the only American that crossed the ocean and defeated all the good foreigners on their own soil. But Roeber was strictly a Greco-Roman wrestler and would have proven no match for Shikat at catch-as-catch-can style.

Madralli, the great Turk, came to quick grief in his match at the Olympia in London against George Hackenschmidt. But it was a broken arm sustained in almost the first minute of the match that caused Hack's quick victory.

Greek George, Edward Bibby, Jim Barnes, Duncan C. Ross, Jacob Koch, Sebastian Miller, Farmer Burns and Freddie Beel were all good wrestlers but I think Shikat at his best, is as good as any of these fast kings of the mat.

"The GOOD OLD DAYS!"

By JACK KOFOED

(Second of a series on the period of the bare-knuckle days.)

"THE Good Old Days."

Abe Attell was speaking.

The former featherweight champion had been sitting near the ringside at a recent fight in Madison Square Garden watching two supposedly top notch fighters engaging in a waltz. It was the seventh round. The gallery gods were tossing paper down into the arena and engaging in the "rasberry cheer", when Tex Sullivan, assistant to Walter St. Denis, Garden publicity chief, stooped near Abe and issued the following statement for the benefit of the scribes:

Attendance, 14,786; net gate receipts, $62,452.78.

Those figures almost caused Attell to collapse as his thoughts travelled back to the days when he was the champion and fought many thrilling battles for less than half of what each of these two dancers in the main event picked up as their percentage of that huge gate. That is what brought on the exclamation, "The good old days!"

There were many other old timers in the Garden arena that night who probably felt as did Abe, but all these fellows forget that boxing has become a huge commercial proposition and that the conditions which confronted Attell and others of his day, are gone forever. Many a hectic bout Abe took part in at the clubs in New York City during the Frawley Law days when competition was restricted to the private organizations. No wonder Abe couldn't gather in the shekels as do the boys of today!

* * *

THE spectators weren't paying then what is demanded of the fight fans now for a ringside seat. Those not a member of "this club" were not permitted to view the stultifying sport. The law makers tried their hardest to protect the ordinary citizenry from possible corruption, yet there was a way, if one was eager to see a fight.

"The good old days!" Yes, they're worth while recalling.

The citizenry usually finds a way to get what it wants. When a man felt the urge to see a prize-fight, he trapsed up to the box office of any club, and bought himself a membership for that night only. It was clean and simple, and everyone was satisfied. True, the promoters were arrested the following day, but they either paid a nominal fine or were discharged.

On occasion precinct commanders made things difficult if they were not given their "cut", or if some personal ill-feeling developed between them and the promoters. Some times the police went on a rampage just to build up a reputation. The Dry Dock, Long Acre, Roman A. C., Sharkey Club and others in New York City would be littered with broken hats, collars, ripped coats, umbrellas and pivot-teeth. For blocks around, perfectly harmless citizens could be seen wiping blood out of their eyes and nursing bumpy heads and bruised backs.

Funny how laws change in these United States, isn't it? In those good old days a man could stand up against a bar and drink to his heart's content—but he wasn't supposed to look at prize-fights. Now he can see fights, but not drink. The status of the policeman is apparently the only one that doesn't change.

Anyway, it was a difficult time. There could be no permanence to boxing under those conditions. Big purses were comparatively rare, and most of the promoters didn't make anything to speak of.

Billy Gibson, of the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, who recently ceased to be Mr. Tunney's business manager, was one of the smart young men who made a fortune out of boxing in the period we are discussing. That he handed a million dollars or more of it back to the bookmakers at the Metropolitan race tracks, is neither here nor there. It is recalled that he ran $300 into $58,000 on the first six races at Aqueduct, and borrowed carfare home after the seventh. A smart fellow around the ring, Gibson just didn't know when to quit when the hoofs were drumming.

Bill ran the old Fairmont Athletic Club in upper New York City. He learned diplomacy there—a lot of it from Fred McKay. Fred had the body of a Greek god but lacked the fighter's heart and yet as a captain in the Canadian Army he won every possible medal for valor, and was eventually killed at Vimy Ridge.

Fred couldn't "take it", as the boys say. He disliked blows. His spirit curled under them. Yet, being so good looking and such a terrific hitter, the patrons demanded him. The only way Billy could get him to meet a strong opponent was to promise that the fellow would quit.

Talking Fred McKay into the ring gave Gibson the golden gift of words. Though no rival ever did quit to McKay, the Canadian could always be persuaded to try again on the strength of the self-same promise.

It was from Sandy Ferguson, though, that Gibson had his merriest evening. Ferguson was a giant Scotchman, one of the meanest, drunkenest specimens of wickedness this old world ever saw—God rest his soul! He was killed in a saloon brawl some years ago. Ferguson had made quite a reputation around Boston, and Gibson matched Jim with the big Negro, Joe Jeanette.

On the afternoon of the fight, Sandy appeared in Billy's office. He was so huge that he almost filled it. He snarled and cursed with every breath. The gloves were too small for his enormous hands. He called Gibson a double-crosser and swore that something was being put over on him. Bill regarded him with amazement but not with fear, for one of his Bronx strongarms stood behind the obstreperous Scotchman with a length of lead-pipe ready to close the incident at a moment's notice.

* * *

THE incident annoyed him, however. He determined that Sandy Ferguson should pay through the nose for this. So he called in Joe Jeanette.

"Joe," he said, "when you get this big mug in there to-night, punish him all you can, but don't knock him out. He'll be a mark for you, but don't stop him."

"Aw right, Mistah Gibson," said Joe.

The fight went on that night before a packed house. Gibson was at the ring-side, his nose in the resin dust. In the second round Jeanette knocked Ferguson down directly in front of Bill. Their eyes met.

"If you quit," said Billy, "I won't pay you a dime—not a dime. Now get up there and fight, you big bum."

Sandy got up, and for six rounds endured a martyrdom. The eminently scientific Jeanette gashed him into the semblance of bloody steak, knocked him down twice a round on an average. And, every time Ferguson's vast body tumbled to the floor he heard Gibson's penetrating voice, "If you stay down you needn't come around to be paid off."

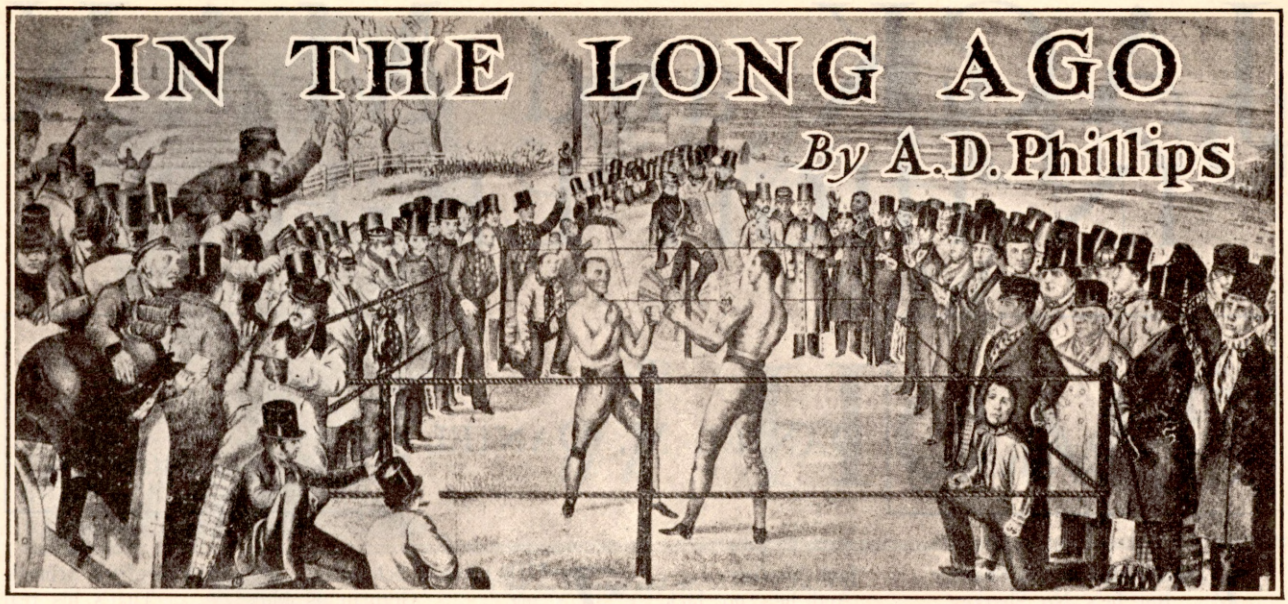
Well, Sandy did stay the limit, and when he appeared at the office for his money, he found Jeanette there and a half a dozen strong arms, and for once, he kept his trap shut.

Such cheerful little episodes simply don't happen nowadays. The ring has become more of a business and less of an adventure.

The good old days were bad old days compared with the present fighting era—though there was more fun, more fighting and adventure then. To-day it's a business and a matter of percentages and with the advent of the banker and broker, there will be still more business.

IN THE LONG AGO

By A.D. Phillips



Choynski Beats Fogarty

(From the Sydney *Referee*, Nov. 26, 1890)

IN the International prize fight between Joe Choynski of America and Jim Fogarty of this city, last night, the American, who hails from San Francisco, caused considerable surprise by defeating our star. The men fought for a purse of £250, the winner to take £220 of that sum, and a side bet of £200. Odds of 6 to 4 were laid against the American, who fought a great battle.

* * *

McGovern's Championship Belt

(N. Y. *Herald*, Dec. 28, 1899)

IT was shortly after Terry McGovern, the Brooklyn Terror defeated Pedlar Palmer at Tuckahoe, N. Y., that his friends arranged for a testimonial dinner at the Argyle Cafe, a sporting rendezvous in Fulton Street, Brooklyn. At the affair were the leading sportsmen of the East. Joe Humphries was the master of ceremonies. Terry was presented with a championship belt. And the New York *Herald* had the following to say with presentation by Sam Austin:

"'This seems to be a particularly fitting moment to present to our young friend this handsome token of an admiring public's esteem. I never entered upon the performance of a duty with a keener appreciation of what was required of me, and I therefore deeply regret my inability to frame the beautiful sentiments which orators use appropriately on such occasions; but we are simple people with simple manners and simple forms of speech, and you will understand that I express the sentiments of everybody present when I say that the value of their love for you cannot be measured by words. We admire you for your achievements, we admire your modesty—a rare virtue in successful men; we admire your uprightness, the genial warmth of your friendship, the endearing quality of your regard, and we one and all of us wish that as you go down the rugged path of life you will treasure this little meeting in your memory, naming each and every one of us and calling him friend.

"'It now affords me great pleasure to place this belt, emblematic of the title which you hold, in your keeping. I do this with absolute confidence in your ability to defend it.'

"The belt which is a gigantic affair in gold and silver plentifully embellished with diamonds, rubies and sapphires, was then handed to McGovern. The little fellow had tears in his eyes when he arose and was so visibly embarrassed that he could do little more than murmur his thanks. 'Sam' Harris, his manager, Wm. H. Crowley, of Hartford, 'Phil' Dwyer, the famous turfman, and others also made remarks, while telegrams of congratulation and regret were read from Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, John L. Sullivan, Dennis Sullivan, 'Danny' Maher, George Considine, 'Jim' Corbett and Chamberlain Patrick H. Keenan."

Praise for George Dixon

(N. Y. *Sun*, Aug. 15, 1891)

GEORGE DIXON, by his five-round knockout of Abe Willis, has proved himself the greatest pugilist of his height and weight in the world and his other victories have also proved that fact. He is the only American pugilist who has defeated a champion of England and Australia.

* * *

Another Victory for Peter Maher

(Buffalo *Express*, Nov. 18, 1891)

PETER MAHER, the Irish champion, made his appearance here last night, and added another victory to the many he has gained since coming to this country. Maher stopped Tom Lynch, the Buffalo champion. Lynch is a treacherous fighter who has met many top notchers. He is the fellow who, two years ago, bit a chunk of flesh out of Peter Jackson besides gouging and kicking him.

Last night Lynch tried the same on Maher, but couldn't get away with it. Through the second round, Maher gave a scientific exhibition. Then Lynch struck a staggering blow to Peter's jaw and the Irishman decided to make quick work of his opponent. He succeeded in making a chopping-block out of Lynch.

Maher landed blow after blow on Lynch's face and Lynch, to retaliate, jumped into a clinch and gouged and kicked and even attempted to bite Maher's right arm. Maher pulled away, landed a terrific right on his opponent's jaw and Lynch dropped to the stage in a heap. He was a sorry sight when Billy Madden rushed into the ring and stopped the contest amid the howls and jeers of the spectators who were enjoying the slaughter very much.

This makes six boxers Maher has defeated since arriving in the U. S.—Bubbles Davis, Jim Daley, Jack Fallon, Fred Woods, Hite Peckman and Tom Lynch. Next!

* * *

When Sammy Kelly K.O'd Plimmer

(In the *Manchester Guardian* of 1897)

WITH only half a minute more to go in the twentieth round, Sammy Kelly, star New York bantam, knocked out Billy Plimmer at Birmingham for the championship and a purse for £400 (About $2,000) at the Olympic Club.

* * *

Death of John Gully

(London *Times*, 1863)

JOHN GULLY, one of England's most famous members of the Fancy, died at Durham yesterday. Mr. Gully was a member of Parliament for Pontefract and at one time was the champion of England.

JACK and MAX IN HIGH LIGHTS

In this Corner
Jack Sharkey

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

In this Corner
Max Schmeling

YES, his name is Sharkey . . . Jack Sharkey. . . . But he's No Sharkey. . . . And he's no Jack. . . . Funny, what? . . . This borrower of Tom Sharkey's moniker is a Lithuanian. . . . That is, he's an American of Lith blood . . . Joseph Paul Cuckoshay. . . . That's how he started out in life. . . . First Lith heavyweight of class. . . . The high light of Sharkey's career came with the knockout of Tommy Loughran. . . . Hit Tom so hard he had him talking to himself, out standing up. . . . And then we must not forget that Dempsey fight. . . . Some folks still insist that Dempsey fouled Sharkey. . . . Yes, some insist the other way. . . . More insist that Dempsey scored a clean knockout. . . . Dempsey said Sharkey hit him hard and lots. . . . Anyway it was a good fight. . . .

* * *

YES, his name is Sharkey. . . . Which reminds us that the heavyweight title has passed from the Irish. . . . Gene Tunney was a Gael. . . . But he stepped out of the picture and now the Irish are on the hunt for another contender. . . . Tom Sharkey was Irish, came here from Dundalk. . . . Maher was Irish. . . . Dempsey had some Irish in him. . . . Anyway, this Sharkey person got a lot of publicity out of the way he treated Phil Scott at Miami, didn't he? . . . Too bad. . . . Jack would have stopped him, anyway. . . . Sharkey lucky in Miami, he was. . . . Two fights, two wins. . . . Beat Stribling there, too. . . . Knocked out Jack Delaney in one round, did Sharkey. . . . And that was no soft feat at the time. . . . Stopped Jimmy Maloney in five rounds. . . . Then seven with Dempsey. . . .

* * *

YES, his name is Sharkey. . . . Born October 6, 1902, at Binghamton, New York. . . . Got his real start in 1924. . . . Stopped Dan Lucas in two rounds. . . . Then knocked out Bill Muldoon in one round. . . . No, not Bill of the Boxing Commission. . . . Sharkey got some schooling at St. Patrick's Academy in Binghamton. . . . Palled with a lot of Irish kids. . . . That's why he is Sharkey now. . . . Poor folks, the Cuckoshays. . . . Joe had to go to the shoe works to make seven bucks a week. . . . That was a lot of dough for the Cuckoshays. . . . One year making shoes, then a construction gang. . . . Joe was too big to be hanging around pegging for seven a week. . . . Began to help make a dam on the Susquehanna. . . . Got a sound physical groundwork doing hard jobs. . . . In 1915 Sharkey tried to enlist in the Navy. . . . He got the wanderlust. . . . He was only fifteen and was turned down. . . . Water boy. . . . Coal heaver. . . . Brakeman. . . . Jobs and jobs. . . . Glass blower. . . . More jobs. . . . Then the Navy. . . . Went to Newport Training School. . . . There he got into fight with gob over dish of ice cream. . . . More fights. . . . Lots of fights, on the Rochester, the Denver. . . . Biff Crowley of the Arkansas beat him in the fleet final. . . . Married, he is. Has children, nice kids, fine family. . . . Beautiful home near Boston. . . .

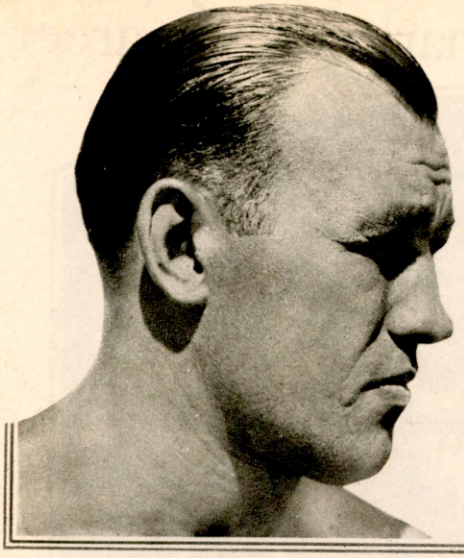
THE name is Schmeling. Max Otto Siegfried Schmeling. . . . German, is Max. . . . That's his real front name. . . . And he's a real Schmeling. . . . Pronounced Schmayling. . . . Greatest boxer Germany yet has developed. . . . Came along very fast. . . . Schmeling born September 28, 1905. . . . At Klein-Luckow, a village in the marshland north of Berlin. . . . Father was a pilot. . . . Max weighed 15 pounds when the doctor announced his arrival. . . . Soon busy digging potatoes out of fields. . . . Sometimes some other farmer's field, he admits. . . . Hoboken land of millions, he was told as a kid. . . . Ach, that Hoboken. . . . How he longed to be near those millions. . . . Father said, you must be an advertisement writer. . . . In America is advertising worth millions and rich men are ad writers. . . . Sent him to commercial school in Berlin. . . . Max ran away. . . .

* * *

SCHMELING is the name. . . . Went through war times. . . . Went up near Denmark where there were more potatoes. . . . He likes potatoes, does Max. . . . Then he heard about those doughboys on the Rhine. . . . Those doughboys had potatoes, and flour. . . . So he started and landed at Benrath-am-Rhein. . . . Got a job digging wells. . . . Tough work under a tough foreman. . . . Had a fight with the foreman. . . . Proceeded to sock him on the whiskers. . . . They're still counting over that foreman. . . . Of course, Max was fired. . . . Next stop was Cologne. Lots of doughboys there. . . . Fights held by the Americans. . . . A dollar for the winner. . . . And a dollar was a million marks. . . . Max was a wrestler, too, in those days. . . . He got a lot of inspiration out of a book. . . . It was Sudermann's "Honor". . . . No, not a Tunney, this German.

* * *

YAH, the name is Schmeling. . . . Max, etc., Schmeling. Has folks in Bloomfield, N. J. . . . Yah. . . . First fight was in Dusseldorf, Germany, with Czapp, local celebrity. . . . Max thought Czapp would eat him up. . . . Well, Czapp was socked and he still feels it. . . . Knocked out, in fact. . . . In 1925 Schmeling got a good lesson. . . . Jack Taylor knocked him out. . . . Max went into Sharkey match with record showing three knockouts. . . . Taylor, Gypsy Daniels, and Larry Gaines. . . . Lost on a foul to Vanderhoeff of Belgium. . . . Daniels turned the trick in one round, giving rise to the impression Max had a glass jaw. . . . Jimmy Lygett, in 1924, beat Max on a foul. . . . But he licks Franz Diener of Germany in fifteen rounds. . . . Which makes Max look so good. . . . Also he comes here and beats Johnny Risko. . . . Stops the baker in nine heats. . . . And he goes fifteen with Paulino in New York. . . . Which makes him look better. . . . Gone are the days of digging potatoes out of German farm lands. . . . And socking foremen digging ditches. . . . It's a great country. . . . Plenty of dough for Max Otto Siegfried Schmeling. . . . No? . . .



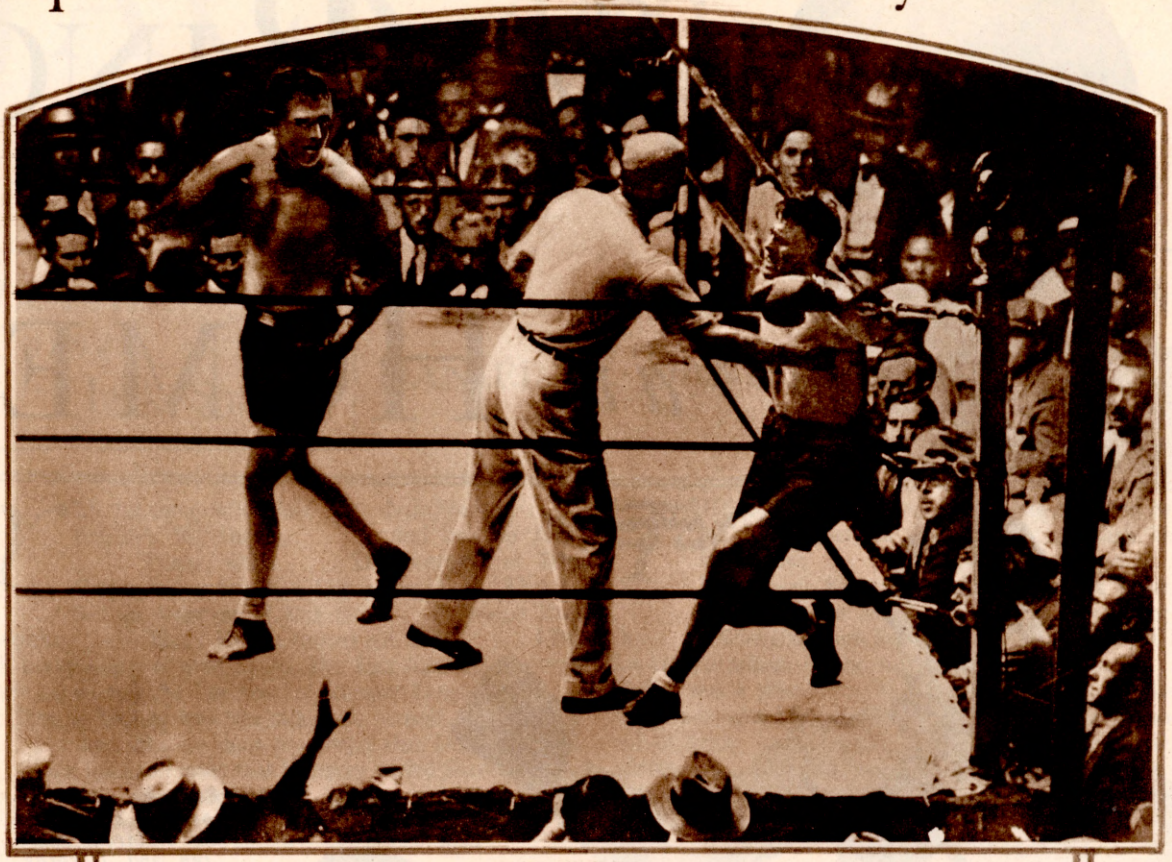
In the RING *and at* HOME

The fighting face of Jack Sharkey

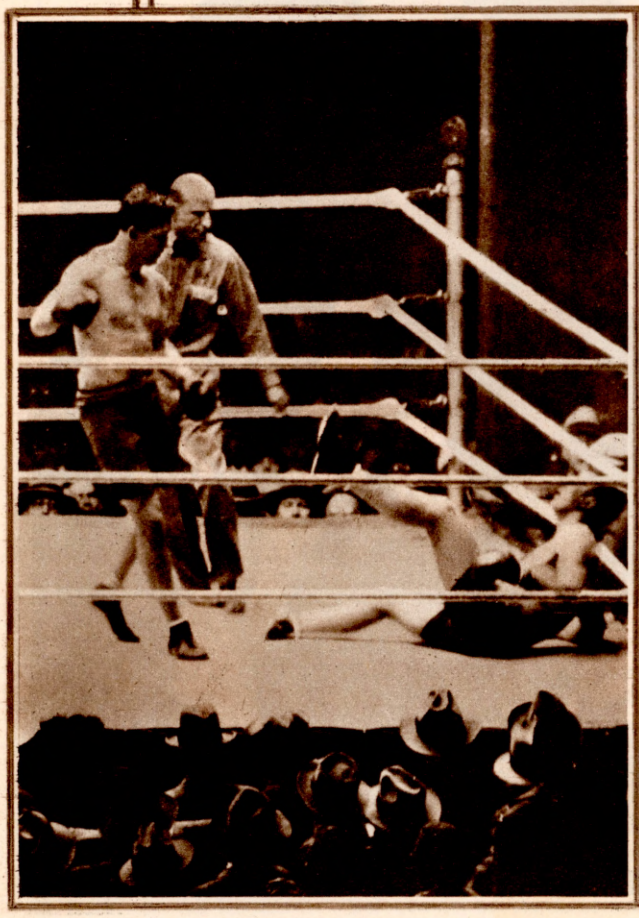
Enjoying the comforts of home with his children, Marilyn and Dorothy

His fighting pose

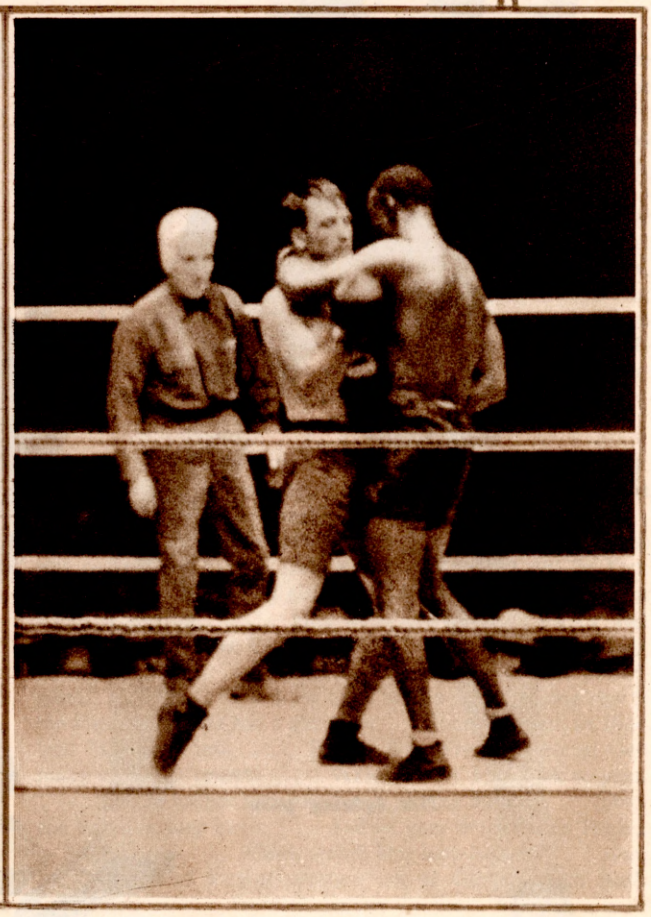
Important Contests in Sharkey's Career



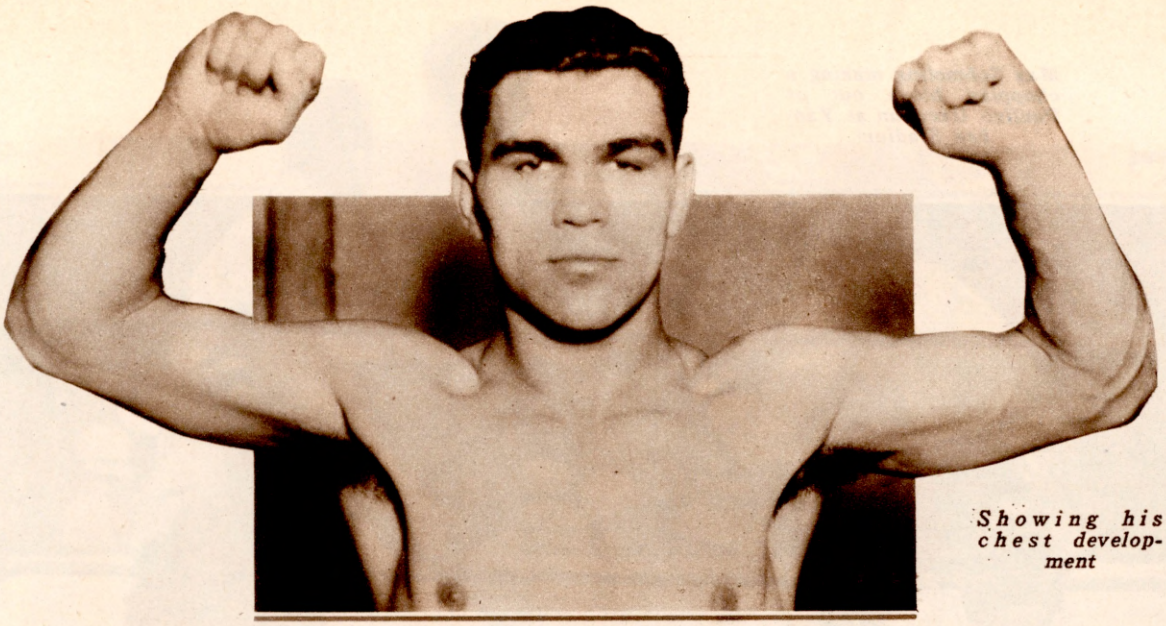
Phil Scott informing Referee Lou Magnolia that he can't continue in his bout with the Boston gob at Miami



The knockout of Jimmy Maloney in the fifth round. This was one of Sharkey's greatest triumphs



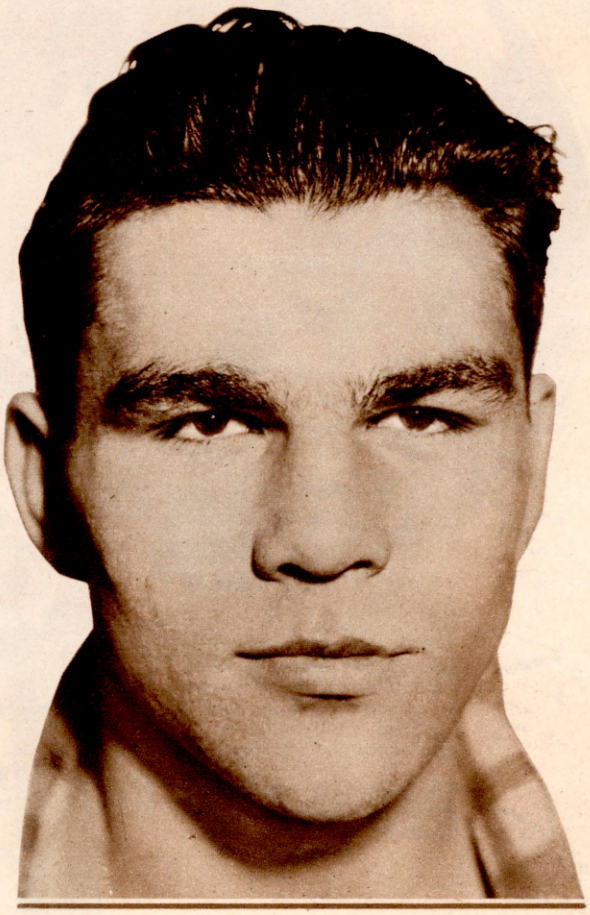
His battle with Harry Wills at Ebbets Field brought Sharkey into the limelight. He won on a foul in the thirteenth. Above shows a clinch



Showing his chest development

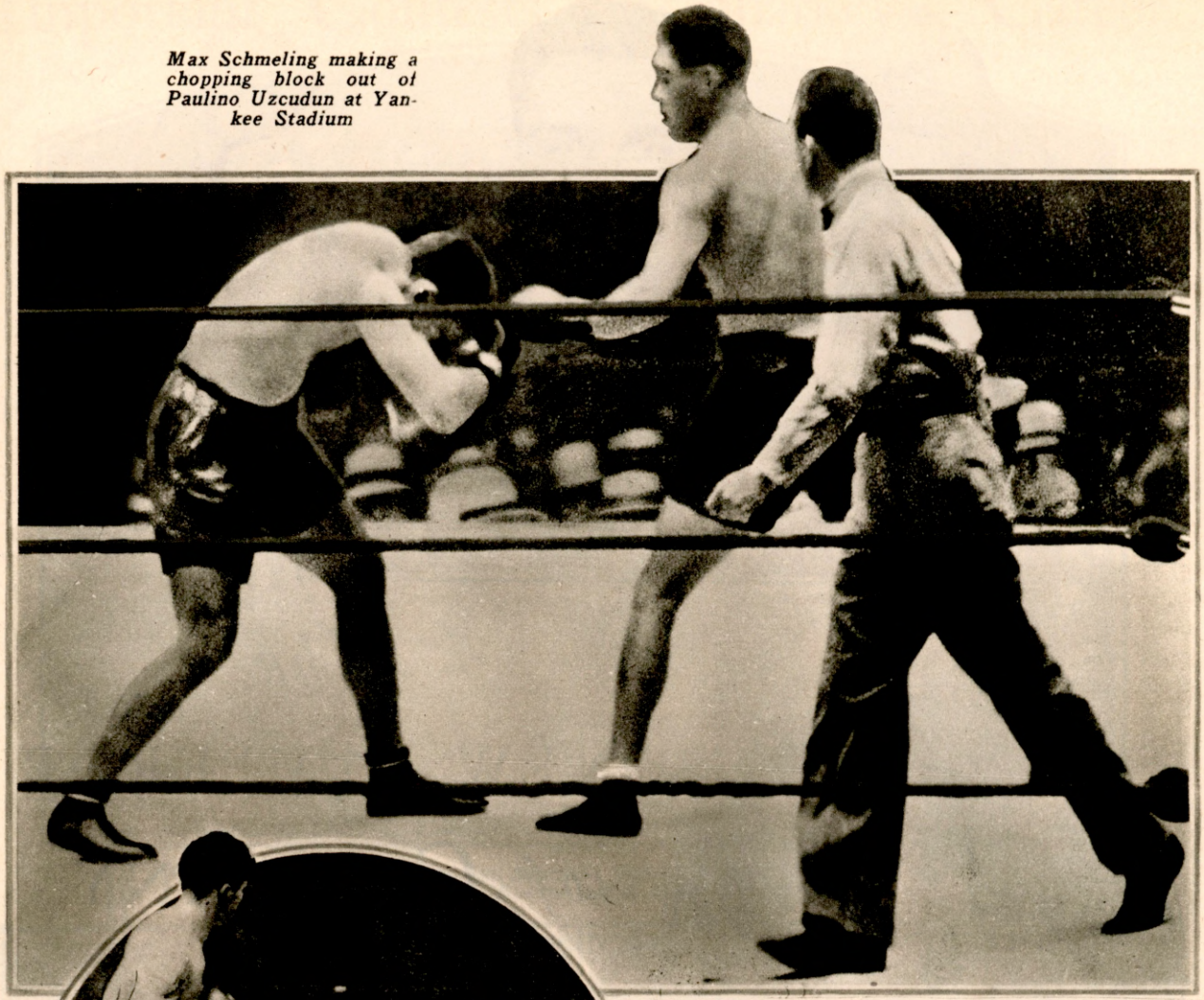
The NEW EMPEROR *of* GERMANY

In the role of a movie actor

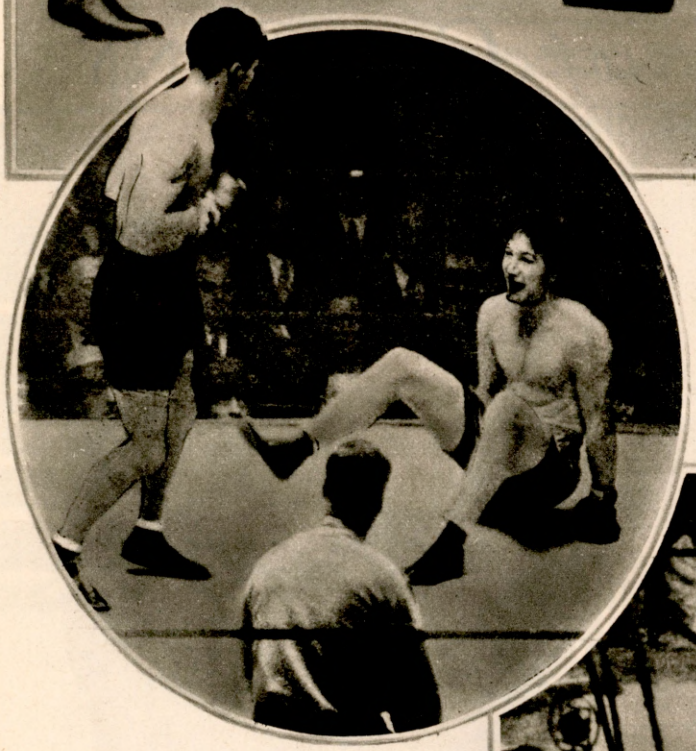


Max Schmeling and his penetrating eyes

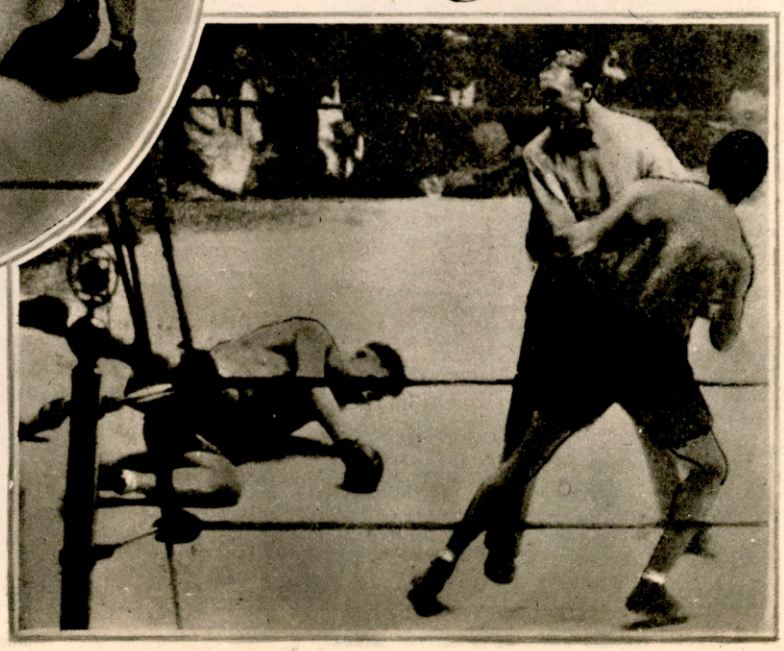
Max Schmeling making a chopping block out of Paulino Uzcudun at Yankee Stadium



His Leading American Fights

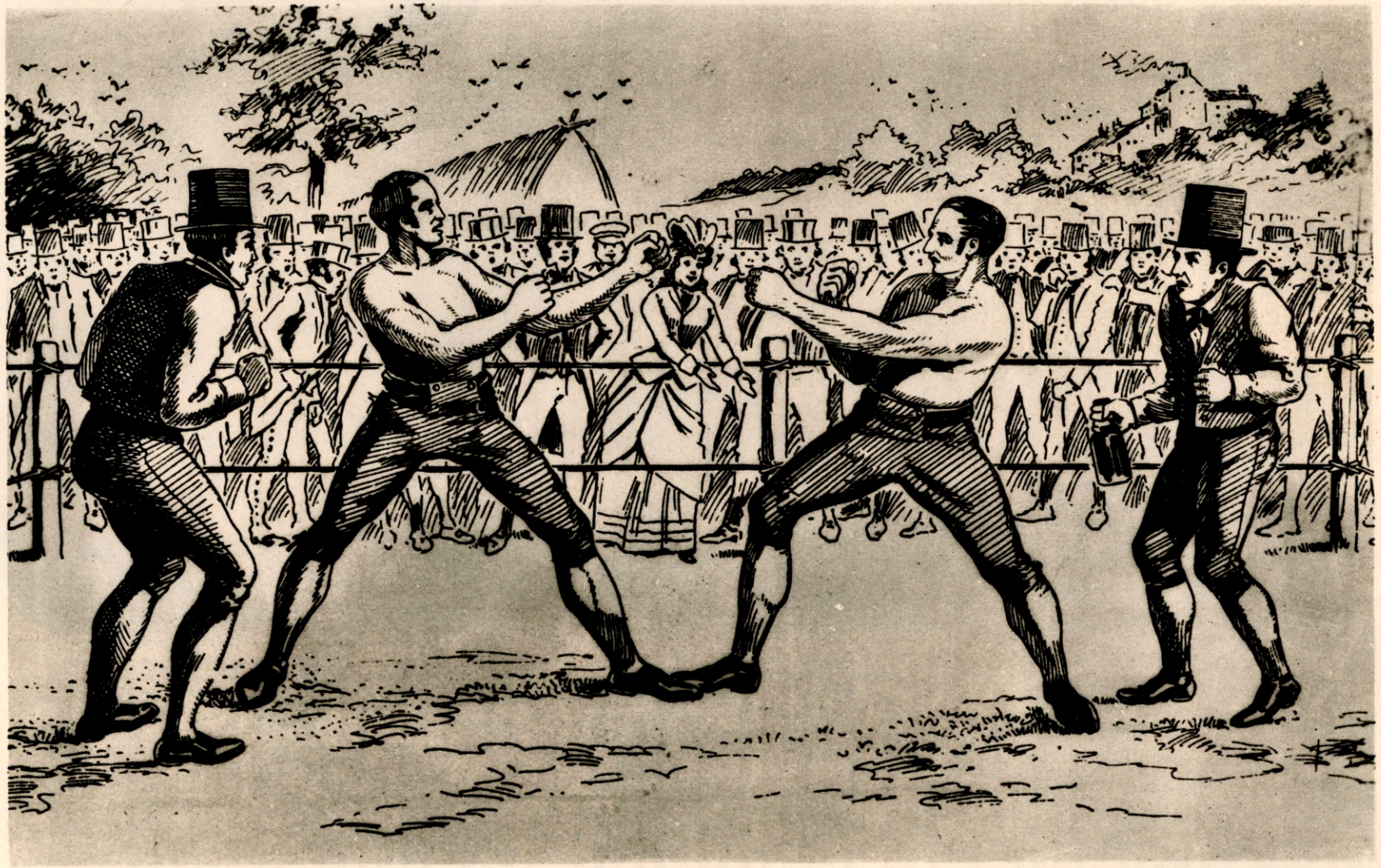


Joe Sekyra down in bout with German, smiles at his discomfiture. Schmeling got the decision in this fight in ten rounds



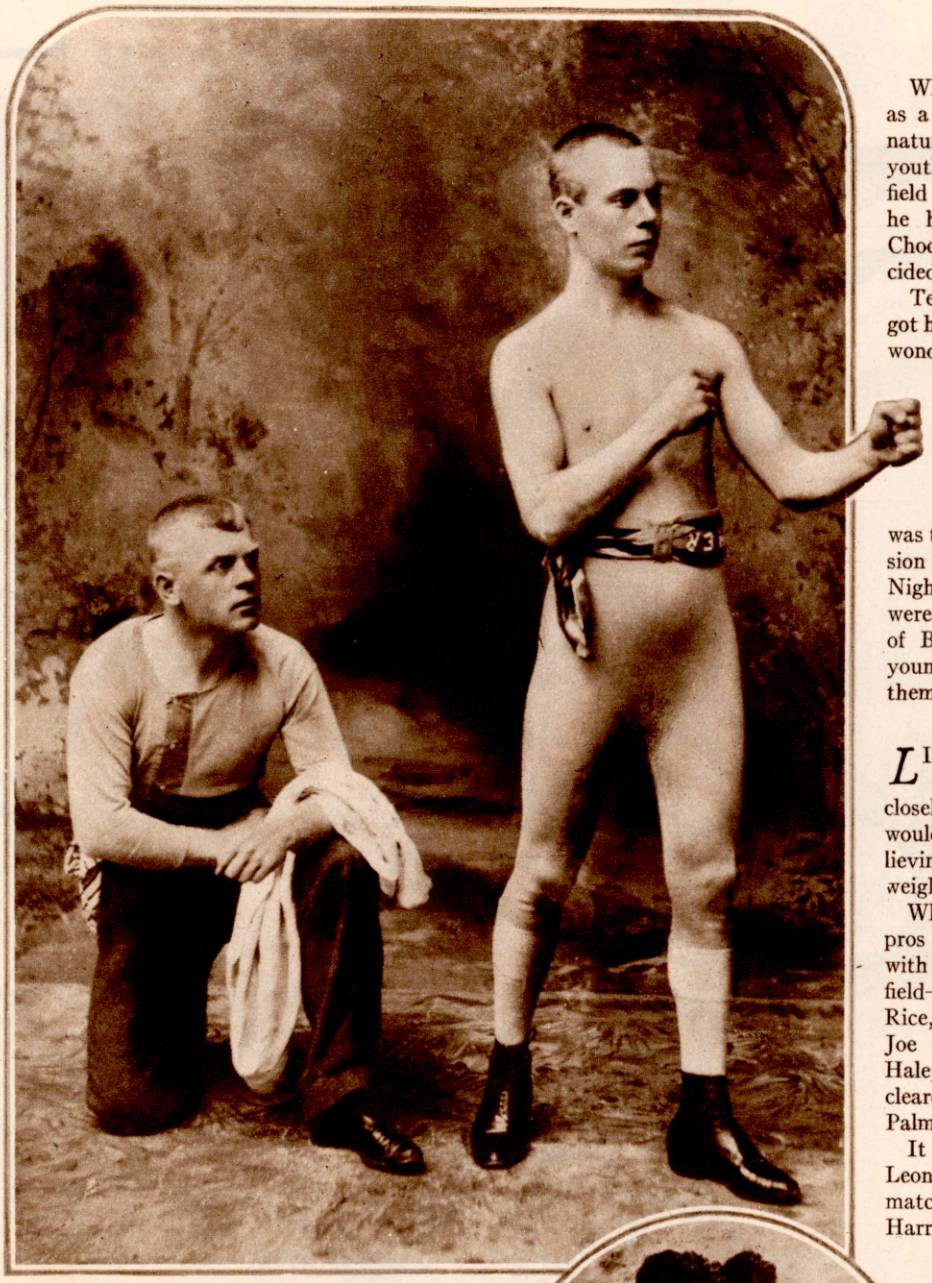
The knockout of Johnny Risko in Madison Square Garden in the ninth round

Famous Fights Recalled — *Series No. 7*



In this era, when the Italian, Argentinian, German, Belgian, French and Spanish heavyweights are in the public eye, the old timers hark back to bygone periods and with a sigh, bemoan the fate of the Irish, who no longer rule the roost in things pugilistic. At one time the Sons of Erin boasted of the greatest fighters in ring history. The above reprint from an old wood cut, shows the great battle between Dan Donnelly (left), the Pride of Hibernia, the renowned Knight of the Knuckles, sparring off with George Cooper, English heavyweight, on December 13, 1815, on the Curragh of Kildare in a championship contest, which Donnelly won in 22 minutes. The fair sex were in the front line at boxing matches even then

McGovern's *Great Triumph*



A unique photo of Terry and his brother, Hughey, taken at Tuckahoe, N. Y., scene of bout with Palmer

I HAVE often been asked what fight of the thousands I have seen, gave me my greatest thrill. Ordinarily, such a query would be a difficult one to answer, but in my case, there is no necessity to ponder. The most thrilling battle I recall, perhaps because of my admiration for Terry McGovern, was the contest between the Brooklyn Terror and Pedlar Palmer at Tuckahoe, N. Y., September 28, 1899.

The excitement attending the knockout of the Englishman in the first round, has never been equaled in any championship fight and the time of the k. o., also set a record for a titular contest. It was a sight I'll never forget.

Terry had become famous long before the battle at Tuckahoe, through his sensational victories, many of them by the knockout route. But the haymaker he landed on the clever Englishman is what placed McGovern's name on the lips of every fight fan throughout the world.

McGovern's mother

When Terry was a kid, he worked as a clerk for a peddler. He was a natural born fighter and even in his youth, he gained a reputation in the field of fisticuffs. But it was not until he had seen George Dixon, Little Chocolate, in action, that Terry decided on his career as a fighter.

Terry was a mite of a kid when he got his first glimpse of Dixon, the most wonderful colored boy of all time. It was during a benefit performance of a spectacular show called "Black America," at an open air arena in South Brooklyn, that Terry got his first eyeful of Little Chocolate. That was thirty-seven years ago. The occasion was a special "George Dixon Night," at which all the performers were Negroes, and it seemed that all of Brooklyn flocked to the scene—young Terry and his mother, among them

* * *

LITTLE did George Dixon then realize that this lad who was closely watching his every movement, would later wreck his career by relieving him of the world's featherweight title

When he joined the ranks of the pros and ripped his way to the front with sensational victories over a great field—Jack Leon, Jack Kelly, Austin Rice, George Monroe, Harry Forbes, Joe Bernstein, Casper Leon, Patsy Haley, Sammy Kelly and others, he cleared the path for his tilt with Palmer.

It was Terry's great victory over Leon that finally earned for him the match with the Englishman. Sam Harris, his manager, the man who loved Terry as one would his own son, arranged the details for McGovern while Doc Ordway, American representative of the National Sporting Club of London and personal representative of Peggy Bettinson, manager of Palmer, looked after the Englishman's affairs.

Came the day when Palmer arrived in New York. I'll never forget the reception he received. Sam Harris, McGovern, Charley Mayhood, Terry's life-long friend and trainer, together with your Uncle Dud, arranged the affair. We hired twelve open barouches, two bands and went down to the pier. Palmer was all flabbergasted when he saw us and the next day, instead of remaining in New York to rid himself of his sea legs, he went up to Mamaroneck to prepare for his bout. Terry left that same day for McElroy's old roadhouse on Jerome Avenue. Al Smith, famous sportsman was stakeholder, George Siler,

Over Pedlar Palmer

By JOE HUMPHREYS

referee, Sam Austin, timekeeper for Terry, and Johnny Pollock, official timekeeper for the club. Peter Prunty was the announcer and I, the ringmaster.

* * *

JUST before the fight started, Terry was surprised by a visit from John L. Sullivan, his idol. When the fighters left their dressing rooms, Sullivan held McGovern's hand and escorted him to his corner, with Sam Harris walking behind him and carrying a big Irish flag.

Peggy Bettinson and Palmer's trainer, Sammy Blakelock, entered the ring with him.

The fight started with the usual feinting. They were feeling each other out. Suddenly Palmer let fly a beautiful left hand lead which struck Terry on the forehead and before Terry could get set, another landed. Then came a surprise.

Palmer shifted and let fly a right for the jaw, but that blow never landed for Terry beat him to the punch. McGovern also had started a right and it landed right under Palmer's heart. He went down like a log.

What excitement! Bedlam had broken loose. Pandemonium reigned! Even the timekeeper, Johnny Pollock, lost control through excitement.

On the porch of McGovern's training quarters. Left to right, (rear), Joe Humphreys and Charley Mayhood. Sitting — Eddie Cain, Hughey McGovern, Sam Harris, (Terry's manager), and Terry

Pedlar Palmer, great English bantam, and his trainer, Benny Murphy

In reaching for a pencil, he accidentally pulled the gong only one minute after the fight had gotten under way. Palmer was still on the floor, and his seconds, thinking the round over, rushed into the ring and carried the "little bag of tricks" into his corner.

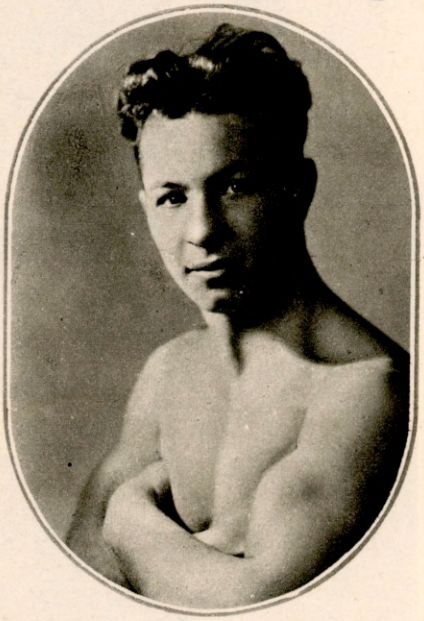
Sam Austin, realizing the error, called Siler's attention to it and the referee sent the boys back into the center of the ring to resume hostilities. This time Terry rushed at Palmer like a maddened tiger, and again shot a terrific right to the heart. Poor Palmer, white as a sheet, gasped for breath as he sank to the canvas. The punch paralyzed him and he was still helpless when the referee counted him out.

That fight made Terry McGovern the idol of fistiana and even in death, he remains an idol. His ring feats will always stand as a monument to the Brooklyn Terror.

Harry Fierro, Chicago's sterling bantamweight

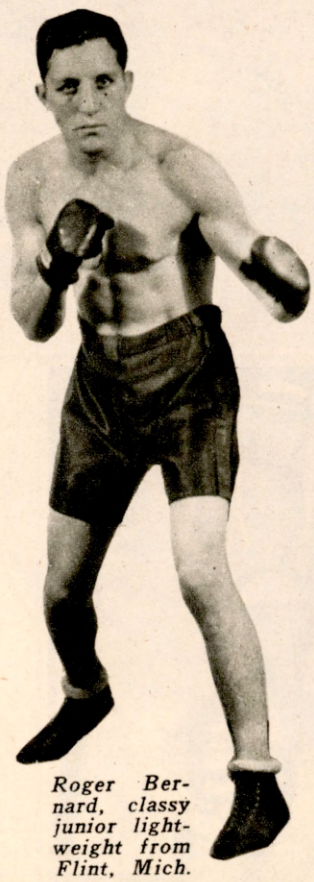
Vincent Sereci, New York's welterweight star

Their Prospects are Bright

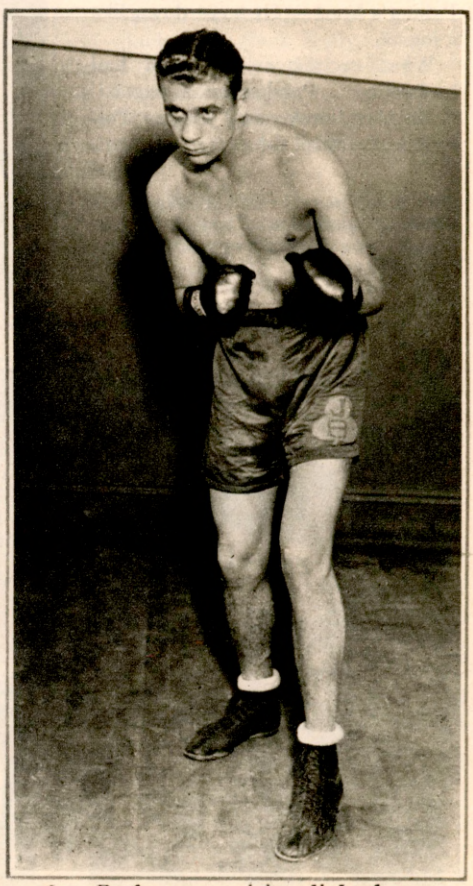


Tommy Paul, Buffalo's classy bantamweight

Paul Pirrone, hard hitting Clevelanc welter

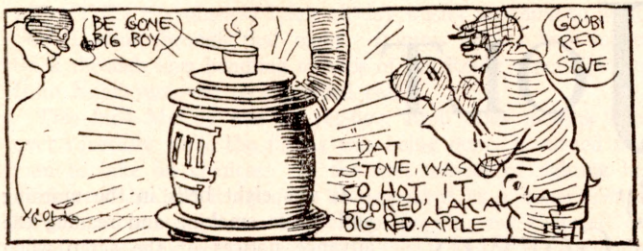


Roger Bernard, classy junior lightweight from Flint, Mich.



Joe Barlow, promising light heavyweight who hails from Boston

Lil' Arthur's *Lean* Days



Jack Johnson Tells of His "Coffee and—" Diet in Chicago

By HYPE IGOE

"AT the Madison Square Garden of Boston to-night, Jack Johnson, former world's heavyweight champion, will meet Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in an exhibition bout."

This news, flashed on the sports pages a few weeks ago, brought back to the veteran sportsman memories of the days when the heavyweight division boasted among its members some of the greatest fighters in the history of American pugilism. Above all, it brought back that hectic six-round decisionless contest on May 19, 1909, at Philadelphia, which Lil' Arthur and Philadelphia Jack fought.

Things didn't always zoom up to Jack Johnson on a golden platter, despite his everlasting golden smile. Lil' Arthur had his lean days—the leanest kind of days. Arthur's friends are happy to hear that the former champion, after a most depressing time, has finally hit the high grade again and is recouping some of his losses. Between leading his own orchestra and giving exhibitions, the giant Negro is coming back into his own.

There was a time, years ago, before Lil' Arthur won the world's heavyweight championship, that he was on a "coffee and—" diet—and in Chicago. When a man's broke in Chikaw-ger he's broke, brother—yes, stone broke.

It was a bitter winter. The streets were solid with ice. Johnson was hanging around one of the small gymnasiums in the hope that he would pick up an odd dollar or two. He met Frank Childs, the Negro heavyweight, and confided in him that he didn't have a place to sleep.

"You come over to mah room. You can share mah bed. It ain't much, boy, but it's a warm room," said Childs.

For several blustering nights, Johnson enjoyed the red glow of a little round wood stove that stood in the center of Frank's room.

Then along about the fifth night, Childs came home. He walked over to the bed where Johnson was dreaming of sunny Galveston, of cotton buds and gleaming melon cuts.

A fellow, larger than either Childs or Johnson, a full grown Carnera, followed Johnson's benefactor into the room.

* * *

CHILDS walked up to Lil' Arthur. Tapping him on the shoulder to awaken him from his pleasant dreams, Childs said:

"Come awn, big fellah. Come awn. Git yo'self out at chere bed. Ah got me company dis yere night. Mah cousin from Memphis shares de bed to-night. Now lissen yere, big boy, Ah got no time foh foolin'. Dere's no one detainin' you, so move along."

Poor Arthur was dumfounded. He came up out of the depths with a pleading look on his face. The warm, woolen blankets felt like a million dollars to him that moment.

"Please, Mistah Childs, doan put me out in dat stoam," he pleaded.

"You heah dat stoam? Heah dat wind? Ah'll sleep on dat flo', but please Mistah Childs, please don't put me out."

"No sleepin' on de flo'," replied Childs. "Dey's too many in yere now an' whut I tells you goes. Dis room is crowded enuf wif two. You shake out to-night. Can't help it. Mah cousin from Memphis comes first. Come on, big boy, shake yo'self."

Johnson again pleaded. No use. Childs' finality commanded and out shuffled Johnson.

* * *

IN telling his story, Johnson said:

"It wasn't dat bed. It was dat fine stove Ah hated to leave. Ah had her going full blast. Ah never knew a finer stove. How it glowed at me as Ah stood a-begging in dat door for Mistah Childs not to kick me out. It looked like a great big red apple. It was just breathing warmth and comfo't. Ah tell youh, Ah was a sad, sad man, walking down de stairs.

"In all mah time Ah never knew such cold. Ah had lain dere foh' hours listenin' to de wind outside. It wasn't dat long, moan-in' wind. No sah. It was a sharp, whistlin' wind—de kind dat chills de bones and makes yo' huddle in the corner. No moan-in' wind dat night.

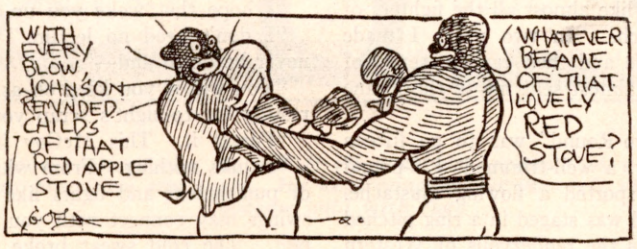
* * *

"WELL, Ah goes down to the street and dere Ah wraps mah hands around mah ears and starts down Michigan Boulevard.

"How dat wind did whistle! How it did shriek!

"It made me nervous. It went right through me. Ah was cleavin' into it with mah haid almost touchin' mah knees. Did she blow! Well, boy, you never saw nothin' like it! And how she cut!

"Ah dug mah hands deeper into mah pockets to get dem warmer and behold, de Lord was with me! Mah finger touched and away it zipped. Jes' one whistle and it's gone!



"With that, comes an idea. Ah knows where they served a free lunch of liver and onions. Dat was mah destination. Ah set sail foh' dat place. Full steam ahaid.

"Ah got there a little befoh' time. Ah stalled around until dat guy was due with 'at liver and onions platter. He was like a clock—always on time, like me.

"Ah got me two loads—just a nickel tip for each load. Ah shoved back a boiled petater each time and took me instead another bunch of onions.

"An' out Ah went to fight de winter blast. Still whistlin' like you call a huntin' dog. A whistle through yo' wishbone and away it zipped. Jes' one whistle and it's gone!

"Ah never was so cold in all mah life. An' all the time I was thinking of dat nice, red-hot stove in Mistah Childs' room.

"Well, the worm turns. 'At's what makes life all even-stephen.

"Ah had become a fightah. (*Continued on page* 48)

Two-Round Reilly's Big Jolt

By Edwin A. Goewey

THERE'S one thing that never fails to get me feverish under the collar. And that is to hear some fan moaning for a return of the free spending, high rolling fighters of the old days and handing out knocks for those of the present day crop of scrappers who are parking their jack with Uncle Sam and in other safe places where they'll know where to find it later on.

I ought to be a good judge on this question, for I've been mixed up with the Knights of Fistiana—as the poets call the box-fighters—for a long, long time. Yep, I've seen most of the big ones since John L's time come and go. In fact, my greatest success came shortly after John L. beat Paddy Ryan.

And, knowing the finish of a lot of 'em, I repeat I'm all for the Tunney-Leonard school of thrifty guys as against those who never could hang to a dollar, one of whom, Joe Walcott—as great a battler as ever lived—now is glad to be holding down a cleaner's job in Madison Square Garden. Yeah, better to get a cramp in the wrist from cutting coupons than from swinging a mop.

And it's the managers of recent years, principally, who can be thanked for the change. For they added easy lessons in high finance to the regulation training courses of their charges.

But get me right on this. In the old days I was like most of the other ring pilots. A fighter was a meal ticket. My interest in keeping my boys away from the bright lights was largely to make 'em last as long as possible. However, one time I got a jolt that woke me up and ever since I've been trying to make my battlers as careless with their coin as Scotsmen.

The bozo who caused me to become a financial lecturer was "Two-Round" Reilly, the best light heavy I ever handled and the worst high and lofty spender I ever encountered.

* * *

I FOUND Reilly on the waterfront, where as a business he was hustling freight at fifty cents an hour and for entertainment was beating up all the longshoremen who looked cross-eyed at him. He was of medium height but was somewhat chunky about the body and like almost all the fighters of his period, he sported a mustache. In two years I made him so good, he annexed the title and then came a series of jolts that gave me gray hair and almost sent me to the insane asylum.

We'll start with the day "Two-Round" was to go fifteen rounds with "Hurricane" McCoy, a well-trimmed, 178-pound longshoreman who, like Reilly, sported a flowing mustache. The affair was a grudge battle and was staged in a ring pitched on the lawn of a hotel which was the rendezvous of Western sportsmen.

Reilly was far from thrifty. He spent all his first purse for enough talkative clothes to last him a lifetime. And after that, as the coin kept rolling in, he tried to foot the expense of keeping Broadway open an extra hour at night.

I didn't argue with him much, because he was as strong as a bull elephant and he let the hard stuff alone. However, his sweetie, Tessie Carey, knew the value of a dollar. She worked in a factory where the hours were long and the work hard. When she found she was simply wasting breath on Two-Round, she trailed along with him to keep him within some kind of bounds.

It was eight bells in the morning and I was smoking and reading the advance notices of the scrap when the door opens and in walks my boy followed by Corkey Foster, his trainer and chief boxing partner.

"Say, what the heck does this mean?" I roared. "When I put you to bed last night I told you to stay there 'til noon."

Reilly laughed. "Couldn't sleep. Say, Snow, I got to have a hundred. I owe it to Corkey."

"For what?"

"Well—his four queens were too strong for me."

Right then I was closer to a stroke than ever in my life. "You mean to tell me you got up to play poker? Corkey, I ought to skin you alive."

"It wasn't my fault," stuttered the trainer. "He wouldn't stay in bed and I played cards to keep him quiet."

"You're a bright stiff. If you'd have sent for me—but, anyway, you don't get the hundred."

"Say, Boss, I got to have it. I was going to touch you if I hadn't won from Two-Round."

* * *

"YOU heard me say nix, didn't you?"

"Listen, Snow, I must have it. You remember Ted Terriss?

"Sure, the old welter. What about him?"

"He's dying with T. B., down in an East Side tenement. And he's stony broke. I met his wife yesterday. She's working as a scrub woman. I promised to give her a hundred this morning."

As he finished I glanced at Reilly. His eyes were as big as dollars. "You win," I said, and passed five twenties from my small roll to Corkey. "On your way and tell Mrs. Terriss I'll see her and Ted to-morrow and give her some more."

"And tell her I'll send two hundred by Snow," said Two-Round.

When the door had closed upon the trainer I turned on my battler, seeing red with both eyes. Ted's case had given me a jolt, for he must have squandered a quarter million before he broke his arm and had to quit the ring.

"I hope that woke you up, you big ham," I snarled.

"I don't need no lecture," replied Reilly, frowning. "I'll never be down and—"

"You will if you keep on as you're going. Why, instead of resting for to-night's scrap you—"

"Forget it. This McCoy is a paluka."

"Paluka nothing. From what I hear he can take all kinds of punishment and fights like a cave man. One of his wild swings may connect with you proper and then where will we be?" The cold sweat broke out all over me as I pictured that prospect.

"I'll still be champ, won't I?"

"Yeah, a champ that's been licked. And you know how that will help pull big purses for us."

"Get me, Snow. I ain't going to be licked. And I ain't going to stop having a good time—yet. After I've seen all I want to see, I'll begin saving. Right now, I'm living for to-day. Yesterday's all over and we may not be here to-morrow."

"Come on to breakfast," I said, realizing arguments were wasted on him and half hoping Hurricane would paste him for the count that night. But only half hoping, understand. For if Two-Round failed me I'd be up against it for fair,

as I'd dropped most of my pile in the Street, something he didn't know about.

* * *

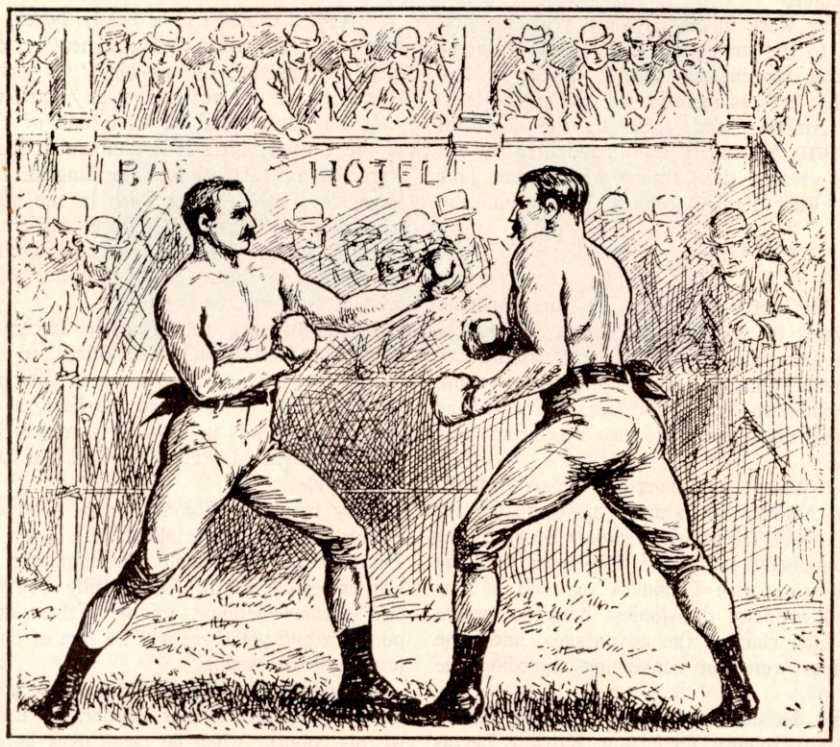
BUT the nervousness I felt all day wasn't anything to what I went through that night. I guess only a hide made thick through long handling of saps of the Reilly type kept me from being removed to a padded cell.

This bird McCoy was no set-up. And, after looking him over carefully while the taping was being done, I warned my man to take no chances. In the first minute of fighting he discovered he had it all over his opponent as a boxer, could hit him most any place. Reilly kept popping out that left of his until McCoy became wild with rage. Hurricane suddenly changed his attack by rushing at Reilly and cutting loose with wild swings, one of which struck low and almost doubled up the champion.

In the second and third frames both boys fought more carefully and no particular damage was done on either side. Just before the bell sounded for the fourth, I told Reilly to go the limit and make it a quick knockout.

He tried—hard. He walked right into Hurricane in spite of a rain of right hooks and left jabs—most of which he blocked —then clipped his rival on the chin with a vicious left and started the gore with a steaming right swing which connected with his nose. Immediately McCoy began roaring like a mad bull, swinging his arms like flails each time he charged. In a mixup at close range Hurricane threw a right which caught Two-Round three inches below the belt. The referee was not in a position to see the blow and for a few seconds, while my boy was writhing in agony, I wondered what action he would take.

Whether the referee saw the blow or not, he could at least see with one eye that Reilly wasn't faking and sure enough he declared him the winner.



Reilly soon realized that he had it all over his opponent as a boxer and could hit him from any angle. He kept popping out that left until McCoy became wild with rage

It was some time after we were back in the dressing room and I was gently massaging Two-Round's stomach before the pain let up so he could talk.

"Well," he said with a sickly grin, "that was a narrow squeak. If the referee hadn't allowed that foul—"

"Yeah," I interrupted, "if he hadn't you'd be on the road to being a has-been right now and I'd be wrecked by your blanked foolishness."

A knock on our door startled us. Reilly straightened up and tried to appear as if he felt no pain as Corkey admitted Hurricane.

"I came to apologize," he said. "You hurt me a lot and I lost my head and fought like a nut. But, on the level, I didn't mean to foul you and I'm glad you got the decision." He held out his hand.

Two-Round grasped it. "You're on the level, McCoy, and we'll forget what happened. Maybe some day we'll fight again and give the fans a better run for their money."

That was that. But, knowing Reilly as I did, it didn't encourage me to think he'd learned his lesson, even though he didn't talk much and seemed to be doing a lot of thinking. The only time he really perked up was when I gave him his share of the purse. Yeah, he always forgot most of his troubles when his fists were crowded with a lot of yellow-backs.

* * *

AFTER I'd put Two-Round to bed I went to my own room and sat up 'till daylight smoking and worrying. The fight had been a tip-off. Reilly had grown careless. His mind was on having a good time more than on his business. And if he kept up the pace he'd been going, it probably wouldn't be long before he dropped his title and was speeding on the down grade. It seemed hours before I was able to fall asleep because of my worries and I scarcely had closed my eyes when a bang on the door awakened me and Reilly and his sweetie blew in, both laughing and making a lot of noise.

"What in blazes does this mean?" I grouched, seeing by my clock it wasn't yet noon.

"Good news, Chief," roared Two-Round. "Last night cured me, showed me just where I was heading. So I got up early and Tessie and I had a talk and came to an understanding which ought to tickle you."

I pulled myself up on an elbow. "Say, what are you driving at anyway?"

Two-Round tossed a roll in front of me. "There's a grand," he said. "Take out what I owe you and what I promised to send to Mrs. Terriss. The rest of my purse I just invested."

Reilly grinned and held up two bank books. "These tell where I planted my money. It's in Tessie's name. And I'm going to buy more of these after every fight from now on."

"That's right, Mr. Frisbie," said the girl. "And nothing these books represent is going to be drawn out until after Two-Round quits the ring.

"At least, not unless we need some for our honeymoon."

And that's how one of my boys came to be numbered among the pioneers in the game of fisticuffs who have qualified as plutocrats.

Eddie McGoorty, World Traveler

Fought in Every Clime—Championship Aspirations Ended by Les Darcy

By Jimmy Bronson

IT is questionable if there ever was a more industrious middleweight, or one who traveled greater distances in quest of battle, than Eddie McGoorty, whose untimely death at the age of 40, was recently announced. From his native town at Eureka, Wis., where he first saw daylight on July 31, 1889, he skipped to Winnipeg in the extreme northwest, and then left his marks on nearly every town in the north and west where boxing was permitted.

Later he sailed the ocean to Ireland and England, showed them his style of boxing, and sailed back to America. Next he went to Australia, where he met the greatest reverse of his career, in the shape of two knockouts at the hands of the great Les Darcy, once in the fifteenth round and again in the eighth session. These setbacks occurred in 1915, at a time when McGoorty was at the top of his ring form and during his 26th year and proved to American critics that Les Darcy was a great fighter.

McGoorty started ring work in his sixteenth year, his first bouts being restricted to the immediate vicinity of his home town. Four years after starting his boxing career, he had advanced so rapidly that he was regarded as one of the leading middleweights of America, and, following the death of champion Ketchel in 1910, McGoorty was included in the list of contestants for the vacated title, among whom were Jack Dillon, Frank Klaus, Billy Papke, Johnny Thompson, and others.

* * *

IT was in 1909 that McGoorty made his first European trip. He was only 20 years of age when he landed in Dublin. He had five battles in Erin, winning in 20 rounds from P. O. Curran, stopping Sergeant Sunshine in the nineteenth round, losing a 20 round decision to Tom Lancaster, and reversing that decision in a second encounter. He also won from Bart Connelly in 20 rounds.

After stopping Joe White at Liverpool in six rounds, McGoorty returned to America and started his campaign for the middleweight title. Jack Dillon, the Hoosier Bearcat, was McGoorty's leading opponent, but while the latter won the only contests to a decision with Dillon, a ten and a four rounder, yet there followed two decisionless bouts, a twelve and a ten, in which each claimed the advantage, and the results of their meetings were not convincing regarding the claims of either.

McGoorty also boxed decisionless bouts with Frank Klaus, George Chip, Hugo Kelly, Johnny Thompson, Battling Levinsky, and Harry Greb, and, in each event, both boxers claimed the advantage. It is possible that had all these contests been boxed to decisions, McGoorty might have been declared the winner of a majority of the bouts, for he was a most excellent defensive fighter at the time. Strangely enough, although in his early bouts he had scored numerous knockouts, as he grew older he relied on defense largely, with disappointing results. His K. O. blow seemed to have left him.

However, he lost a ten round decision to Jimmy Clabby and was knocked out by Mike Gibbons in 5 rounds on June 17, 1921. He was also put to sleep by Joe Beckett, the poorest heavyweight champion ever to hold the English title.

McGoorty started his Australian campaign in 1914. He began with a rush of victories that augured well for him. He knocked out Dave Smith in the first round, beat Pat Bradley in 20 rounds, defeated Jeff Smith in 20 rounds, and stopped Dave Smith a second time, taking ten rounds for a knockout. Jimmy Clabby, who was also in Australia at the time, won from McGoorty on a foul in the eighth round. Had McGoorty returned to America following that record of victories, he might have been declared the champion, but he remained in Kangarooland during the larger part of 1915, and his two knockouts at the hands of Darcy set him back. These defeats, and growing avoirdupois, (the middleweight limit in those days was alleged to be 158 pounds) reacted against McGoorty who passed out of the picture.

Frank Klaus, who had beaten a majority of the contenders, including a clean cut 20 round decision over Dillon, and who followed up by stopping Carpentier, then middleweight champion of Europe, in the nineteenth round, and winning from Papke on a foul in the fifteenth round, was rightfully acclaimed the champion of the class.

* * *

MC GOORTY, a heady boxer, was one of the first Americans of the heavier divisions to show his form in England, but as his style was akin to that of the Britishers, he did not attract any particular attention.

In any event had he been one of the slam-bang fighters of the United States it is doubtful if his methods would have attracted any attention. The English followers of boxing in those days had abiding faith in the ability of their men to win from the American sluggers and were convinced that the methods of the Yankees were all wrong. They crystallized their views in the assertion that if "you shoot at a bird and miss, it was one for the bird."

They had seen the dynamic Lavigne pound their clever lightweight champion, Dick Burge, to unconsciousness in 17 rounds in 1896, and they had seen George Dixon, most capable bantam of all time, flatten the English champion, Nunc Wallace in 18 rounds in 1890 by a masterly exhibition, still they were unconvinced. They asserted that Dixon was an exception to the rule.

They had seen Tommy Burns subdue Gunner Moir in 10 rounds, but still were skeptical. They were close enough to Paris to know all about the slaughter of the great Georges Carpentier by Frank Klaus, Billy Papke, and Dixie Kid, the two former genuine middleweights and the latter a 140 pounder, and yet there was no sign of conversion to the American style of boxing.

A committee of English sportsmen, including Arthur Bettinson, accompanied Pedlar Palmer, the English "Box of Tricks", to this country when he came over here to take the measure of Terry McGovern. The knockout of Palmer inside of a round did not teach the sportsmen a thing.

But within the past few years there has been a great change in English opinion of the proper way to fight, and a decidedly sharp about-face on the subject. This is evident from the methods of a number of English boxers who have appeared here in the past few years. Who, looking at Jackie Berg or Dom Volante in action, would suspect that they were English bred and taught?

Phil Scott, who seems to consider his hitting as his greatest asset, and who in his bout with Campolo threw boxing to the winds, is another example.

Other English boxers have done likewise, and it seems likely that the English and American boxers will in future exchange blows after the American style. Eddie McGoorty showed the way but it took many years for the British to acknowledge our supremacy and follow our methods.

"Knockout *Made* Me," Says Al Singer

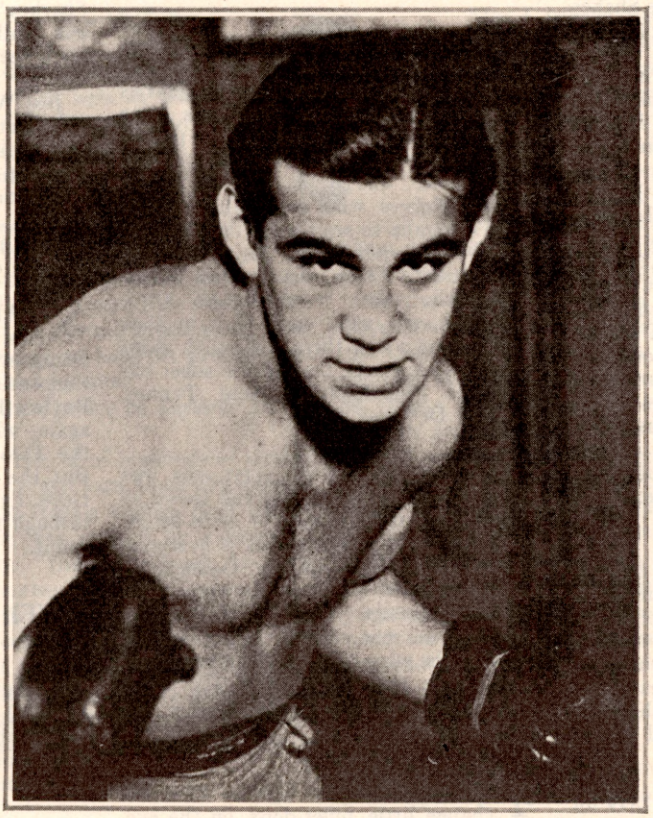
By EDWARD MERRILL

BENNY LEONARD was knocked out by Joe Shugrue, and then went on to win the world's lightweight championship from Freddy Welsh. That knockout by Shugrue made Leonard a better, and certainly a wiser, fighter.

Al Singer, New York's latest bidder for the lightweight laurels, who is to get his chance with Sammy Mandell at the Yankee Stadium, was knocked out by Ignacio Fernandez. And Al has been made a better and wiser boxer by that poignant experience.

Of course, being knocked out on the way is not an essential factor for progress to any title. But there are other striking analogies between the Leonard who climbed to the title, and the Singer who hopes to displace Mandell.

The writer recently discussed the Fernandez knockout with Singer—that and other developments in Singer's progress toward the much talked about and long looked forward to match with the champion lightweight.



Al Singer, New York successor to Benny Leonard

"First of all I want to tell you that right now I am about twice as good as I ever was," said Singer, with no hint of braggadocio.

"And I owe a vote of thanks to Fernandez. I ought to give him a present, too. I learned not to be so gosh-awful sure of myself, to call no opponent, however inferior, a sucker, to watch every move of my man and to take nothing for granted. That's the big slogan for any fighter—take nothing for granted. Fight with all you have in every bout, and take every opponent seriously.

* * *

"SAY, I wasn't in such hot shape for that fight in which Fernandez stopped me," Singer went on. "I was scared. I thought I was losing the sight of an eye. It worried me sick and I wasn't myself in the ring that night.

"Before the Fernandez affair, I met Patsy Ruffalo in Detroit. He thumbed me by accident and I was blinded in that eye all through that fight.

"The eye bothered me for some time and I went to a specialist who looked serious and said that I had to lay off for a while or lose the eye.

"I worried and worried. I went back to the doctor and he said the trouble was being eliminated. I began to feel happy again and put some vim into my training.

"Then came hard luck again. While working with one of my Negro sparring partners he butted me in that same old eye. Boy, I thought we'd have to call off that Fernandez fight.

"The eye got bad again, but I went through with the bout—and Fernandez socked me into the sweet bye and bye.

"That knockout had me guessing. I didn't know whether I was a fighter or a bloomer. I decided to go right back to training and find out just where I stood.

* * *

"I PICKED out a sparring partner with a good right, and he let me have it on the chin. I did not try to roll with the punch—just took it flat footed. It shook me up, but I came right in for more. Soon he let fly again, harder. I took it again. And I said, 'Say, Al, those two were harder than the one Fernandez let you have. You must be getting good.'

"Well, I fought Kid Roy soon after that and went into the ring with new confidence. But pretty soon I began to think. I realized that it was one thing to take it in the gymnasium and another to take it in an actual fight. I got sort of panic-stricken. I wanted to get rid of Roy as fast as possible. I was over-anxious. I disposed of Roy quickly—too quickly. I was nervous.

* * *

"THEN I met Augie Pisano in Dexter Park. Now Pisano is one of those tough boys. I didn't get much dough for this fight, but it did me a lot of good. I went along winning for ten rounds and at the finish, realized that I had outfought and outpunched a good fighter.

"I felt this exhilaration in the fight with Kid Chocolate. The Negro is a corking fighter, but at no time that night did I lack the feeling that I was his complete master. I had built up a new type of confidence merely by suggesting it to myself.

"No, that has nothing to do with greater physical strength or condition. It is entirely mental.

"There's another angle to this mental business, as I face the fight of my life this summer with Mandell:

"I get tremendous inspiration from Leonard, who is a friend of mine and loses no opportunity to build up my confidence.

"Says Benny, 'If I could do it, you can do it,' but I know that Leonard was the king of them all. I feel confident I'll beat Mandell, and bring the lightweight title back to New York."

From a Reporter's Notes

By JACK SKELLY

FASHIONS in fights as in women's finery change greatly with the advance of years. Take for instance the case of the man who first put America on the map pugilistically speaking. He didn't discuss Shakespeare as Tunney did on the slightest occasion. Probably he couldn't read or write. He could only fight. That man was Tom Molineaux, a Negro, who was at the top of the heap away back in 1809, when the United States just began to look up in fistics.

Molineaux was a slave on a Virginia plantation. Then there was another great negro fighter, Bill Richmond of Staten Island, who couldn't recite Shakespeare but was a social 'dude, a hit with the society dames of England, where he learned how to fight. He was a servant in the family of Lord Percy, an officer in the British army during the War of the Revolution, and went abroad with his master, there to become famous as a pug.

You don't find champions of the ring nowadays slaves to anything but Mammon, or, in other words, the good old do-re-mi!

TOM HYER, whom some of the ring historians, such as they were a century ago, called the first undisputed champion of this country, was born within a stone's throw of Gene Tunney's home in Greenwich Village. His father beat every one worth while in the heavyweight ranks and then made Tom go out and do the same.

Hyer beat Yankee Sullivan in 1849 for the title and what was then considered the enormous purse of $10,000—just training money for the boys to-day.

John Morrissey, another New Yorker, won the championship vacated by Hyer in 1853 from Yankee Sullivan. Morrissey was a professional gambler, but he was a first-class politician and won a seat in Congress.

John C. Heenan succeeded Morrissey, who gave up the boxing game after the latter had beaten him in eleven rounds in 1858. Heenan fought a memorable draw with Tom Sayers, the British champion, in 1860.

Corbett and Sullivan fought the first battle under Marquis of Queensberry rules in 1892. Up to that time all the bouts were bare knuckle affairs and every knockdown counted a round. That is why you hear of so many fifty, sixty and seventy round bouts in the olden days. Many of these knockdowns were what the moderns call "flops" to kill time and serve the same purpose as clinching does today.

Could John L. Sullivan hit? Well, when he won the championship from Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, June 7, 1882, he broke Sir Patrick's jaw.

These ten and fifteen round contests must seem child's play to the old timers who can look back forty years or so. Sullivan and Kilrain battled it out for more than two hours before Jake's seconds threw up the sponge.

PROBABLY the greatest battle from the standpoint of "color," in more ways than one, was that between Jeffries and Johnson at Reno. The fans came from all over the world to that picturesque little town. Sitting beside this writer, for instance, was W. E. Corbett of the *Sydney Referee* who came all the way from Australia to see the battle. Nearby was the correspondent of *Figaro*, a Paris Publication. There was another in the offing who came from Mexico City. Gambling was wide open then in that Nevada town and there was much more to get amused over than in the sober old town of Philadelphia, where Tunney deposed Dempsey.

In Reno, apparently, every one was taking a holiday. Most of the crowd of 20,000 came there a week or more before the battle and it seemed as if everyone took a whack out of the Goddess of Chance. There were some fine boobs, too. One very smart young Boston correspondent was seen playing the red and the black at the same time at a roulette table. Just a little case of "Heads I Win, Tails You Lose," with the sap scribe on the losing end.

THE ultra-modern fighters now exchange little billet-doux on the eve of battle, telling each other how much they like their rivals and may the "best" man win. Boloney! The night before Johnson and Jeffries stepped into the ring the Negro sent word to Jeff's camp that he was going to fight on the level. There had been rumors that it was all fixed for Jack to take a flop, as he apparently did for Willard in Havana.

When old Billy Jordan, the veteran announcer, introduced the fighters in Reno, Jeffries' legs were sagging under him. Anyone with half an eye could see that he was scared stiff.

Jim Corbett tried to kid Johnson out of the bout but Johnson was somewhat of a kidder himself. After the first round he would turn the once mighty Jeff around close to his corner, sock him with one of his famous uppercuts and call out: "How did you like that one, Jimmy?" Corbett soon shut up.

Probably the most famous case of delivering a message in a championship fight was in 1902, at Hartford, when Young Corbett, the challenger, as he was going into the ring, rapped on Terry McGovern's dressing room door and yelled: "Come on out, Terry, and take your licking."

One of the greatest fights for the heavyweight title that was ever fought was that between Jeff and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island in November, 1899. It went twenty-five furious rounds. Sharkey's ribs were caved in by a ponderous wallop, otherwise the sailor might have been the king of the ring.

Jess Willard will never rank as one of the great champions. He was the first to order his seconds to throw a towel into the ring. Usually they fight till they are unconscious. Big Jess wasn't a real fighter. He was in the game merely for money and he got plenty of it simply because of his bulk.

SPEAKING of lucky champions, it must not be forgotten that Jack Dempsey was on the ragged edge when Carpentier rapped him one on the jaw at Boyle's Thirty Acres five years ago, and, again, when Firpo knocked him out of the Polo Grounds ring two years later. But the luckiest of all champions was Gene Tunney, who retained his crown through the now famous Barry fourteen count.

The Joyful Knockout

BY GRANTLAND RICE

(Copyright in the *New York Herald-Tribune*) . . . "A clean knock-out blow to the chin is painless. One may have visions or even hear birds singing before recovering consciousness."

—Scientific report.

HIT me, dear heart, upon the chin;
Massage me in the good old way.
Hit me as if you meant to win
The hope that Schmeling holds today;
For lately I have felt the stab
Of dull routine in endless range.
Yes, I have found existence drab
And I am yearning for a change.

I'd like to hear the brown thrush pipe
His melody, well known of old,
Out where the summer blooms are ripe
In sprays of scarlet, blue and gold.
I'd like to watch the rivers run
Rock-fretted, as they whirl and pass
Between tall cliffs that hide the sun
Where vagrant shadows streak the grass.

And somewhere out beyond the walls,
With all their driving, hurried bands,
I'd like to hear the rainbirds call
Through gray days on the meadowlands;
Or, by the marshes and the bog,
Where swallows wheel in restless flight,
I'd like to hear the fluting frogs
In earnest chorus greet the night.

Soak me, dear heart, upon the jaw,
Unfettered with the block and feint;
Nor let the province of the law
Hold you to any light restraint;
For lately I have felt the lure
Of stream and mountain, bird and bough.
My soul is craving for a cure,
But travel's too expensive now.

What Price Cauliflower?

The Knockout and Its Effects

By EARL McKEE

KID BOZO was out. Oh, how OUT he was!

He had taken a clip on the button in the third round of his fight at the Hamanegg Arena. His manager had dragged him from the ring, helped him dress, and now, in a taxi, they were on the way to Kid Bozo's home.

In a semi-trance, the Kid leaned back in the seat. Not a word had he uttered since catching the rap on the lug, and his manager, with years of experience in just such cases, sat silently by his side. It was a beautiful, starry night, with not a cloud in the sky, and, as the cab rolled along, what was the amazement of the manager to note his protege suddenly point out of the window and exclaim:

"Hell, if this rain keeps up there won't be anybody at the fight tonight!"

The story of Kid Bozo is but typical of hundreds of similar tales of the fistic racket. There is the yarn about the ponderous pug who went down and out from a mighty clout on the chin. His first words, after he was revived by a corps of handlers, were said to have been: "Did anybody get the number of that truck?" And yet another classic of Fistiana has a knocked-out fighter, on partially emerging from coma, exclaim: "Did they get all the women and children out?"

"Punch Drunk," the fans call it. And, because of the wide circulation of such stories as those quoted above and also because the general public seldom sees a boxer except in the ring, many have come to the belief that all boxers are "punch drunk" or "goofy."

* * *

MEDICAL authorities will tell you that the knockout punch, which is supposed to be the main factor in causing boxers to become "punch drunk" or "goofy", is one of the least painful or damaging blows delivered in the ring. Seldom is a mark discernible after the fight from such a blow.

It is merely a blow, not necessarily a hard blow, that connects perfectly with the delicate and little protected nerves along the boney structure of the jaw and chin. These nerves are paralyzed momentarily, the legs become "rubber", the arms are unable to function and the victim sinks to the canvas, many times fully conscious but absolutely helpless until the nerves again start sending their message of action to the muscles.

In the meantime the referee has raised and lowered his arm ten times and the fight is over. Sometimes the knocked-out boxer is able to arise a second or two after the fatal ten has been tolled, and will insist that he was up in time. Again the prone man may have to be carried from the ring—not a pleasing sight by any means.

But in almost every case where a boxer is knocked out you will find him dressed and back at the ringside watching the next fight on the card before it has gone many rounds. Ask him about the knockout, and he will probably say with a laugh, "I forgot to duck!" Aside from the black spot on his record, the knockout is nothing to him. A cut eye or lip is infinitely more to worry about.

Based on a close association with the fistic game for a number of years, I wish to state my honest belief that, instead of being "punch drunk" or "goofy", boxers as a class rate much higher in intelligence than any other professional athletes. Also I believe that for good sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct both in and out of the ring, boxers have the edge on the other athletes.

Almost every gymnasium or training quarters has a hanger-on or two—former fighters—who are slowed up physically and mentally, and these unfortunates are frequently pointed out as examples of "punch drunk" or "goofy" products of the game, but I venture to assert that few, if any, of these derelicts on the shores of Fistiana came to their present state through punishment received in ring encounters.

On the contrary, dissipation and disease resulting therefrom have brought about their condition. Major L. A. Greene of the United States Army, who has had a long experience with fighters, having acted as matchmaker for army boxing shows at various posts in this country and in the Philippine Islands, recently expressed the opinion that punishment in the ring has little if anything to do with impairment of the mental faculties.

"There is little chance of serious or permanent injury to either brain or body in the ring sport," asserts Major Greene. "The padded gloves and protectors worn by the boxers, the padded canvas on which they perform, the searching medical examinations to which they are compelled to submit prior to ring engagements, and, most important of all, the fine physical condition in which modern boxers enter the roped arena, all contribute to this safe and sane condition of affairs."

* * *

THE public is fairly familiar with newspaper cartoons depicting the loser in a scrap prone on the canvas with a number of stars floating around his head. I remarked recently on this conception of the artists to that eminent knuckleduster from the banks of the Wabash, Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute Terror, asking him if boxers really saw stars.

To my surprise, the little towhead answered: "I'll say you see stars. I've seen 'em several times. I well remember the first time, I was boxing a Filipino out on the West Coast. Along about the third round I became careless, having concluded that the little brown man could not break an egg, and I came in 'wide open,' as we say. He caught me a terrific clip right smack on the whiskers, and all the lights in the building went out. I seemed alone in a vast, silent darkness. Then great balls of fire began dancing slowly before me, and these gradually resolved themselves into perfect five-pointed stars just like you see on the American flag.

"Then it began to rain and it seemed to me that I was caught in a regular cloud-burst. The storm increased in fury and at its height my eyes suddenly snapped open. I was on a stool in my corner and my seconds were drenching me with ice water. The bell had clanged a few seconds after I had caught the clout on the chin and had saved me from a kayo. I managed to recover my bearings in the short interval between rounds and eventually won the fight. But, believe me, brother, that is no joke about the stars. You see 'em!"

Bud Taylor is a conspicuous example of the clear-headed, intelligent type of boxer, the type prevalent in the ring.

However, there are the hangers-on, the beach combers on the shores of Fistiana, boys who prefer a "good time" to the deadly monotony of training; boys who deliberately cultivate cauliflower ears as a proud badge.

But these few individuals should not be picked out as representatives of the game.

When Careless Corbett Lost Title to Fitz

(*Continued from page 25*)

Earp had gained considerable mention in the public prints from a fight between Fitzsimmons and Sharkey staged in Mechanics Pavilion, in San Francisco, in which Wyatt had officiated as referee and in which he had disqualified Fitz and declared Sharkey the winner on a foul. Fitz knocked the sailor out in the fourth round with the self-same solar plexus blow that he later used to stop Corbett at Carson City.

* * *

ONE night in The Blind Tiger, Carson City's principal temple of chance, I became one of a crowd that gathered around a table where Wyatt Earp and another western gambler were engaged with two other men in a game of stud poker. Behind each player a knot of hard-visaged men were lined up, and it was an open secret among the other spectators that these were the followers of the two principles, all with their guns handy and all watching for a suspicious move that would create an excuse for open hostilities.

There came a hand which each man played to the limit, each drawing four cards, the other two players dropping out after one draw. The first card drawn by Earp's opponent was a king. It later developed that this gave him a pair of kings, back to back. When the draw was completed, as I recall it, Earp had showing an ace, a queen, a jack and a ten-spot—all of different suits. His opponent showed a pair of kings and two minor spot cards of different denominations.

Earp's opponent, having the highest hand showing, made a sizeable bet, and Earp raised him. His opponent raised back, and they kept on betting until the center of the table was piled high with chips. Finally Earp's opponent called, and Earp turned up a king, giving him a top straight. As he did so the spectators in this fight crowd, all except the followers of the two men, with one accord, moved away from behind the players to avoid the flying bullets in case of trouble.

But Earp's opponent merely turned up his "hole" card, banging it down on the table face up. It was another king—giving him three kings, two of which had been showing all during the heavy betting while Earp had shown nothing but an inside straight to fill. He had to have a king to fill it, three of which, his opponent knew all the time, were in his own hand.

"G—d d——n it, Earp," he cursed, "you had a good hand to bluff with but a damned hard hand to fill, me havin' three kings in my own hand. I knew there was only one card in the deck you could beat me with—and By God you had to have it! With that pair of kings showin' with two spot cards, you knew you had me beat."

With that the game ended and the players moved away without molestation. Even in that rough gang, men out there hesitated to interfere with Wyatt Earp and his followers.

Earp was a sure-thing gambler, even in the fight game—a type that brazenly and openly removed all the elements of doubt concerning the outcome, and a type happily, that the fight game knows no more.

* * *

OVER in the Corbett training camp at Carson one of the champion's sparring partners was a young and husky boilermaker from Los Angeles named Jim Jeffries. One day a rumor flitted around through the fight crowd that this boilermaker had unwittingly let fly a left hook that had knocked the champion of the world cold in one of their training bouts.

To most of us it sounded like propaganda to boost the stock of Fitzsimmons, but one New York sport writer who was known to be pretty close to Fitzsimmons, insisted he saw the knockdown. Jim Corbett to this day, denies it.

Several of the sports writers covering the training camps didn't like Corbett's mental attitude. He was nervous and irritable, and he was filled with a consuming rage against Fitzsimmons, having previously spat in Fitz's face when they had met in the barroom of Green's Hotel in Philadelphia.

He was a quick-tempered cuss in those days and to relieve Corbett's irritability during the training period at Carson City, his handlers had to send for Mrs. Corbett to make a hurried trip from the East.

I am convinced that it was temperament, and this alone, that lost him the title, for until the middle of the fourteenth round, there never was a more thoroughly beaten fighter than Fitzsimmons was that day. Corbett made Fitz look foolish. He evaded most of the latter's rushes so cleverly that on several occasions Lanky Bob's blood-smeared face and shoulders were propelled half the length of his body through the ropes as he found nothing in front of his determined attack but thin air.

* * *

IN the sixth round Corbett floored Fitz, compelling him to take the count of nine—a count, by the way, which Corbett claimed at the time, was too long. During the time in which Fitz was on the floor in this round, Corbett rushed over to the timekeeper and remonstrated against the length of the count. The timekeeper was Billy Muldoon.

In the middle of the fourteenth round, with Corbett far in the lead, Lanky Bob suddenly made that awkward shift of his and, as Corbett straightened up and jerked back his head to evade an imaginary hook for the jaw, Bob shot his freckled right fist into the pit of Corbett's stomach.

The champion went down in a heap, falling forward instead of striking the ring floor on his back, his mouth open while he gasped for breath. He appeared to be conscious of everything that was going on, but he was paralyzed from the effect of that blow on the solar plexus.

Before the referee had finished the count, Corbett had crawled to the ropes, his face a picture of anguish. Grasping the bottom rope, he tried to pull himself to his feet before the fatal toll had been completed. He must even have kept track of the count, because as the official completed the count of ten, he seemed to realize that it was all over and dropped back into the rosin in resignation.

That was a bitter blow to Corbett, and after his handlers had jumped into the ring and picked him up, Jim suddenly broke away from them and tried to rush across the ring to continue the battle with the blood-smeared new champion who was being sponged off by his handlers.

That fight at Carson in 1897 was the first to be filmed successfully by a motion picture machine.

Lil' Arthur's Lean Days

(*Continued from page 41*)

Pretty good one they said Ah was, too.

"Ah winds up in Los Angeles. Fate did me a kindly turn. The promoter, he comes up to me and says:

"'Arthur, we got a good man foh you. The great Frank Childs of Chi-kaw-ger. Would Lil' Arthur fight him?'

"Would he, boy? Would a feller want a warm bed on a blistering cold night? You ask him, boy!

"What an opportunity dis was foh Lil' Arthur!

"'Boy,' says Ah, 'get Childs foh me if you want me to fight foh you. Any other man and you ain't got me,' I says with impunity.

"So they gets Childs. Ten or twelve years are gone by now, but Ah still remembers dat kind-hearted soul dat kicked me out in de cold to make room for his cousin from Memphis.

"De night of de fight comes on! At last, my opportunity for revenge! Ah meet Mistah Childs again!

"No whistlin' winds dat night! No shiverin', howlin' blast to make me put mah haid down to my knee!

"No, just a nice, balmy California night.

"Childs enters the ring. He doan' remember me. Ah have to make myself known.

"'Mistah Childs, doan' you-all remember me?' Ah ask.

"'Cain't say as Ah do,' says Childs.

"'You doan' remember Lil' Arthur—Lil' Arthur Johnson, de big boy you put out in de stoam—dat whistlin' stoam. Remember me now?'

"'Yas, Ah do,' replied Childs.

"'Well,' Ah said, 'Ah'm goin' to repay you foh that kindness to-night. Ah'm going to make you wish you were back in dat room with de nice, red stove dat looked like a big red apple. Ah'm goin' bruise you boy, till you ask foah forgiveness.'

"And then Ah lived up to mah promise. Ah battered him, cut him up until I stopped him in the twelfth round. Ah got mah revenge and was satisfied."

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 19)

weight champion of the world, my first thought would have been to laugh and my second to call a policeman. In later years, Johnson spoke frequently of the incident and his memory of it helped me to promote two championship fights in which he figured, that with Jim Flynn at Las Vegas and the one in which he lost the title to Jess Willard at Havana.

It happened that I figured in two other fights that Johnson had early in his career. In 1901, when Carroll had gone temporarily to Memphis to run the Phoenix Athletic Club for a local politician named Jim Kinnane and had left me in charge of his affairs in Chicago, he wired me to match Johnson and Klondyke for a fight at that club. Both had progressed rapidly since their comical affair at the Illinois A. C., and this was a main bout.

Klondyke quit to Johnson in the twelfth round and the crowd was so incensed at him that it chased him out of the ring through an exit that led to Kinnane's saloon for Negroes next door and down a cobbled street that led to the levee along the Mississippi River. That night there was speed in Klondyke's big, flat feet. If there hadn't been, he would have been ducked in the river.

* * *

LATER, when Carroll had taken over the Star Theatre on the North Side of Chicago, where fights had been conducted by Sam Summerfield and Charlie Essig—the latter being, besides a fight promoter, the greatest handicapper of horses in his time—I was seated in the office one day attending to our corresondence, and a stranger walked in. He was big and broad and had the unmistakable accent of Texas in his speech.

As I have said, Carroll had much ability but very little energy and seldom was in his office. The stranger asked for him and when I said Paddy might be in in an hour or so, he said he would come back. When he returned, Paddy still was absent.

"Maybe I can help you," I said. "What do you want to see him about? Tell me, because in the end I'll probably have to attend to it anyway."

"Well," he said, "here's what I want: I'm from Galveston, and we've got a big, fresh Negro down there by the name of Jack Johnson who has won some fights and is bragging too much. We're tired of listening to him and want to see him licked, and I thought maybe Carroll could send somebody down there to do it."

"How about Jack Beauscholte?" I suggested, for while Tommy Ryan had made short work of Beauscholte a month before, Ryan was a great fighter and Beauscholte was more than a match for most of the other young fighters around Chicago.

"No," he said. "I hate to admit it, but this Negro can fight some and he's too good for Beauscholte."

"All right," I said. "I've got the fellow to lick him."

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Joe Choynski," I said. "He lives right out here in LaGrange and I can get him on the telephone in a minute. But you'll have to pay him $1,500 or $2,000 to get him to go down there."

"Choynski will do," he said. "If he can lick Johnson, as I think he can, he'll be worth $1,500 or $2,000."

I called Choynski on the telephone. He quickly agreed to the match and said he would come right in to sign. Then I called Paddy and brought him in to attend to drawing up the articles and, incidentally, to collect his fee as matchmaker.

The fight took place a week or so later and is entered in the record book as a three-round knockout for Choynski. But there was more to it than that. As a matter of fact, although Choynski had the better of the fight, he burned himself up trying to finish Johnson as quickly as possible and as he tired and Johnson never was an aggressive fighter, the police threw them both out of the ring and locked them up for faking.

(*To be continued in Next Issue*)

The Noose

(*Continued from page* 23)

world. And she never had done any work. Nothing to turn to now but maybe housework. Nonsense! Jim wouldn't have it.

The tremendous reaction which set in with Milander's becoming satisfied that Tandy had been a dope fiend carried him to heights of ecstatic infatuation.

"Honey, with you at my side, nothing can stop me now," Milander promised. He wired to the waiting Reicy, who for weeks had been in a perspiring agony after having handed Baton Rouge Jeanie the thousand at the Hensonville depot.

"Get me fights, and lots of 'em—and the price goes up," Big Jim laughed. "I'm married now, and the old lady needs shoes—and plenty of 'em."

* * *

ROUND Eight. In the matrimonial battle between Big Jim and Little Jeanie.

A year had passed. Milander had met four contenders. He had made a fortune. But his bank balances were smaller and smaller.

"You are driving me insane with your extravagances," Jim wailed. "Betting on the races. Buying diamonds and clothes. And chasing around with that tough gang at the track. Never home, always asking for more dough. I can't fight because I can't get my mind on fighting. You fascinate me, and yet you make me wish I never had met you."

"What good is it to be the wife of the heavyweight contender—a guy making heavy dough—if you can't put on the flash?" chuckled the tantalizing Baton Rouge Jeanie. "You'll beat Krilley and then we'll go to Europe, honey, and I'll show you some brand-new ways of spending money in Paris. Ah, Paris! The place of my dreams."

Joe Reicy saw that something had to be done if Milander ever was to get the Krilley match—and perhaps the title.

"Jim, I hate to talk about such matters, but Jeanie is chasing around with a terrible gang. Best thing you can do is pay her off, and get down to business."

"But I'm crazy about her, Joe—I don't think I could go on without her," cried Big Jim. "I know all about her now. But I love her just the same, Joe.

"It's the noose, Joe—another noose, as terrible as the one I saw after the Tandy fight. It's the noose!"

How Heavyweight Title Bouts Have Been Decided

(*Continued from page* 8)

Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson with right to jaw in the 26th round in 1915.

Jess Willard won referee's decision over Frank Moran, ten rounds, in 1916.

Jack Dempsey defeated Jess Willard, latter throwing up the sponge between the third and the fourth rounds, in 1916.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske with a right to the chin in the third round, in 1920.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan with combination of left hook to the chin and a right rabbit punch in 12th round in 1920.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier with a right to the jaw in fourth round, in 1921.

Jack Dempsey beat Tommy Gibbons on points in 15 rounds, 1923.

Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo with a left to the mid-section and a short right to the jaw in second round, in 1923.

Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey on points, in 10 rounds, in 1926.

Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in 1927.

Gene Tunney knocked out Tom Heeney, when the referee intervened after Gene had Tom reeling from rights and lefts, in 1928.

On the HIGHWAYS of NEW YORK

BY EDDIE BORDEN

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN officials took advantage of the fight interest aroused by the Schmeling-Sharkey battle, by staging three cards during May. The first feature was a championship affair in which Midget Wolgast took a firmer grip on his crown by stopping Willie La Morte, champion of New Jersey. That bout was followed with the much-postponed battle between Al Singer, New York's successor to Benny Leonard, and Ignacio Fernandez, who previously had knocked out the Ghetto boy and then came the La Barba-Graham battle.

The Wolgast-La Morte battle proved that in Wolgast the flyweight division has one of the fastest little fellows since Pancho Villa. Wolgast romped away from his rival from the start and would have scored an easy victory, and probably a knockout, had not La Morte collapsed in the ring at the end of the fifth round, ending hostilities. A heart spasm caused the collapse, which for a time looked quite serious.

On that same card, Sammy Dorfman scored an easy victory over Eddie Guida. Archie Bell skimmed through with a close verdict over Domencio Bernasconi in the opening ten. Frankie Zunita, belonging to the George Blake stable of the Pacific Coast, whipped Sammy Fertel in the opening four.

While the Garden confined its activities to three shows last month, the smaller clubs went full swing. The Olympic, Lenox, Jamaica, Ridgewood, St. Nicholas Rink and Broadway staged high-class cards and drew well with their popular prices. The matchmakers of the smaller clubs, Johnny Attell, John McKenna, Tony Martello, Jack Clifford and Harry Schneider, know what to feed their patrons. The large attendances attests to the wisdom of their policy.

New York has a fast-rising Negro bantamweight who is shunting aside all opposition in the Armory bouts. The Kid is a great drawing card and like Kid Chocolate, Al Brown, Black Bill and others of his race, he is destined to reach the heights if he keeps in trim. He answers to the name of Frankie (Kid) Anslem.

The smaller clubs for the first time in several months came through on the right side of the ledger the past month, and all because of the partial inactivity of the Garden. There is no denying that the National Guard bouts in the armories have hurt the smaller licensed clubs materially.

It seems a gross injustice that the Armories can carry on their fighting without a state license and cut into the financial returns to the small clubs and the State treasury by running without percentage to the State.

Jack Curley, the greatest of wrestling promoters, had an exceptionally fine season in his game. Jack operated big shows at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory and came through with flying colors. The scribes were all with Jack throughout the season, for he is a most likeable fellow and his word is his bond. When Curley arranges a card and promises action the wrestling fans are never disappointed.

The passing of Leo Flynn was quite a shock to the boxing game. A keen-witted, unique character who never failed to provide excellent copy for the papers and the type that O. Henry would probably have classified as a "typical fight manager". His absence will be felt by the members of the boxing profession who loved to hear him revel in his past experiences.

Kid Chocolate, Cuban featherweight, spent several days in the Nyack hospital with bruises suffered in an automobile smashup near Nyack on his return from a visit to Jack Sharkey's training quarters at Orangeburgh.

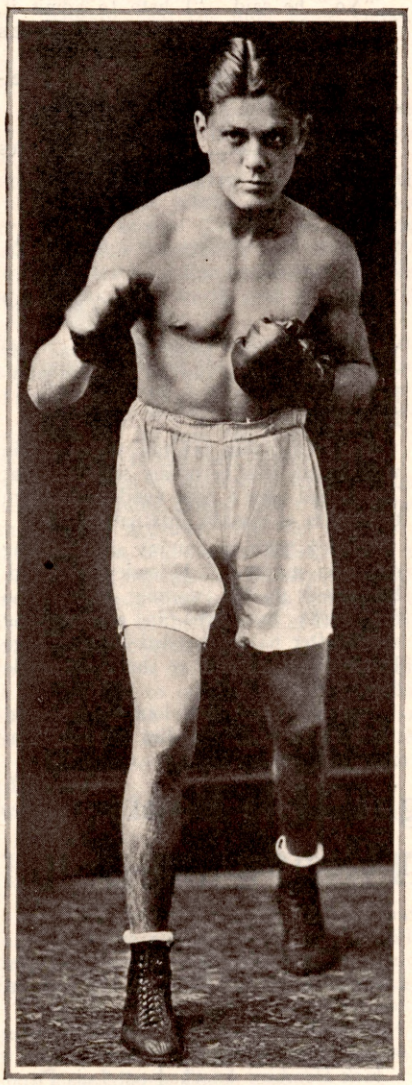
Although no bones were broken, the Cuban suffered severe bruises to his left rib and leg and a deep cut on his chin.

Charlie Babera, Chocolate's rubber, was knocked unconscious.

Charley Masters, who gave serious thought to adopting boxing as his future career a few years back, is now the successful leader of a jazz orchestra playing at the Atlantic City Casino. Charley indulged in the pastime of hit and get away for six months until he decided it was tougher than a saxophone.

Jack Sharkey did all his training for Schmeling at Gus Wilson's camp at Orangeburgh. The camp is ideally situated and is one of the best in the country. Gus also is a great host. He is well liked by scribes and fighters. Wilson has a new asquisition in John Patrick Sullivan of England, a splendid middleweight.

Harry Blitman turned in his first victory under the colors of Robert North, who recently took over Blitman's contract from Boo Boo Hoff. Blitman performed at Atlantic City and subjected Sammy Novia to an unmerciful beating but Novia was there at the finish. Blitman showed traces of his former fighting ability.



Harry Blitman, Philadelphia "Terror," whose contract was recently purchased from Max (Boo Boo) Hoff by Robert North of New York

---

Henry Goldberg won the verdict over Gummy Snyder in their six-round match at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Mike Sankovitch kayoed Jack Robinson in the third round of the semi-final. Enzo Fiermonte won from Guido Conte. Walter Burns was beaten by Joe Siclairi and Petey Hayes kayoed Jimmy McFarlane in one round.

A testimonial dinner was given to Tom Donahue, one man boxing commissioner of Connecticut, at the Bond Hotel of Hartford and the celebrities affiliated with the boxing game were present to pay homage to him. Donahue is a great scout. He is firm and just but as regular as the best of them. Plenty of New Yorkers were there to pay their respects.

The New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus staged the first show at the Garden after the circus left and strangely fitting in with the proceedings, a Hebrew and a Negro shared the headline honors.

Maxey Rosenbloom, in the main event, whipped Larry Johnson in ten rounds of hitting, missing and clowning. Johnson looked far better in his first battle with Rosenbloom than he did in the return engagement. Johnson tipped the beam at 175 and Maxey reached 172 3-4.

Johnny Indrisano, of Boston, gave a good exhibition of clean hitting and boxing in winning his ten-rounder with Freddy Fitzgerald, of Youngstown, in the semi-final. Fitzgerald scaled 144½ and Indrisano 149½.

Bob Olin, of New York, and a former Golden Glove champion, won on a foul over Roy Wallace in the eighth round of the first ten.

Pat Creedon and Al Paladino drew in the six-rounder, while Joe Velarde was beaten by Vic Moresco in the four-round opener.

The net receipts reached the total of $49,458, and with Rosenbloom getting 25 per cent. and 20 per cent. for Johnson, it left a good sized share for the Knights.

Joe Dundee, former welter king, won the decision over Charley Rosen at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in their six-round tangle. Amaranda Aguilla kayoed Billy Brown in one round. Mauro De Losres whipped Joe Simonetti; Mike Caldero defeated Eduardo Corte. Tommy Cerola stopped Lou Leiman in two rounds; Tony Coccaro kayoed Izzy Cohen in one. Joey Marks whipped Lou Pampalone and Jerry Velarde drew with Augie Vaglica in the four-rounders.

Murray Elkins gained the decision over Martin Oroz in six rounds at the Olympia A. A. Oscar Goldman whipped Benny Tressito in the semi-final of six. Billy Fitzachary won over Freddy Jaeger and Ray Riviera bested Oscar La Rosa in the other sixes. Sugar Abrusci kayoed Beezy Thomas in the first; Al Capriani stopped Mack David in the fourth. Charlie Bedi and Nick Rizzo fought four rounds to a draw.

Mickey Doyle won over Al Rockman in the final bout of four rounds at the new talent show at the New Lenox Sports Club. Allen Gibbs whipped Harry Matinsky; Andy Hudson kayoed Johnny Basil in one round; George Ricca kayoed Johnny Carozza in two rounds; Sammy Ferranti bested Jack Terranova; Al Scala scored over Billy Harris; Charlie Golabeski drew with Charlie Gewertz. Mickey Marino stopped Joe Goldstein in the second round; Jerry Johnson disposed of Frank D'Angelo in two rounds and Steve Vasquez drew with Bobby Grieve in the four-round opener.

Tony Canzoneri continues to pile up victory after victory. He is destined for a busy summer campaign judging by the tentative offers that Sammy Goldman is holding for his entry. His latest victim was Harry Carlton, of Jersey City, who put up a stubborn fight which availed him nothing at the St. Nicholas Rink. Canzoneri won as he pleased and scaled at his proper poundage, 131½ against Carlton's 135.

Allie Wolff turned in another victory when Jimmy Roberts, his opponent, was disqualified for stalling in the third round. Wolff was winning handily and seems to improve with each battle. Sammy Delson scored over Frankie Grecco; Freddy Anderson trounced Lew Lampert; Sammy Fertil kayoed Sammy Fisher in the fifth round and Al Stampler stopped Billy Tisdale in the second round of the opener.

The rivalry that existed between the Holy Name Club and the Ascension Parish House was settled at the St. Nicholas Rink with the gloves. Eleven sets of bouts were staged between the outstanding representatives of each club and at the finish of an exciting evening's entertainment, Holy Name emerged triumphant by the scant margin of six victories to five.

About six years ago we saw Lew Perfetti give one of the prettiest exhibitions of boxing in which he won the New York State amateur flyweight championship from Wilbur Cohen, at that time a rear terror. Perfetti gave every promise of developing into one of the real future greats and he advanced gradually in the pro ranks but never to the degree that we anticipated. A brilliant boxer, pleasing in style, with a versatile attack that was baffling to his opponents and delightful to the fans, he just lacked that something that separated greatness from mediocrity in the prize ring. Only a few weeks ago this same wizardly Perfetti was beaten by Emil Rossi, a promising youngster, at Jamaica. Perfetti simply can't make the grade.

Allie Wolff, former Penn State athlete, added another knockout to his string when he stowed away George Deschner in the fifth round of their six-round match at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Wolff looked crude in spots but with the proper experience and proper matchmaking behind him there is bound to be increased improvement with each succeeding start. He scored two knockdowns before the finishing blow was delivered.

Eric Lawson won over Ed Hultgren in the six-round semi-windup. Lew Franklin kayoed Beezy Tomas in two rounds; Freddy Anderson disposed of Sam Russo in the first heat; Carmine Zicara kayoed Johnny Guida in the second and Eddie Tyson knocked out Andy Raymond in the first round of the bouts that failed to go the limit.

Maxie Ziegler won over Charley Gordon in four rounds and Al Cohen gained the award over Jimmy Shea in another bout of the same duration.

Willie Patterson and Sammy White went eight rounds to a draw at the Jamaica Arena. Johnny Vestri carried off the verdict over Oscar Bernard in the eight-round semi-final. Al Peters and Sam Filby went eight rounds with honors even. Joe Gorman bested Frank Biangasso; Hans Mueller kayoed Jimmy Trasako in the second and Bill Jacobs outpointed Gabby Weiner.

Willie Siegal was credited with a three-round foul victory over Tony Caragliano at the St. Nicholas Rink. Siegal floored Tony twice in the opening round and had him in bad shape but Caragliano recovered and after letting loose a flurry of punches, was disqualified for low hitting. Frankie Marchese turned in one of those surprise victories when he whipped Phil Rafferty in the ten-round semi-final. Joe Barbara won over Jack Sweitzer. Solly Krieger knocked out Steve Gotch in the third round and Dave Miller won over Charley Mattia in the four-round opener.

Phil Rosen is now handling Murray Elkins and Emil Rossi, two Harlem entries in the welterweight and 140-pound division. Elkins is a smart, cagey boxer and has turned in some good victories and Rossi is still a youngster. Rosen formerly promoted matches at the Uptown Lenox Sports Club which is now being conducted by Joe McKenna.

Oscar Goldman earned the decision over Mickey Doyle at the Uptown Lenox Sports Club. Johnny Gaito kayoed Lon Sing Que in the second round of the semi-windup. Mike Collins stopped Billy Harris in one round; Tommy Syracuse disposed of Jimmy McNulty in the third round; Mickey Marino drew with Pete Cataldo; Dominick Fallace stopped Charley Gervietz in two rounds and Pete Bellito defeated Johnny Basil in the remainder of the card.

Johnny Peters won the verdict over Joe Kelly in the feature eight-rounder at the 102nd Medical Regiment Armory. John O'Sullivan kayoed Johnny Fitzpatrick and Johnny Milander stopped Gabby Weiner. Matey Andrews won over Patsy Mignonne and Johnny Ludlow scored over Jack Dorson.

Pete Laratonda defeated Johnny Ciocarelli in a twelve-round bout at the White Plains Armory. Al Pieretti bested Georgie Reisler in ten rounds and Henry Zack won over Jackie Farrell, who is not attached to the Daily News.

Jimmy Slavin won over Arthur De Champlaine in their ten-round fray at the 22nd Engineers Regiment. Louis Kid Santi won on a foul from Max Leiner in the second session. Frankie Lapera won over Eddie Cavanaugh; Frankie Cinque kayoed Al Rockman in three rounds and Mickey Ladamada whipped Sid Solomon in the opening six.

Eddie Mead has appointed Rocky Paladino, of Boston, to act as his eastern representative and all of Eddie's boys can be booked through the Boston route. Rocky is also managing George Carney, one of New England's most promising middleweights. He can be reached at 57 Canal Street, Suite 204.

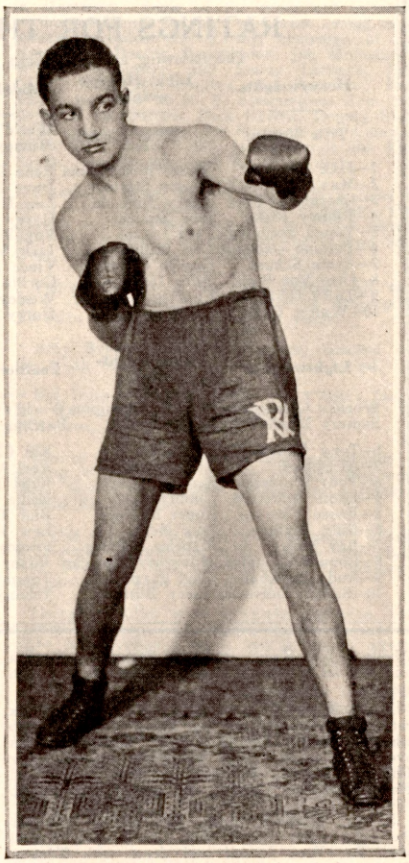
Petey Mack won the decision over Sammy Cherin in their ten-round bout at the Broadway Arena, of Brooklyn. Ralph Ficucello knocked out Charley Hanson in the sixth round of their scheduled eight. Baby Face Quintana outpointed Georgie Unison in six. Eddie Burl won on a foul from Nick De Salvo in the second session. Joe Mack bested Jose Rodriquez and Francisco Magnelli won over Frankie Bruno in the four-rounders.

Ed Sullivan, Sports Editor of the *Graphic* and one of THE RING's popular correspondents, deserted the ranks of bachelorhood. He took unto himself Miss Sylvia Weinstein for better or worse.

Speaking of benedicts, Vic Scutary, press agent for the St. Nicholas Rink and the Dexter Park Stadium, followed on Sullivan's heels. He married the belle of Belmont Avenue.

Eddie Shapiro gained a draw with Eddie Provoe in their six-round meeting at the New Lennox Sports Club. Tommy Lown defeated Allen Gibbs in the six-round semi-final. Eddie McKenna stopped Charley Goodin in the first round when the latter injured his hand and was unable to come up for the second. Jack Winaker bested Nick Rizzo; Tommy Ando defeated George Murphy; Frankie Farriello outpointed Charley Bedi and Patsy Sylvestri drew with Joe Pasquale in the opening four.

Jose Routis won on a foul from Davey Adelman in the sixth round at Mitchell Field. Charley Von Reeden defeated Joe Ramo in the eight-round semi-final. Lew Primavera bested Johnny Sullivan. The Congo Kid outpointed Joe Souza in another six-rounder.



Rocco Vigna, one of New York's promising 130 pound fighters

Freddy Huber showed supremacy over Artie De Lucca in three bouts at the Ridgewood Grove S. C. Huber won the first, drew in the second and won easily in the concluding number.

Sid Silas whipped Sammy Delson in the six-round semi-final. Petey Hayes flattened Danny Essen in twenty-one seconds of the first round. Eddie Burl scored over Teddy Seidman; Guido Conti stopping Frankie Sosa in two rounds. Herman Schacter whipped Vincent Maracanda and Herman Riegel won over Billy Rapp.

Mateo Osa, latest Spanish importation in the heavyweight ranks, turned in another quick knockout at the Olympia A. A. His victim was Jack Middleton who was put out in two rounds. Eddie Provoe defeated Herman Singer in the ten-round semi-final. Martinez Fort kayoed Paola in the sixth. Carman Roman drew with Mickey Doyle. Tommy Ando scored over Benny Bruno and Eduardo Duarry kayoed George Noble in one session.

Joe Marino and Joe Kelly drew at the 212th Anti-Aircraft Armory. Sid Reisler won over Johnny Long in the eight-round semi-final. Al Peretti won over Nick Morano and Jimmy Luchini outpointed Jack Morandi in the sixes. In the fours, Paul Jones won from Frank Proodian and Jack O'Keefe kayoed Sid Fischel in the first.

Emil Rossi outpointed Lew Perietti in the feature eight-rounder at the Jamaica Arena. Willie Patterson and Sammy White drew in the eight-round semi-final. Joe Siclari battled on even terms with Hugh Devine. Frank Lazzari won over Jack Rudko in another sixer. Vincent Renta whipped Joe Melitto; Mike Murphy bested Tommy Cerola and Hans Mueller scored over Jack De Amara in the fours.

Harry Ebbets, blond Freeport Thunderbolt, turned in an impressive performance at the expense of Vincent Forgione, of Philadelphia, at the St. Nicholas Rink. Ebbets was in great shape for this match. He went through ten speedy rounds without tiring at the finish. There are very few middleweights who could cope with this youngster, providing he would faithfully train for the encounter. Forgione had previously registered at the Garden when he knocked out Doc Conrad.

Georgie Daggett scored over Mike Sarko in the ten-round semi-final. Rat Meyers started his professional career with a six-round decision over Charley Gordon. The verdict was far from popular. Joe Paradise won from Ralph Esposito and Kyugore Kimura flattened Tony Pecora in one session. Ruby Finester fought a draw with George Terra in the opening four.

Harry Bennett has been appointed matchmaker for the Huntington Suffolk County Arena for the summer. The place is situated on Long Island and should be a nice cool spot for the summer time.

Jimmy Bronson has left these shores for a two-months' European cruise which should bring him to many countries. Jimmy is handling the reins of Rene De Vos, whom he still expects to meet Mickey Walker for the title. De Vos has several matches pending, one in particular that should net them a tidy sum is Len Harvey.

Billy Hamilton, who was around several years as a crackerjack middleweight, is now managing an assembly of mitt-wielders. Those in the stable are Billy McMahon, Georgie Daggett, Arthur De Champlaine, Pete Horton, Joe Le Gray and Tony Gioia.

Gus Wilson had his hands full at his training camp at Orangeburgh where Jack Sharkey did his training. Gus is well-liked. He brought John Patrick Sullivan to this country a while ago and is anxious to pit him against the best middleweights. Sullivan fought six battles in Australia and made good there.

Sindulfo, former bantam champion of the National Guard, won the decision over Benny Britt in ten rounds at the 22nd Engineers Armory. Joe Rocco kayoed Al Matera in seven rounds. Tommy Lorenzo whipped Pat Mooney in eight rounds. Mickey Ladamada stopped Johnny Milander in the second round and Frankie Cincaw won over Johnny Fitzpatrick in the opening sixer.

One cannot easily overlook the impression that Young Jack Thompson might have been under "wraps" when he fought Jimmy McLarnin in the Garden a few months back, when reports returned following the impressive manner in which he performed against Jackie Fields in winning the welterweight title.

Thompson had been handicapped by various sicknesses during the past year and the possibility is that he is just returning to his old-time form. Jack would probably fit in with the popular picture of the old time stars. Cool, deliberate, calculating and game under fire, Thompson is a picture in action.

Harry Kid Brown outpointed Buck Oliva in the ten-rounder at the 106th Infantry Armory of Brooklyn. Charley Raymond and Oscar Bernard were tossed in the fifth round for not trying. Frankie Marino drew with Jimmy Rappaport and Jimmy Jerome won the verdict over Westy Dawson in eight-rounders. Sammy Filby whipped Henry Schacter in the opening six.

Jack Britton showed his old-time ring craft to advantage to win from Bobby Ruffalo at the Columbus Sporting Club of Yonkers. Frankie Carlton won over Joe Belair; Frankie Martin kayoed Sammy Fisher in two rounds and Harry Dorin won the decision over Freddy Jaeger.

Mickey Taylor kayoed Tony Darcy in the second round of their scheduled eight at the 212th Anti-Aircraft Armory. Johnny Cucci whipped Jimmy Luchini in the eight-round semi-final.

Mateo Osa promises to be a real heavyweight menace. His latest victim through the knockout route was Dr. Ludwig Haymann, whom he put away in one minute and sixteen seconds of the second round at the Olympia A. A. Vic Moresco stopped Al Matthews in two rounds. Joe Leone stopped Willie Oliveri in the same round. Mauro De Los Reyes whipped Ray Ortege; Walter Palm stopped Bob Perry in two rounds; Eduardo Duarry kayoed Joe Corbett in one round and Jack Terranova whipped Sammy Karmissar.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE advent of the summer season and the closing of the indoor arenas caused a little lull in the fistic activity of the headliners but with the summer season now in full swing, boys in all classes are active again. The heavyweight division, in particular, has come into its own and will be the most active as the year progresses. The month's leading heavyweight battles follow:

Tuffy Griffiths redeemed himself by turning the tables on Jack Gagnon in their return match and Leo "One Punch" Williams stepped into the limelight due to his knockout victory over George Courtney. Young Stribling kayoed Hans Schonrath in the second round in London. An upset was recorded when Ernie Schaaf secured the official award over Tommy Loughran at Philadelphia. Walter Cobb seems to be finding himself. During the month he scored knockouts over Jack De Mave in two and Pietro Corri in the first round. Corri scored over Big Boy Peterson. Frank Simms was responsible for an upset when he stopped Ted Sandwina in the eighth round.

Armand Emanuel came through with a fine victory over Jim Maloney. Les Marriner finally returned to activity with a victory over Jack League by a kayo in five rounds. Gene Stanton, a promising youngster, defeated Emmett Rocco at Akron. Larry Gains won over Roberto Roberti. George Panka scored over Knute Hanson. Charley Smith bested Don Shortland in England.

Babe Hunt scored over Big Bill Hartwell and Jeff Carroll but was beaten by Dick Daniels. Les Kennedy kayoed Benny Ross in nine rounds but was beaten by Frankie Campbell. Henry Lamar defeated Marty Gallagher. K. O. Christner won from Pat McCarthy. Joe Monte won over Al Friedman.

Mateo Osa, fast rising Spanish heavy, turned in knockouts over Jack Middleton and Ludwig Haymann in two rounds apiece.

In the light-heavyweight class, Maxey Rosenbloom settled the supremacy between Larry Johnson and himself by decisively winning the mill. In the other important contests, Lew Scozza won from Tiger Thomas. Leo Williams stepped into the hall of fame when he kayoed George Courtney in the fifth session. Billy Jones whipped Sam Weiss.

George Manley turned in kayos over Buck Easterling in seven and Oscar Baker in two rounds. Joe Banovic trimmed Art Weigand while Weigand scored over Rosy Rosales. Harry Fuller defeated Frankie Schoell. Yale Okun won over Dick Daniels.

Bob Olin won on a foul from Roy Wallace in eight rounds. King Levinsky kayoed Al Keegan in one round. Allie Wolff kayoed George Deschner in five and won on a foul over Jimmy Roberts in the third. Phil Mercurio was disqualified in the fifth round of his bout with Joe Barlow.

The biggest surprise of the month was the shellacking which Mickey Walker took from Paul Swiderski at Louisville.

Mickey, the middleweight titleholder, engaged in a tempestuous battle and was on the verge of a knockout. He was floored four times but came on to win. Mickey also whipped Charley Belanger in Detroit.

Dave Shade and Mike Hechtor engaged in a no-contest affair that lasted nine rounds before it was stopped. Len Harvey knocked out Steve McCall in nine rounds for the British middleweight championship. Nick Palmer kayoed Frank Konchina in six rounds.

Jack McVey whipped Joe Roche and Wesley Ketchell while Ketchell drew with Leo Lomski. Roy Williams won on a foul from Rosy Rosales in the fifth session. Harry Ebbets defeated Vincent Forgione. Nick Testo won over Mickey Fedor. Ham Jenkins won over Clyde Chastain.

Young George Dixon bested Jack Willis. Buster Mallini whipped Tiger Johnny Cline. Henry Goldberg won over Gummy Snyder. Enzo Fiermonte scored over Guido Conti. Haakon Hansen bested Walter Dunham. Homer Sheridan drew with Bert Colima and Ricardo Alis kayoed Dick Evans in the third session.

The crowning of a new welterweight champion took place when Young Jack Thompson supplanted Jackie Fields in their Detroit battle. It is a pity that Fields did not make more of his opportunities. Johnny Indrisano defeated Rudy Thomas and Freddy Fitzgerald. Young Corbett kayoed Andy DiVodi and defeated Alf Ros. De Vodi disposed of Frankie Stetson in the tenth round.

Bucky Lawless took the measure of Gorilla Jones in Holyoke. Sammy Baker stepped to the front by his victory over Paul Pirrone, Cleveland's highly touted youngster. Morrie Sherman defeated Billy Light and Billy Alger. Light drew with Joey Phalen. Jack McCarthy was beaten by My Sullivan and Johnny Fulton. Joe Dundee scored over Charley Rosen. Joe La Grey whipped Al Delmont.

Young Terry bested Joe Reno in Newark. Freddy Polo kayoed Gene Gaffner in two rounds. Billy Angelo defeated Al Kline. Relampago Saguero bested Hilario Martinez. Murray Elkins scored over Martin Oroz. Farmer Joe Cooper whipped Harry Wallace.

King Tut showed his way in the junior-welterweight brigade by kayoing Jack Kane in five rounds. Manuel Quintero defeated Jack Purvis and Eddie Frisco. Joe Glick drew with Lud Abello. Joe Medill whipped Stanislaus Loayza and lost on a foul to Mickey O'Neill in the fifth session.

Eddie Murdock flattened K. O. Ortega in six rounds and drew with Pete Toya. Lope Tenorio whipped Eddie Elkins. Billy Townsend won over Al Gordon. Joey Kaufman defeated Tug Phillips but was beaten by Young Firpo and Frankie Hayes. Phillips won over Johnny Sacco.

Sammy Mandell, tuning up for his bout for the lightweight crown with Al Singer, scored over Pee Wee Jarrell and drew with Tommy Grogan during his month's campaigning as the champion. Tony Canzoneri scored over Johnny Farr and Harry Carlton. Eddie Anderson outpointed Bruce Flowers. Andy Callahan kayoed Henry Janco in five rounds and won over Joey Kaufman.

Wildcat Monte scored over Mickey Cohen. Ralph Lenny kayoed Ray Weigand in two rounds and bested Frankie Di Giovanni. Gaston Le Cadre outpointed Jack Portney. Johnny Lamar scored over Hector McDonald. Pat Igo kayoed Eddie Kid Wagner in three rounds. Herman Folins bested Sid Lampe. Hy Diamond won over Vincent Martinez. Mel Arragon defeated Mickey Diamon. Lew Paluso won from Calvin Reed. Freddy Anderson bested Lew Lampert. Frank Marchese scored over Phil Rafferty.

Eddie Mack has decided to return to the 130-pound ranks. During the month he scored over Maurice Holtzer and kayoed Johnny Sampson in three rounds. Al Foreman, Canadian champion, kayoed Fred Webster in the first round. Roger Bernard whipped Young Zazzerino. Maurice Holtzer defeated Mike Dundee.

Honeyboy Finnegan kayoed Clyde Davis in the first round.

Pete Nebo bested Nat Arno in Newark. Rosy Stoy whipped Johnny Sheppard and kayoed Augie Pisano.

Battling Battalino, featherweight title holder, disposed of three good opponents during the month. He whipped Bushy Graham and Lew Massey and Vic Burrone. Massey scored over Johnny McMillan. Kid Chocolate scored over Johnny Erickson. Earl Mastro bested Jackie Cohen. Eddie Shea kayoed Buster Brown in three rounds. Andy Martin won over Johnny Dunn. Johnny Cuthbert whipped Dom Volante for the featherweight championship of Great Britain.

Tommy Paul won on a foul over Johnny Datto in two rounds. Cecil Payne whipped Tracey Cox. Benny Gershe whipped Merle Alte. Midget Mike O'Dowd kayoed Phil Veide in three rounds.

Archie Bell defeated Domencio Bernasconi in the Garden in the bantam class. Harry Fierro stopped Izzy Schwartz in nine rounds. Frankie Kid Anselm kayoed Carl Cavelli in the first round. Newsboy Brown scored over Pablo Dano. Eugene Huat won from Emile Pladner in Paris. Joe Scalfaro defeated Nel Tarleton.

Emil Paluso lost on a foul to Johnny Vacca in the eighth round. Mike Marcelles bested Frisco Grande. Johnny Pena won over Frankie Traynor, Mike Esposito, Paris Apice, and drew with Fred Monte. Benny Schwartz won over Frisco Grande. Ernie Peters whipped Britt Gorman.

Petey Hayes kayoed Jimmy McFarlane and Danny Essen in one round apiece and defeated Al Peters. Oscar Goldman whipped Mickey Doyle and Benny Tressito. Billy Kelly scored over Pinky Silverberg.

Midget Wolgast still remains at the head of the flyweights. despite the contention of the N. B. A. and European Federation that Genaro is the champion. Wolgast stopped Willie La Morte in the fifth round at the Garden, and also whipped Pinky Silverberg. He's a great little champion. Frankie Genaro kayoed Frisco Grande in four rounds. Black Bill scored over Routier Parra. Phil Tobias defeated Ruby Bradley and Tony Palacio. Frenchy Bellanger won over Franklyn Young. Art Giroux bested Ruby Bradley and Victor Ferrand won on a foul from Georgie Keen in two rounds.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

The following are my ratings for the month ending May 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior Welterweights
Title Vacant	Title Vacant	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Yg. Jack Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Maxey Rosenbloom	Rene De Vos	Jackie Fields	King Tut
2—Max Schmeling	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
3—George Godfrey	Larry Johnson	Len Harvey	Johnny Indrisano	Baby Joe Gans
4—Johnny Risko	Lew Scozza	Harry Smith	Bucky Lawless	Joe Glick
5—Young Stribling	Pete Latzo	Roy Williams	Sammy Baker	Joe Medill
6—Paulino Uzcudun	Leo Williams	Jack McVey	Paul Pirrone	Stanislaus Loayza
7—Ernie Schaaf	George Courtney	Vince Dundee	Tommy Freeman	Tommy Grogan
8—Otto Von Porat	Billy Jones	Gorilla Jones	My Sullivan	Eddie Murdock
9—Tuffy Griffiths	Charley Belanger	Wesley Ketchell	Young Terry	Lope Tenorio
10—Walter Cobb	Joe Banovic	Harry Ebbets	Morrie Sherman	Pinky Kaufman

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Sammy Mandell	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Eddie Mack	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Al Singer	Al Foreman	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Tony Herrera	Sammy Fuller	Fidel La Barba	Vidal Gregario	Black Bill
4—Eddie Anderson	Johnny Farr	Eddie Shea	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
5—Bruce Flowers	Roger Bernard	Bud Taylor	Joe Scalfaro	Willie Davies
6—Billy Wallace	Pete Nebo	Lew Massey	Harry Fierro	Frenchy Bellanger
7—Ray Miller	Maurice Holtzer	Freddy Miller	Domencio Bernasconi	Art Giroux
8—Louis Kid Kaplan	Honeyboy Finnegan	Bushy Graham	Dick Corbett	Victor Ferrand
9—Andy Callahan	Cecil Payne	Tommy Paul	Pete Sanstol	Johnny McCoy
10—Sammy Dorfman	Harry Blitman	Johnny Datto	Frankie Kid Anslem	Franklyn Young

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jackie Harmon, Waterbury, Conn.
Bantamweight—Joey Marks, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Featherweight—Sammy Hackett, Toronto, Can.
Junior-lightweight—Jimmy Batchelor, Newark, N. J.
Lightweight—Tony Melore, Jersey City, N. J.
Junior-welterweight—Louis Spronz, Cleveland, Ohio.
Welterweight—Werther Aiccelli, Italy.
Middleweight—Odone Piazazi, Italy.
Light-heavyweight—Tait Littman, Milwaukee, Wis.
Heavyweight—Tiny Powell, Huntington, W. Va.

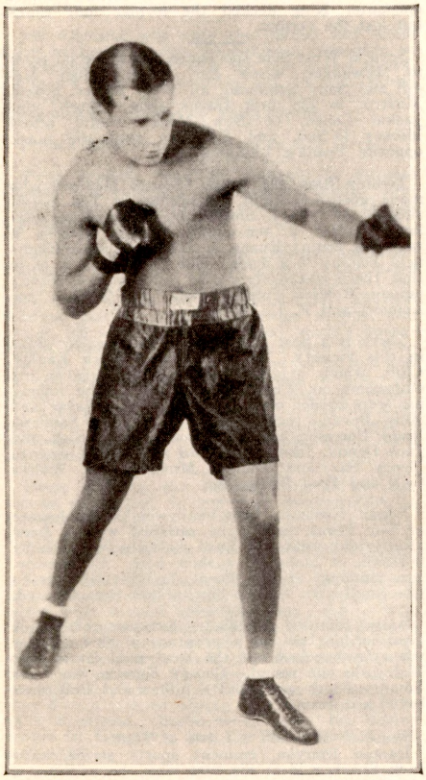
CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

BAT BATTALINO, world's feather champion, defeated the cagey veteran, Bushy Graham, at Hartford. This bout alone proves to the skeptics that Battalino will probably be the first to stop Kid Chocolate's winning streak.

Dick Gray and Bobby Mele are clearing the decks for some good interstate amateur boxing tourneys at New Haven during the summer.

Promoter Joe Chimbole of Stamford is putting on good shows.

One of the best equipped gumnasiums in the state is the Elm City Gym at New Haven. A cordial invitation is extended to all sportsmen to visit same while in New Haven. The master of ceremonies is Mickey "Babe" Gibbons.



Pete De Grasse, French-Indian bantam, now in New York

Al Gainor, New Haven's sensational light-heavy, knocked out Primo Ubaldo at Waterbury in the fourth round.

Johhny Pena, New York bantam, outpointed Frankie Traynor, champion of Ireland.

Joe Emmons, 147, whipped Tony Travers in eight. The decision was unpopular.

Humberto Curi, of the Argentine, picked Rudy Marshall up bodily and threw him on his head where he lay dazed. Yet the referee awarded the bout to Curi on a technical knockout.

Romeo DuBois, 127, won a six-rounder from Jackie Farrell, 127.

At Bridgeport, Georgie Paulin, state flyweight champion, trounced Frankie Baumann, lanky New York veteran, in eight rounds.

Irish Jimmy O'Brien, Bridgeport idol, took all the spice out of Angel Tejeiro, peppery Spanish boxer, and easily won.

Willie Lewis, Stamford, lost a close decision to Alex Touraine of New Haven in six heats.

Larry James, colored Ansonia heavyweight, knocked out James "Joy" Howard, Bridgeport heavy, in the fourth.

Charlie Geewertz stopped George Horton in four rounds.

Lou Bogash, one time leading middleweight contender, was the third man in the ring. Lou makes a good referee.

Tony Mack of Stamford, outpointed Tommy De Preta in a fast bout. "Swat" Milligan, Willie Conner's butcher boy, won a fast bout from Al Manley of the West Side.

Ace Petalas outpointed Jimmy Phelan and then lost by a technical knockout to Walter Daniels.

At Norwalk Armory, Stanley Lee won from Cookie Bowers.

Solly Angelo, Stamford's rising heavy, scored a technical K. O. over Sigmund Gross of Derby in the third.

Jimmy Street whipped Frankie LaFay. Phil Baker, Norwalk, knocked out Joey Bruch of Bridgeport.

Al Traymore whipped Young Griffo. Honey Bacole knocked out Bud Palmer in two rounds.

Willie Attell, Ed Sherman's sensational fly-weight, broke even with Al Taylor of Bristol.

Frankie Smith, state feather champion, knocked out Billie Clark of New York.

Harry Brown, Westport, knocked out Al Garbo of Bristol.

Commissioner Thomas E. Donahue, Connecticut's Grand Old Man of the prize ring, was tendered a testimonial dinner at the Hotel Bond in Hartford. Some of the prominent members of the cauliflower industry who were among those present included Jim Farley, chairman of the New York Boxing Commission, Joe Humphries, veteran announcer, and Benny Leonard, Jack "Kid" Berg, Kid Kaplan, Bat Battalino, Bert Stand, secretary of N. Y. commission; Tom McArdle of the Garden, Dick Howell, Deputy State Commissioner Lawlor, Joe Chimbole and Commissioner Jack Moore. Mr. Donahue felt like Earl Sande, winning his third Kentucky derby.

Stamford again to the fore with a bang-up thirty-four-round boxing show. Charley Van Reeden of New York, proved to be a fast, clever, two-fisted fighter, when he won the feature bout from Nisk Christy of Bristol.

Tommy Brown of Norwalk, punched his way to a victory over Lou Piquette of Bridgeport. Piquette was far from being in shape.

Billy Bridges, Norwalk Cyclone, knocked out the tough Steve Macko in the second round.

Bill Dube of Norwalk, who was a heavy favorite, was given a nice pasting by Joe K. O. D'Andrea, Stamford bantam.

George Kovacs, Stamford's light-heavyweight, is getting in shape for a number of bouts this summer. George is a crowd pleaser and a favorite around Bridgeport.

Willie Lewis, Stamford's sensational colored lightweight, is meeting with success throughout New England. His new manager, Al Jennings, has plenty of work lined up for Willie.

Georgie Paulin, state flyweight champion, was forced to cancel seven fights, due to an injured right hand received in a recent fight. Pretty tough on the fans as Georgie is a great favorite.

Mike Esposito lost a fast six-rounder to Johnny Pena, New York battler. Many think Mike is slipping, but Pena has been whipping good boys including Paris Apice and Sindulfo Diaz.

Dutch Moore of Stamford, outpunched, outfought and outsmarted Tommy Donahue, the East Side middleweight, who is rated one of the best amateur middleweights in Connecticut.

Jimmy Scott, Stamford colored middleweight, gave Phil Koda a neat pasting.

Ace Petalas won the duke over Tony Mack.

Al Manley turned the tables by whipping Swat Milligan in a return bout.

Long, Lonesome Lou Anger, popular Bridgeport sportsman and promoter, has opened Walnut Beach Arena for weekly open-air shows on Saturday nights. Al Caroly, who has been associated with boxing for over twenty years in New England, will act as matchmaker. With this capable team at the helm the new enterprise will thrive.

We hope that Promoters Dave Rose and Benny Hertz will continue to run open-air amateur boxing shows in Norwalk. They put on some great shows during the winter months.

Promoters, matchmakers and managers of fighters throughout Connecticut are urged to send in news to the writer before the 15th of each month so that he may prepare same for this publication. Address Stephen E. Kelly, 21 Ludlow Place, Stamford, Conn.

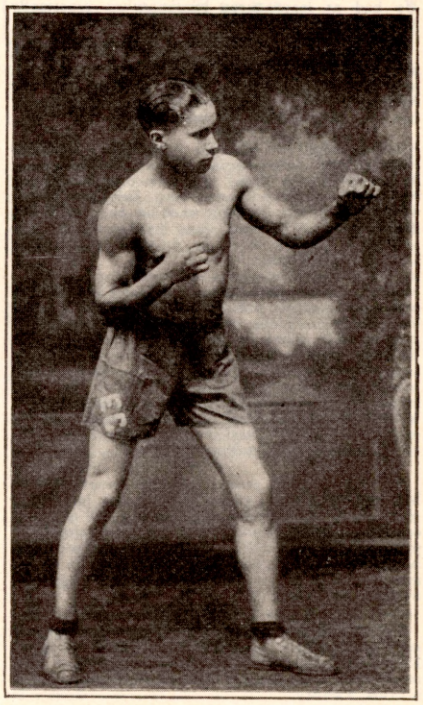
Anyone, anywhere, wishing to subscribe to THE RING, the world's foremost boxing magazine, may do so by mailing $2.50 for one year's subscription to the writer, or mail direct to THE RING, 11 West 42nd St., New York City.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND
By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

A DISAPPOINTING ending marred the Tommy Paul-Johnny Datto match at the Rhode Island Auditorium. Paul won on a foul in the second.

One of the main reasons the match did not draw was that local promoters again failed to ballyhoo a "natural" according to Hoyle. Paul, a ranking feather from Buffalo, has beaten many leaders in his class, but few fans hereabouts had heard of him. They did not bring out the fact that Paul drew with Al Brown and defeated Archie Bell, Frankie Genaro, and others.

Mickey Paul, Tommy's brother, gave a good display of gameness when he was stopped by Johnny Villa, Worcester feather, in the fourth round of the semi-final. Bobby Clary, also of Buffalo, stopped Mike Dundee, of New York, in the third round of a dismal bout, and Carlo Merola of Providence drew with Vin Trescott in a rip-snorting six-heat affair.



Eddie Conley, 140 pounder from Danbury, Conn., is looked after by Joe Gillotti

In the curtain-raiser, Tony Catalano, former amateur star from Providence, stopped Eddie Snydsman, of Taunton.

Billy Lynch, Providence lightweight, and Pancho Villa, New Bedford, had a third meeting and once more the Harp was the better man. The scraps were of the red-hot variety.

Bernie Monahan, 169, Providence, shaded Leo Gates, 163, Pittsfield, in a six-round bout. Johnny King, Fall River, was too smart for K. O. Roberts of the same city in the six-round opener. In the semi-windup, Buster Price, of Lynn, earned a close verdict over Artie Koski, Worcester. Tommy King, Fall River, won over Bristol Brown in the other bout.

Paris Apice, Providence 122-pounder, has been reinstated by the Rhode Island Commission. Apice had been set down for six months. Paris took on a tough customer, Johnny Pena, Spanish bantam from New York, at New Haven, and dropped a hair-line verdict.

Joe Philips, old-time Providence lightweight contender, is busy managing an up-to-date gymnasium in Providence. Joe has still the pep of yore and hustles around like a three-year-old. Frankie Curcio, local 136-pounder, is on the staff of workers at Philips' gym.

Emil Paluso, Salt Lake City bantam, lost on a foul to Johnny Vacca, Boston, in the ninth round of the ten-round headliner at the National A. C. The battle was even up to the time of the disqualification.

Local promoters are to run outdoor shows Matchmaker Jimmy Kiely, of Woonsocket, has announced his initial card.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

JACK DEMPSEY, who had planned outdoor fistic extravaganzas in the Cubs' ball park, has abandoned the scheme and will do nothing in the way of boxing promotion until the fall, in the Coliseum. Chicago is sorry to hear this as it had counted on the former champion to help jazz things up here this summer.

Dempsey, who had an operation performed at Mayo brothers' hospital at Rochester, has been advised by his doctors to live in the West for at least two months and Jack will retire to the mountains near Los Angeles.

Dempsey had many big matches scheduled to take place in one of the larger ball parks and his retirement from promoting here leaves the local fistic plums for those who can nab 'em. He had at least three big matches practically set.

They were to bring into action Tuffy Griffiths and Otto Von Porat in the heavyweight class, and Earl Mastro and Fidel La Barba in the featherweight division, the winner of the latter bout to meet Kid Chocolate, later.

Middleweight Champion Mickey Walker's heavyweight debut against Paul Swiderski at Louisville Derby Eve, was one of the reasons 10,000 Chicagoans made the Kentucky trip. Walker is a big drawing card in the Loop and Swiderski showed local fans he knew his way around in a ring when he defeated several big boys of this locality.

Dr. Rocco De Rosa, popular West Side surgeon and ringworm, is one of Earl Mastro's biggest boosters. He picks the Chicago featherweight star to whip Fidel La Barba, Kid Chocolate and Battling Battalino in that order before the fall season rolls this way. The latter is the 126-pound champion and the majority of the ring critics in this part of the country choose Earl to defeat Battalino and lift Bat's crown. However, that is a matter that only a meeting between Earl and Battalino will decide.

Bat has a good record and his defeat of Lew Massey, the Philly sensation, not so long ago, showed he is far from a set-up. Word also comes from Hartford, to the effect that the present world's featherweight king-pin won the National A. A. U. title in his class before turning professional and that's something few pro fighters can boast of.

Izzy Klein, local trainer of ringsters, is rapidly getting together a stable of his own boys. Klein, who gets into condition Eddie Sears' proteges is now managing several promising boxers in this locality.

Eddie Speaks, Louisville 128-pounder, handed Harry Forbes of Chicago a beating in the southland and then journeyed to this town and cashed in on the conquest. However, local promoters and matchmakers didn't think much of Speaks' feat and when last heard from was still looking for some ring work.

Harry Fierro, Chicago bantamweight, won a good victory when he technically stopped Izzy Schwartz of New York in round No. 9 at Cincinnati in his first bout en route to New York. Schwartz claimed a broken right hand acquired in the fourth frame of the tilt accounted for his defeat by the local Italian.

Danny Gasparo, local middleweight boxer, scored a sensational win when he knocked out Al Stillman at Peoria. The latter is well liked by middle-western critics of ringdom and the feat of chilling Stillman is highly regarded. The bout was scheduled to go along the ten-round trail, but Gasparo ended the fracas in frame No. 2. Previous to stopping Al, Gasparo defeated several lesser known ringsters here. Danny, a clean-living youngster who concentrates on the work at hand is well on his way to ring fame and glory after a hard struggle.

Hershie Wilson, Danville, Ill., junior welterweight, is being pointed for a shot at Jack ("Kid") Berg's, more or less, valuable 140-pound title by Manager Tom Ford. After Wilson defeated Jackie Purvis at Indianapolis Ford believes his protege is ready for the best of 'em in his division.

Lew Sangor bulletins from Milwaukee that he has a youngster who is the greatest little club fighter and puncher to come out of the Wisconsin city in years. His name is Freddy Tomkins and he'll fight anyone from 130 to 135 pounds, according to Lew. The latter is brother-manager of one of the greatest featherweights in some days, not so long ago, Joey Sangor.

Joe Anderson, Covington, Ky., middleweight, pulled the first runout since boxing became legal in this state when he arrived for his ten-round windup against Haakon Hansen at the Coliseum, north hall. He glanced at the slim attendance and about-faced out of the building.

Matchmaker Walter George, former secretary of the Illinois athletic commission, sought to substitute Billy Angelo, Cincinnati, 150-pounder, opposite Hansen after Anderson's runout but the Chicago middleweight declined the issue. Angelo, who was paired with Al Kline for the eight-round semi-windup, was then placed in the ten-round main event position against Kline.

The Illinois commission held a special meeting and Anderson was suspended for six months. The ban was to hold good in all states within the jurisdiction of the National Boxing association.

Nisse Ramm, Sweden's light-heavyweight champion, who recently arrived in this country

Jack Sharkey knocked out Bobby Juhrend (2), 128 pounds; Charlie Germinari defeated Smiling Springer (6), 122; Frankie Hughes defeated George Larson (6), 140; and Jimmy Chase knocked out Johnny Barnes (2), 116 pounds at a local club.

Duke Barry, the compiler of "The Blue Book of Boxing," has acquired the managerial rights of Hescedro Montello, Cuban flyweight, and Bert Viscioni, East Moline, Ill., featherweight. The pair are going good in their respective divisions, says Duke.

Billy Gladstone, ex-Central A. A. U. 126-pound champ, made his professional bow with a kayo over Adam Dugan in the main preliminary. Other results were: My Boy Kelly chilled George Wright (2), heavyweights, and Frankie Boyle defeated Andy Williams (4), 140 pounds.

Boyle, nephew of Jimmy Kelly, former bantamweight who met Williams some days ago in a grudge match in a private West Side room, probably didn't think he gave Andy enough and must have sent his heavier young nephew after the loquacious Williams.

Jackie Philips, Chicago junior welter, is going well again after a layoff because of illness. In two of his most recent performances he beat Roosevelt Haines and Tony Sanders.

A new arena will be opened for local boxing fans this month. It is the Chicago Blues baseball park and will use mostly local talent.

King Levinsky, local light-heavyweight, is going great guns in Milwaukee rings. King has dropped the Cream City's best in Dave Maier and Mitz Minikel. In his initial Minikel encounter King decked the former four times but lost the verdict.

Several West Side sportsmen ran a special train to Milwaukee, where Earl Mastro, Joey Medill and Solly Schuman, all West Siders, boxed. Mastro, in his first fracas since March, met Jackie Cohen, of New York; Medill boxed Mickey O'Neil, and Schuman toed the mark opposite Frankie Lamping.

Tommy Rios, the South Chicago Mexican who made good overnight by taking on Ted Goodrich on two days' notice and handing the Atlanta welter a ten-inning licking, caught a tartar in Jimmy Evans, of Seattle, Wash. Evans held Tommy to a draw. The battle was so close that there was a three-way split on the verdict among Referee Johnny Behr and Judges Joe Leimert and F. L. Jackson.

There is a host of talent for the smaller clubs in this vicinity. At the Garfield Park Eagles' Club, which stages productions weekly in its clubrooms on West Madison Street, the following were carded on a program: Rosy Baker and Billy Bevan, Jackie Moore and Tony Sanders, Rudy Peterson and Joe Brooks, Dick Sisk and Jack Denny, Jimmy Rockford and Nick Clementi, Henry Sax and Tommy Murphy, and Walter Gale and Fred Billington.

Edgar Norman, light-heavyweight stablemate of Von Porat, had to be satisfied with a draw after eight heats of hard battling with Tuffy O'Dowd, of Idaho, in a show here. Ed Stevenson, manager of Von Porat, brought Norman to this country to develop him in case Otto faltered.

Andy Shanks, Michigan heavyweight, made good in his bow on a program in this vicinity when he knocked out the local trial horse, Art Maley, in one round. George Kerwin won over Tommy Kluth and Paul Schiffler and Phil Ross boxed a draw.

Some of This and a Little of That.

Damon Runyon, eminent sports scribe, says Jack Sharkey is at his best when he assumes a ferocious posture and breathes fire and brimstone. . . . It is said Al Jolson already received $105,000 in royalties for singing "Sonny Boy" just once for the Brunswick record people. . . . Earl Mastro was one of the principals in the windup of the boxing show at Milwaukee, when the Wisconsin Athletic Commissioners inaugurated referee's decisions. And he also was a principal in a star bout at the Cream City the first time judges were used to help the referee decide the winners of future bouts at the Wisconsin city. . . . Gen. Supt. Charles Hart was ousted at the Stadium. . . . The word "racket" (as applied to the bootlegging and bombing occupations, and sundry businesses) was not born in this town or period. Arthur Sheekman of "Ahead of the Times" in the Chicago Daily Times, says it appeared as long ago as 1858. . . . Archie Ward, new sports editor of the Chicago Tribune, announces the suspension of Anderson by the Illinois Athletic Commission but states that nowhere has he read of a refund to the customers.

Young Jack Thompson's first combat since winning the welterweight crown was to be against Billy Angelo at Cincinnati, over the weight. It is said Thompson is going to be an active champion by meeting the good boys of his class. Thompson won the title by defeating Fields at Detroit.

Do you know that Pal Moore, the Memphis dancing master, is still fighting in the roped square here? After almost two decades of ring action, with at least nine world's champions' scalps hanging at his belt in overweight bouts, Moore beat Bobby Allen, of Chicago, at the Ashland Boulevard Auditorium in a feature ten-rounder.

Henry Lenard, South Chicago southpaw who holds a verdict over a former featherweight king-pin, Andre Routis, received the ten-round decision over Prince Saunders in the other tilt.

From European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

BOXING throughout Europe is at the highest pitch this year, due to the acquisition of new faces, plenty of good talent, the advent of several good heavyweights and splendid promotion. Europe owes much to Jefferson Davis Dickson, the young American who is ranked here as the Tex Rickard of the old continent, for it was Jeff, more than any other man, who has brought about a revival of the fistic sport in Europe. His acquisition of Albert Hall in London was responsible for the big boom which boxing took in England, and his shows in France throughout the indoor season were a credit to this man's showmanship and ability. Dickson has a most capable helper in England in Ted Broadribb, who in the old days fought many thrilling battles under the nom-de-guerre of Young Snowball.

Nick Bensa, the new French featherweight champion, is one splendid boxer. He also is clever and can punch.

Jeff Dickson will visit the states, and while there he hopes to sign several high class men in all divisions for the next fall and winter shows. Dickson's next big venture will be the Scott-Stribling battle in London, a contest that was postponed on account of Phil's illness.

France has a clever flyweight in Kid Oliva.

Yvon Trevidic, who was defeated by Frankie Genaro, has outgrown the flyweight limit. Trevidic is just about twenty years of age and has a good future before him.

Jeff Dickson is one man who believes that Primo Carnera is far better than the scribes of the States credit him. Jeff gave Primo his start here and still has part of him in the managerial field. Dickson believes that Carnera, with proper support and proper teaching, will be the next world's heavyweight champion. Many writers here feel likewise, for Primo is a mighty clever fellow and fast as a streak despite his height and weight. He should not be blamed for managerial errors. Were it up to him, he would be fighting the most capable fellows just to prove his ability. Carnera is there—make no mistake about him. He'll yet prove it.

Pierre Charles, the Belgian, who is the European champion, is the best heavyweight in Europe.

Boxing is going very well throughout Belgium.

Italy, Spain, France, Belgium and England, are in the throes of a boxing revival. Strange as it might seem, despite Max Schmeling's rise to fistic fame and his bout with Jack Sharkey, Germany is far behind the other nations here in the development of the sport. Lack of money seems to be the chief reason. The purses in Germany are exceptionally low and the fighters get so little they do not care to devote their time to fisticuffs as a livelihood. Berlin is the only big boxing center in Germany, but the bouts staged are mediocre.

Maurice Griselle, of France, is a likely prospect but he needs much schooling.

France's new heavyweight champion, Gardebois, does not rate high. He is far below the average of the boys in the states who rank among the second or third raters.

Although a European was fighting Jack Sharkey for the world's heavyweight championship, the interest in this contest was not nearly so keen as was that when Scott fought Sharkey.

Boxing is going big in Madrid and in Italy. In Holland things are dull.

Spider Pladner, former flyweight champion of Europe, is making a comeback.

Marcel Thil, the French middleweight champion, improves with every start. Although he did not do much in America he seems to have found his "second wind" since returning to his native heath.

The French Federation, acting with the International Federation of Boxing, recognizes only four world champions. Frankie Genaro, is recognized as the flyweight king; Bat Battalino, the featherweight title holder; Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion and Jack Thompson, welterweight king.

In a recent edict, the Federation announced that since Mickey Walker is suspended by the National Boxing Association, he is ousted as title holder. Neither the light heavyweight nor heavyweight division has a champion, according to the organization.

An effort is being made through THE RING, World's foremost boxing magazine, to have the Federation recognize the Sharkey-Schmeling winner as the world champion, and according to my latest information, this plan will succeed. The Federation recognizes THE RING as an international authority and if the N. B. A., which is being urged by THE RING to sanction the championship claim does so, the Federation will do like wise. According to a report received here, THE RING has received the assurance of Tom Donohue, chairman of the N. B. A. Championship committee that he and Mr. Foster, a colleague of Rhode Island, will get Stanley Isaacs, president of the N. B. A., to award the world championship to the Sharkey-Schmeling victor.

Kid Perez is a very promising youngster. Huat is another good boy in France. He has shown remarkable progress since his return from the U. S.

The best boy in the flyweight class in Europe, I think, is Yvon Trevidic, of Brittany, who met defeat from Frankie Genaro last January. All that boy lacks is a little more experience. He is as game as they come. He will probably fight during this year for the French and European titles which are now vacant.

In all of the principal towns of France boxing is attracting big crowds. Such cities as Lyons, Tourcoing, Amiens, Asnieres, Rouen, Havre, Cherbourg, play weekly to big houses.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By PAUL A. SEEGER

"POP" TAYLOR, who put on the best shows ever seen in the Coliseum, has dropped the reins for the summer at least. The best dope I can get is that the Coral Gables club will be dark for the summer, which is tough on quite a few of the boys. Harry Graham now can take his vacation in Chicago.

Lake Worth club is going along fairly good. West Palm Beach not so good. Jacksonville putting on regular shows, Melbourne, Daytona Beach, Orlando, St. Pete and other of the smaller towns, a show occasionally. Things not so hot in Tampa.

Earl Hudson seems to have struck his stride. Earl is knocking 'em all loose. Six kayos out of his last eight starts. And against some pretty good boys. Now if Earl can win over Bob Godwin and Jimmie Sullivan he will be on his way.

Jimmy Sullivan, by the way, has been laid up by illness. He is recuperating at his farm in Eau Gallie, Fla. A nice lad, a good battler and popular.

Bob Godwin's pa promised to have me some dope on the boy's recent bouts for this issue, but to date have not heard from him.

When he started fighting as a 130-pound, 15-year-old schoolboy two years ago, Earl Johnson told the writer that he would be heavyweight champion of the world one of these days. He is on his way. Earl has been putting up good bouts of late and is crowding the 170-pound mark now.

Joe, Kid Peck threw enough heavy artillery in his bout with Jimmie Spivey to win Burke's "lightweight" tournament. Previous to that Peck slapped down Jackie Mason in the Coliseum and sent Jackie to the hospital with a broken jaw, the second in two years. That about washes up Mason. On the same card Bob Calloway, a willing youngster, busted his right arm on Pee Wee Harris.

At the next show they took up nearly $200 for Mason and sent him back to Staten Island. Calloway got a lot of sympathy.

Young Rubin still is threatening to come back to the game, but a regular job makes him quite independent and, also, a new wife may have something to do with his not waiting on the matchmakers' doorsteps.

A well known manager, with connections all over the south, asks me to try and find him a couple of good boys who are not under contract to any manager. He wants a welter and a middleweight and might use a lighter boy if he is fairly good. Boys who want work this summer and next fall can address him, F. H. H. in care of this writer. No has-beens wanted, only comers will be considered.

Jimmy Powell and Johnny "Ginger" Jernigan have gone back to Georgia to spend the summer. Powell won his last 10 straight fights and Jernigan always puts up a pleasing exhibition. Each has many friends in Miami.

Good old Bogie Saab, the "Paul Berlenbach of the south," the "Assassin," the "Fighting Fool," the "Terrible Turk," just to use a few names by which Bogie was known here three years ago, returned to Miami. At one time Bogie was the biggest drawing card ever seen in Miami. He still falls over his own feet in the old, graceful style, but that old right has lost much of its steam.

Miami fans are following the bouts of Babe Hunt, the big boy from Ponca City, Okla., who made many friends here. Plenty of us feel Babe is one of the best of the younger heavyweights with a real future.

Old Pat Maguire is still with us. Pat has a good job and looks right prosperous. Imagine that big slug leading around a little Pom. Fact. I caught him at it.

Willie Norwood took a neat pasting at the hands of Tod Smith of Canton, Ohio. Tod took the nod over Click Conners twice and beat up poor old Benny Spivey. Tod is the best welter in the south today and could prove it if only he would train.

Don't blame me if news is scarce. I can't make it and the usual summer slump is on. For news of the west coast address John "Tiny" Gasthoff, Tampa, Fla. My address is 107 S. Miami Avenue, Miami, Fla. More and better next month, I hope.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By BOB RILEY

THE open air season is on and eighteen shows have booked for the summer months in St. Louis and nearby cities. This forecasts plenty of work for the leatherpushers.

During the summer of 1929, six boxing shows were staged in St. Louis proper. They grossed $22,000 or an average of $3,500 per show. With eighteen shows already booked the gross gates should total at least $60,000 and probably will go more as the boxing game has found itself in the Mound City.

Missouri's boxing commissioner, Judge Seneca Taylor, has frowned on guarantee purses and the fights here this summer will be on a percentage basis. The nut of the show will be deducted as well as the official tax after which the fighters and promoters will share the net. It is an ideal arrangement for all parties concerned.

Paul Steadman, popular featherweight puncher, whipped Kid Adams, of Little Rock, Ark., in ten heats at Blytheville, Ark. Johnny Tomazzi, local 118-pounder, won from Kid Pritchard in six on the same bill.

Eddie Goldberg, Mound City welterweight, got a tough break when he sprained an ankle in a gym workout. He was to meet Mickey Cummings, Scott Field puncher, in their rubber fight. They have tangled twice with each boy copping a decision.

Al Stillman, local knockout king, had an operation on his nose after his match with Dan Gasparro, of Chicago, at Peoria, Ill. Stillman's nose was broken and bled inwardly, causing partial suffocation. Stillman has kayoed 27 opponents in 32 fights.

Jack Horner, leading local welterweight, is training at his club on the Merrimee River. Jack's coat of tan is wonderful to behold.

Judge Seneca Taylor, Czar of the Missouri Athletic Commission, will attend the world's championship wrestling match between Jimmy Londos and Dick Shikat, at Phillie. Tom Packs, premier wrestling promoter, also plans to be present to see Londos capture the crown.

Jack Tippett, blind promoter, has leased the Battery Arena for the Summer season and will rent it to both wrestling and boxing promoters for their shows. Tippett is having the Arena painted and decorated, putting it in first class condition and will realize a nice profit from his venture. The Battery Arena is centrally located and seats 12,000.

Both Jack Tippett and Eddie Barth have opened private offices for the treatment of their patients. They are accomplished masseurs and are famous for the remarkable cures they have effected.

Warren Garlichs, who makes the matches for the Armour Men's Social Club at St. Joseph, Mo., writes that he will hold no summer boxing shows but will start indoors about September 25th. Garlichs has an enviable reputation in this locality for the remarkable fights he has put in at St. Joe. He is a hustler and his word is his bond.

I notice where a national weekly has rated referees according to their status, but they pulled a boner when they omitted the names of Harry Cook, Walter Heisner, Harry Sharpe, Harry Kessler, Bob Parkingson, and Al Neist. St. Louis has as fine a staff of boxing and wrestling referees as there is in the country.

Boxers looking for work in this section get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium at St. Louis.

Chatter from Great Britain

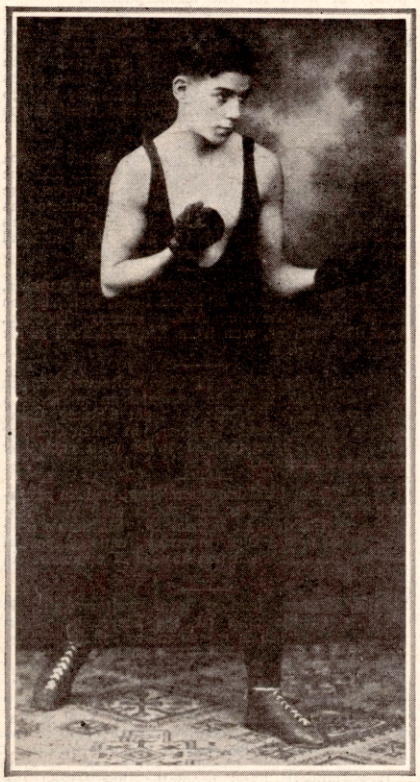
By TED BROADRIBB

MY advice to patrons of the gloving game is to keep alive to the doings of Frank Markey, a real live and promising Scottish bantamweight. George Dingley, Jr., one of the soundest judges North of the Tweed, has great confidence in the boy. Harry Lauder's country has had a lean time of recent years in fisticuffs, but with the advent of McColl and Markey, the good old game should take on a new lease of life.

Harry Corbett, European lightweight champion, is eating the bread of idleness owing to the difficulty of obtaining opponents. He therefore will leave with brother Dick for New York, soon to be consigned to Sol Goldie, manager of Kid Berg.

Johnny Peters, ex-schoolboy champion, fought a terrific draw with Billy McAllister, bantam champion of Australia, before an assembly of 18,000 at Sydney.

W. L. (Young) Stribling, during the four or five minutes he spent in the ring at the Albert Hall with Schonrath, convinced me that he is a corking good heavyweight.



Jack Negal, 17 year old English boxer, has recorded seventy straight triumphs

Eugene Huat, French bantam, has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that an American trip will improve the education of a boxer. Since he returned to his native France, he K. O'ed Petit Biquet and scored over Spider Pladner.

Donald Shortland, 20-year-old Sheffielder, promises to be our next heavyweight champion. He is a good fighter.

Len Harvey and Steve McColl boxed for the middleweight championship and Lonsdale belt at Olympia on May 22nd.

Al Foreman is cutting much ice since he returned to this country. He has registered K. O. victories in every engagement. A duel between Harry Corbett and Foreman would be a "hummer". His best feat was the knockout of Fred Webster on May 21st, the victory bringing to Al the British lightweight championship. Al scored in one round.

Jeff Dickson was unfortunate in not being able to stage the Phil Scott and Young Stribling contest on June 2. The date this year happens to be the eve of the Epsom Race Meeting at which the famous derby is run, and this particular night has for many years been the biggest night for boxing in London. Billy Plimmer and Pedlar Palmer waged battle upon one of these nights in the days gone by, as also did Dick Burge and Kid Lavigne and Peter Jackson and Paddy Slavin.

Scott and Stribling have both agreed to a date in July. Philip has been in indifferent health of late and this has necessitated the alteration of the date and it is to be hoped that he will "toe the mark" in the pink of condition upon the new date.

Bob Carvill won Jeff Dickson's £500 heavyweight competition at the Royal Albert Hall, but the general form witnessed was little above the novice class.

Reggie Meen fought a draw with Gardebois, although it appeared Meen had won.

At Premierland—Jimmy Rowbotham, one of the finalists in the recent featherweight competition at the Stadium Club, was disqualified in his contest with Con Lewis. Tosh Humphreys got a points decision over Bill Loftley, and Al Foreman registered another lightning win when he K. O'ed Harry Brooks in 80 seconds. George Rose outpointed Harry Fenn.

Young Siki won a good bout over 15 rounds against Moe Mizler. Evan Lane, a coming youngster from Welsh Wales, was awarded a points decision over Willie Woods of Scotland. Charlie Macdonald gained a popular decision over Billy Adair. Boy Edge, the very able Birmingham flyweight, who improves rapidly, scored over Harry Jacob (Belgium). Harry Jennings scored over Sonny Doke and then beat Alf Simmons. Harry Lane hammered his way to a clear points victory over Bert Cannons, and Billy Mack K. O'ed Billy Birch.

At Holborn Stadium—Boy Edge won over George Aziz in a 15-round bout. Lauri Raiteri scored over Leo Wax (Australia). Billy James beat Young Siki. Lew Pinkus received the referee's decision over Charlie Rowbotham. Young Stribling boxed a three-round exhibition with Bob Carvill and this pair was greatly applauded. A crowded house witnessed the above entertainment which was held in aid of the Hospital for Jewish Incurables, and in addition to the gate-money, a very handsome amount was raised by an auction sale from the ring.

At The Ring—Jim Briley gained a close decision over Mick Hill. Billy Boulger won from Johnny Croxon. Young Siki and George Aziz boxed a hectic 15-round draw. Jim Pearson beat Billy Adair.

At Kilburn—Josh Laxton got a draw with Johnny Summers. Jimmy Baker beat Kid Farlo. The popular Alf Mancini returned to the ring against a hefty oponent in Alec Thake. The contest ran the full 15 rounds and Mancini won.

At Edmonton—Harry Jennings K. O'ed Billy Edmunds. Jimmy Thornton stopped Billy Rewston in round 10. Haydn Williams beat Ernie Mason. George Greaves outpointed Jim Haddon.

At Hammersmith—Dick Stubbings and Donald Jones boxed a 12-round draw.

At Stepney—Harry Burnstone K. O'ed George Wicks in the first round.

At Leicester—Tommy Kirk received a popular verdict over Billy Carter. George Gallagher outpointed Reg Travell. Tiger Ison and Teddy Johnson boxed a draw. Charlie Keeling K. O'ed Eddie Stevens.

At Plymouth—Billy Barnham got a points decision over Harry Reynolds. Tom Lee outpointed Seaman Clayton, and Harry Roberts stopped Bill James.

At West Hartlepool—Billy Farrell K. O'ed Wilf Buckett. Gunner Ainsley K. O'ed Battling Rogers. George Hall K. O'ed Steve Slattery. Phil Scott boxed three exhibition rounds with Eddie Steele. Sandy McKenzie outpointed Jack Casey. One of the best fights seen here for a long time was that between Teddy Welsh and Ted Abbott who boxed a draw.

At Stockton-on-Tees—Spike Bradley outpointed Little Minor. These boys had previously fought two drawn bouts. Kid Socks boxed a 15-round draw with Freddie Collins.

At Bournemouth—Stoker Reynolds stopped Mike South. Kid Connor beat Fred Green (Hounslow).

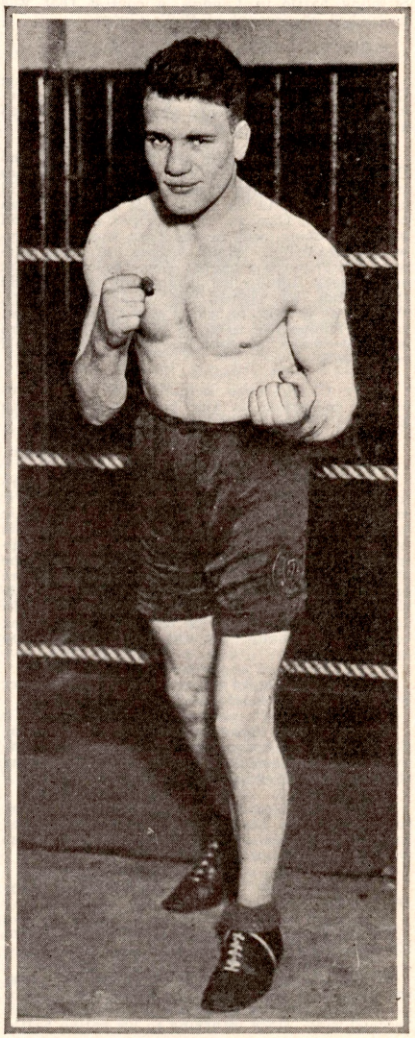
At West Bromwich—George Wallins stopped Tommy O'Neil. Benny Evans stopped Jack Turner. Siki Coulton outpointed Tony Farren. Jack Kirby and George Wallins boxed a draw. Albert Dando received the verdict over Alf Cotterill.

At Cambridge—A fight for the middleweight championship of the eastern counties ended in a draw between Stan Waller (Cambridge) and Wally Dakin (Ipswich).

At West Bromwich—Billy Benson beat Kid Sheppard. Benny Summerin K. O'ed Len Wickwar. Clarence Barton won from Tom Cartwright.

At Hanley—Harry Fenn easily outpointed Fred Dyer. George Rose stopped Hubert Jacques.

At Southampton—A clever flyweight contest was staged here at The Coliseum between Tommy Brown and Sandy McEwan, with Brown just winning.



Jim Ashley, strong contender for British 126 pound championship

At The Royal Albert Hall—Promoter Jeff Dickson—W. L. (Young) Stribling (America) stopped Hans Schonrath (Germany) in round two. Reggie Meen drew with Gardebois (France).

An international £500 heavyweight competition completed the program. There were eight entrants, as follow: Bob Carvill (England), De Stabili (Italy), Van Haecke (Belgium), Sitnichenko (Persia), Bobby Shields (Scotland), Carl Benck (Germany), Jean Tonech (France), Voulgaropoulos (Greece). The finalists proved to be Carvill and Shields and resulted in a win for Carvill in the fifth round.

At Premierland—Billy James defeated Andrew Divine on points. Jimmy Thornton beat Wally Rice and Fred Green beat Bert Cannons.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

JACK DEMPSEY, third man in the ring at the Public Auditorium show between Billy Wallace and Joey Goodman, called it a draw. The decision was well received by the crowd, a capacity one. Once again Dempsey proved that he is a real champ when it comes to drawing the people out.

There wasn't much to the Wallace-Goodman affair and it was rumored that Wallace entered the ring with a bad hand. Goodman fought carefully and Billy did his damage at close quarters.

The real thrill came in the semi-final when Paul Pirrone, Cleveland's hard-socking youngster put Freddy Fitzgerald away in the fourth round. It was one thrill after another. Fitz had Pirrone badly hurt before Pirrone cut loose with his devastating right and ended the fight.

Joe Schlund and Johnny Rich staged a great six round battle in which both boys hit the canvas but Schlund came on to win the decision.

Johnny Risko faced the firing squad bravely and became wedded to Miss Martha Yoder, a 20 year old Cleveland miss. Mr. and Mrs. Risko intend to be present at the Sharkey-Schmeling fuss on their honeymoon.

Roy Tiger Williams won the newspaper decision over Gorilla Jones at Dayton. Jones injured one of his hands and had to cancel two bouts. Williams and Rosy Rosales had boxed a twelve round draw the week previous.

In the return match between Williams and Rosales the referee disqualified Rosales for what he termed was a foul blow.

Many Clevelanders went to Detroit and came back broke as they all selected Fields to whip Thompson. The single exception was Jimmy Thompson who backed his namesake.

Jack Dempsey tried to buy Paul Pirrone's contract after he had seen him in action.

Suey Welsh has taken over Eddie Kid Wolfe of New Orleans and Sam Bruce formerly of Buffalo. Bruce gave Thompson a whale of a scrap last year.

Tiny De Bolt scored an unexpected victory over Frankie Simms. De Bolt's fast left hand won five of the eight rounds. Tiny is from Uncle Sam's Navy. Another upset was scored when Gene Stanton outboxed Emmett Rocco in Akron.

Suey purchased K. O. Christner's contract from Tom Lennon and has him busy in various sections of the country. K. O. whipped Pat McCarthy in Boston recently.

Tommy Freeman is going to the Pacific Coast unless he gets another return match with Jackie Fields or the new champion, Thompson. Freeman whipped Thompson in Detroit just before Thompson won the title.

Frank Florian has left Jimmy Avon and returned to his old manager, Mike Getz.

Benny Gershe kayoed Al Taylor in Lorain in the second round.

Joe Boychan was beaten by Jimmy Reed at Dayton.

The Cleveland Boxing Commission have approved Colonel Twelvetrees' plan to run summer shows at the Auditorium when they install the new cooling system.

Eddie Mead will run the Taylor Bowl and should make it pay if he runs every week. The fans would turn out to see popular priced attractions and Eddie knows enough about boxing to give them what they want.

Farmer Joe Cooper, Broadway Johnny Cox's welterweight, whipped Harry Wallace at Pittsburgh. Cooper is fighting in good form.

Two Cleveland boys furnished unexpected upsets in the last show at the Public Auditorium. Paul Pirrone met his match when he was decisively beaten by the more experienced Sammy Baker and Frankie Simms after being on the short end all the way with Ted Sandwina knocked him out in the eighth round. Sandwina was way out in front but forgot to duck his chin against those crashing right handers that came in the eighth and the bout was stopped after he had been floored once.

Johnny Farr, Cleveland's iron man, again gave ample proof that he is one tough baby, when he gave Tony Canzoneri a stubborn ten-round argument in New Haven. Farr is fighting in the best form of his career and only a good first-class fighter like Canzoneri woud have beaten him that night. At that, the referee, Charley Pilkington, scored 47 points for Tony and 46 for Johnny which is mighty close.

KNOCKOUT---KNOCKOUT---KNOCKOUT

Gus Martel's K. O. Record Has Never Been Equalled

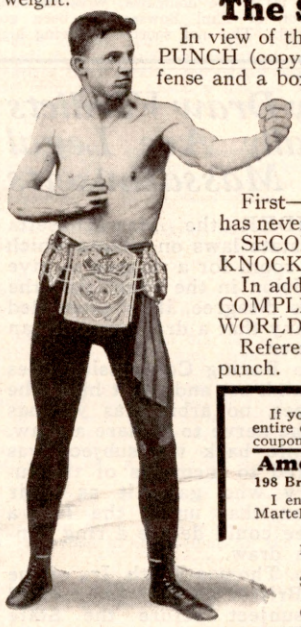
He retired the **undefeated** amateur **lightweight champion of the world** while attached to the Morgan A. C. and the Ragen A. C. of Chicago, Ill.

He attributes his success in the ring to a

Secret Punch That Is a Sure Knockout

He scored victories over men in all divisions from lightweights to heavyweights. He defeated Jack Dempsey, "the Nonpareil," in two and a half rounds. At Wateida Hall, Chicago, he knocked out four men, in one night, one after the other, without getting out of the ring—a lightweight, welterweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight.

The Secret Punch Did the Trick



In view of the fact that this, the MARTEL SECRET SURE K. O. PUNCH (copyright applied for) is a new factor in the art of self defense and a boxing course by itself, the American Security Company of New York, vouches for the accuracy of the statements made in this advertisement, and will hold YOUR MONEY ON DEPOSIT FOR THIRTY DAYS, subject to return, plus postage, if any of the following guarantees can be proven UNTRUE:

First—that the Martel secret, SURE KNOCKOUT PUNCH has never been used in the ring before except by Gus Martel.

SECOND—EASILY DELIVERED. THIRD—A SURE KNOCKOUT.

In addition, you are to get, FREE OF CHARGE, the MOST COMPLETE BOXING AND TRAINING COURSE IN THE WORLD, and FREE ADVICE on fighting for ONE YEAR.

Reference—Police Gazette, to whom Martel demonstrated his punch.

If you want to become a fighter within 5 or 10 days, instead of taking the entire course of boxing that requires years to master, tear off and mail this coupon today.

American Security Company of New York
198 Broadway, New York City. Dept. A.

I enclose $5.00 to be held on deposit by you for thirty days, for Gus Martel, subject to return, plus postage, as above guaranteed.

Name..... Age.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

VICTORY!

. . . in all Boxing Contests depends not only on your skill as a boxer but largely to harmony of footwork with your tactics. Don't jam your feet into ill fitting shoes . . . don't wear shoes that have to be broken in. Buy Spalding Boxing Shoes. They are made on the Spalding Athletic Last that insures perfect fitting and needs no breaking in.

From $6 up

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

105 Nassau Street New York 518 Fifth Avenue

589 Broad Street, Newark

News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

AM LANGFORD is a keen supporter of Jack Sharkey. Sam is a popular fellow hereabouts. He was a guest at the testimonial dinner given to Jack Sharkey at which Charles Innes, one of the best known legal lights of the city, was the toast-master. Sharkey got a diamond ring, a fine golf bag and set of clubs.

Harry Allen, of Brockton, the former 175-pound New England amateur champion, defeated Arthur Flynn, of Lawrence, a claimant of the New England light heavy title, at the Boston Arena. In the eighth round they bumped heads and a bad gash was opened over the Lawrence man's right eye. The wound was examined by a Boxing Commission doctor who ordered the bout stopped. This was done and the award went to Allen all despite the protests of Flynn. It is likely that they will clash again.

On the same card Tommy Rawson, Jr., of East Boston, son of the former battler of that name, defeated Joe Conley of Roxbury in a busy eight rounder. Rawson, a chip of the old block, now is enrolled in Dan Carroll's big stable. Leslie Baker of Watertown, former 147-pound amateur champion, forced Joe Garvey of Worcester to resign in two rounds.

Two of the three clubs here are engaged in a muss with each other. These are the Boston Garden, the Hub adjunct of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, and the Argonne A. A., the latter controlled by Eddie Mack, former matchmaker at the Boston Garden. Mack recently attempted to stage Johnny Farr of Cleveland and Andy Callahan of Lawrence at the Boston Arena, but an injunction secured by the Garden stopped him.

It seems that Mack, when he left his position as matchmaker at the Garden, signed a paper agreeing not to stage any fights in the Boston Arena until after August 31. When Mack went ahead with the Callahan-Farr affair for the Arena, the Garden management jumped on him. He was forced to call the show off.

"Col." Bob McKirdy of the Arena A. C., having been left in a ditch through the run-out of "Tiger" Jack Payne, who had been matched to meet Harry Allen of Brockton, took over the Callahan-Farr contest and set a date for the fight. When, however, notified that he might find himself in contempt of court, he promptly concelled the contest.

Next a Lawrence, Mass., promoter decided to stage Callahan and Farr and offered the latter a big guarantee for that city. Farr, however, having loafed around long enough and getting nowhere, decided that Cleveland looked good to him and returned home.

It didn't end the club war, not by a long shot. Mack whipped together another show with Joe Monte of Brockton, now one of the big fistic guns in this section, and Al Friedman of Roslindale, Mass., at the top of the card. He secured Mechanics Building for the tourney that he might not conflict with the Garden. May 12 was set as the date.

Meanwhile the Garden matched Pat McCarthy of Roxbury and K. O. Christner of Akron, O., for the main bout of a show—the date for which was set for May 12. Mack appealed to the Boxing Commission but that did him no good. Though in many of the states the commissions have a rule preventing rival clubs staging their tourneys on the same night, in Massachusetts no such rule or regulation exists. In the 10 years that boxing has been under commission rule the official regulators of the sport have sat tight and let the clubs fight each other if they desired.

As the Boxing Commission failed to interfere, the Garden and the Argonne staged their rival shows on the night of May 12, both clubs losing money. The Monte-Friedman fight at the Argonne, a return melee, resulted in a win for the Brockton man, the contest going the full route. Like their previous engagement, when Friedman was returned the victor, it was a great fight—one of the best between big men seen here in many years. They battled the entire distance at top speed, both giving and taking terrific punishment. It was so close that many thought a draw should be declared, but such are not allowed in the Bay State.

The clash between McCarthy and Christner, though the winner was offered the chance to meet Vittorio Campolo at an early date, was not so good. It went 10 rounds with Christner doing the bulk of the fighting. He received the award.

Mack now has a contest on his books between Callahan and Sammy Fuller, the Boston Italian, at 135 pounds, which is being advertised as for the New England lightweight title. This is claimed by Callahan though there is considerable doubt as to just who are the various champions in this section.

The Garden has carded Jimmy Slattery vs. Pete Latzo, and Paul Pantaleo of Chicago vs. Chuck Burns of San Antonio, Tex.

While the clubs are fighting and the boxing game here is in the doldrums, wrestling under the direction of Paul Bowser has been going along in high. The mat sport is drawing bigger gates all over the state than any of the boxing events. The last big muss here brought together Henry Diglane, the French champion, and Marin Plestina, once known as the "Trust Buster," and resulted in a win for the former, two falls out of three. Diglane used the Sonnenberg flying tackle and it worked O. K. The show was staged at the Boston Arena the night of May 8, and drew the usual big crowd.

Say Draw Verdicts Really Are Legal In Massachusetts

UNDER the Massachusetts state laws on boxing which leave room for a referee to give a decision in the event that the judges disagree, it is contended by many that a draw verdict can be given.

The Boxing Commission does not think so, and, as it hires the referees, no arbiter as yet has had the nerve to declare a draw. A while back the subject was referred to members of the judiciary who gave it as their opinion that under the law a referee could decide a ring contest a draw.

Rep. Thomas Smith, Jr., of the 11th Bristol District has carried the subject before the State Legislature in the form of a bill authorizing Bay State referees to give a draw decision in such cases as were so warranted. The bill was referred by the Legislature to a special investigation committee, now going over the boxing and wrestling situation in this state, which body will report back to the Legislature on or before Dec. 1. Its report may boost or kill both sports in Massachusetts.

In the meanwhile Representative Smith also has appealed to Attorney General Warner for an official ruling on the present boxing law relating to a decision by a referee. An opinion from the Attorney General is expected at any time. Presumably his ruling will definitely set the matter at rest one way or the other.

The defeat of Al Friedman by Joe Monte proved a costly one for the former. He injured his left hand and was unable to go through with his bout at Louisville, Ky., with Mickey Walker, scheduled to take place four days later. The Louisville promoters offered Monte a $5000 guarantee to take Friedman's place, but the offer was refused by "Admiral" Cass, now mentor for Monte. He is seeking a bout for Monte with Braddock, Schaaf or Jim Maloney at one of the Boston ball parks.

George Ostrow of Revere, winner of the National 112 pounds amateur title, on joining the "pros" won his first contest. The fact coupled with the publicity he received, also an attempt to sign him to a definite contract, result in a break between him and Nate Seigel and George Carter, who for more than a year had nursed him along. Ostrow besought Johnny Buckley, manager of Sharkey and others, to take over his affairs, but, according to Buckley, he refused to do so.

In the same general connection Buckley has run afoul Al Delmont, the latter the onetime New England bantam and feather champion, who manages a string of boxers. About a year ago Delmont became the recognized manager of one Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, a promising light heavy then in the amateurs. He looked a find and Delmont showed him his stuff, finally landing him in the "pros" and several winning bouts at the Boston Garden. As McCarthy was a minor, Delmont had no contract with him.

A short time ago McCarthy decided to quit Delmont and enlist under the banner of Johnny Buckley—something he had a legal right to do. Buckley, to protect himself, insisted on a contract. He paid, according to his own statement, $1000 to the boy's mother and she signed the necessary papers. As all concerned have had their say in the newspapers, all New England has all of the various angles concerning the affair.

Jack McCarthy has considerable cleverness and is a hard hitter with either hand. He is weak at the midriff and will have to be built up in that region to stand punishment. Here in Boston he is regarded as a promising youngster who may yet break into the big league.

Phil Buccola has acquired the services of Jimmy Mendez, the New Bedford southpaw, a likely looking light heavy. In his last appearance in Boston, Mendez put it all over Neil Clisby of the Pacific Coast.

In addition to Mendez, Buccola now has the reins over Jack Gagnon, Riccardo Bertazzolo, who has but recently returned from Italy, Werther Arcelli and Oddone Piazza, the two stars of the Italian amateur team which competed in the States last winter, Vittorio Livan, the Italian middleweight champion, Joe Acetta, claimant of the Rhode Island lightweight title, Sammy Fuller of Boston, a claimant of the N. E. lightweight title, and several other performers. His fighting outfit is regarded as one of the best in this section.

The New England "pro" championship tourney, inaugurated by the Boston Garden management for the purpose of uncovering the respective title-holders in the various classes, also bringing new talent to the front, is coming along slowly but surely. The entry list in every division has been so large that it has been found impossible to stage more than a portion of any one class on any one show night. The flyweights have advanced to the semi-final stage, while the bantams, feathers and lightweights have yet to box their second leg.

"The tournament is likely to last through into next winter," declared Alex MacLean, the Garden matchmaker, the other day. "We are going to stay right with it and when it is over, more than one good fighter will have been brought to the front. I will confess I never before realized how many ringsters we had in New England." The eight diamond belts, vauled at $500 each, to be awarded to the winner in each division, now are on exhibition at the Garden.

William F. Carey and Frank Breun of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, recently in conference with the directors of the Boston Garden, expressed themselves as well satisfied with the way affairs are being conducted at this end of the line. At this session the resignation of Al Weill of New York, who was assisting in arranging matches for the Boston Garden, was officially received. It was rumored that Eddie Mead was to hitch up with the Boston Garden, but nothing of the sort transpired.

Out of the session of executives, however, came the report that sooner or later—perhaps sooner—there will be a general working agreement between the New York and Boston Gardens, also similar enterprises in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and St. Louis whereby the present big guarantee system will be done away with. Small guarantees, enough to cover expenses, will continue to be given but the boxing as a whole will either be on a percentage basis or for a definite purse, winner-loser. It is figured that if the big clubs adopt such a plan, the smaller clubs of the country will fall in.

According to Paul Bowser, the mat promoter who makes his headquarters here in Boston, during the month Sonnenberg has played to $150,000 in gates and in a year's time his personal returns have exceeded those of Jack Sharkey, or Babe Ruth.

ALABAMA NOTES
By SAM CARPRI

BOGIE SAAB, the veteran Birmingham welterweight, made a comeback in Miami, Fla., recently. He knocked out Spike Webb.

Fighting for Post No. 1, and Andy Jaffe championship belt of the junior lightweights of the South, Tony Leto, of Tampa, a heavy favorite to cop the belt, lost a hard-fought battle to Chico Cisneros, of Mexico. A return match is in the making.

Post No. 1 in Birmingham has been running off some mighty good shows in a junior lightweight series to decide the best at this weight in the South.

Carl Knowles, of Rome, stopped Carl Dowdy in the second of a semi-final fight.

For Post No. 115 in Birmingham, Pietro Corri, of New York, won from Big Boy Peterson in a rough ten-rounder.

Carl Knowles kayoed Bill Cather in the third round.

Joe Lucas, of Detroit, beat Eben Lee in six.

Pete Sarron, Birmingham's pride and joy, regained the featherweight championship of New Zealand from Tommy Donovan in a 15-round battle.

At Huntsville, Ala.—Jack Taylor, of Birmingham, met Johnny Flynn, of Chattanooga. They are middleweights.

At Tarrant City—Horace Hooper and Jack Sullivan fought ten rounds to a draw. Jack Ausborne stopped Kid Moore in the second. In another six-rounder Dewey Tyson beat Ellis Combs.

Your scribe has received letters and clippings from two topnotch flyweights, Al Robinson, the "Frisco Flash," 108-pounder, and Georgie Paulin, flyweight champion of Connecticut. Each is anxious to show in the South.

D. Bonds, promoter for the Whitehead American Legion Post, No. 33, at Haleyville, Ala., will put on some good fight attractions this summer.

The writer will gladly accept boxing notes for this column. Address 506 15th Street, Ensley, Ala.

Sam Nero, the slugging Birmingham youngster, is now ready to go to the post again, after a short layoff on account of illness. He is ready for any lightweight in the vicinity.

The East Lake Amateur Tournament staged yearly was a huge success.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

HENRY LAMAR, society's contribution to the prize ring, made a successful appearance before Washington aristocracy at the Olympia Arena in Baltimore when he beat Marty Gallagher, Washington plumber, in ten rounds. Although outweighed by sixteen pounds, Lamar excelled in boxing ability and used the asset to good advantage. Many society debs were on hand to give Henry their moral and vocal support.

Walter Cobb, weighing 220 pounds, scored an easy K. O. over Pierre Cordi at 187 in less than one round at Hagerstown, Md. Cordi was completely outclassed by the Baltimore giant. It will take a real first-class heavy to beat this Cobb, when he wants to fight.

Phil Raymond, Baltimore lightweight, and Stumpie Jacobs boxed an eight-round draw at Portsmouth, Va. Phil also boxed Ray Mitchell on even terms there earlier in the month.

Toney Ross, Baltimore, and Danny Taub, Philadelphia, boxed a draw at the Virginia Beach Arena. Buster Brown, Baltimore, and Frenchie DeBeve, France, also boxed a draw at the resort.

Billy Strickler, Washington, won over Joe Galser, of Baltimore, in six rounds. The result was a surprise as Galser had previously scored over Strickler.

Joe Smallwood, Washington welter, scored a K. O. over Doc Belcher at Roanoke, Va.

K. O. Reilly, Washington middleweight, won over Young Kirckwood in eight rounds at Portsmouth, Va. Frankie DeAngelo, also of Washington, bested Joe Slovan in eight rounds there.

Willie Ptomey, Washington, received a decision over Fireman Griffiths in ten rounds at Centerville, Md.

IN WEST VIRGINIA
By IRWIN FLUHARTY

MIDGET MIKE O'DOWD of Columbus, in two appearances in a Wheeling ring within a month, has worked his way to the top as the fistic idol of northern West Virginia. The veteran Columbus featherweight had Battling Gizzy of Pittsburgh, down twice in the ninth round only to lose on what was called a foul. It was questionable. But he lost the referee's decision nevertheless.

On that same card, Young Baxter of Columbus, was held to a draw by Tommy Heilmann, of Pittsburgh in six rounds.

His second bout saw him knock out Phil Verdi of Cleveland, in the third round. A relentless body attack, topped off with a right to the chin, put the finishing touches on Verdi, who was substituting for Steve Smith, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Ross Fields, southpaw bantamweight of Weirton, W. Va., fighting with a bad left hand, knocked out Sailor Lee, a veteran fighter from Massillon, O., in the third round.

Gorilla Jones of Akron, stopped Gene Cardi of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in the eighth round.

In the semi-final, Nick Popicg of Wheeling, knocked out Calo Calubo, Negro middleweight, Cleveland, in the third round.

Stanley Williams of Martins Ferry, O., a great little featherweight, was given a terrific lacing by Louisville Babe Ruth in a ten round main bout. Ruth proved a crafty, clever ring general, and had Williams in trouble from the start.

In the semi-final, Ross Fields, the Weirton boy, southpawed Cowboy Martin of Columbus, into a position to land a knockout wallop in the second round. A left to the chin did it.

Clarksburg is opening up with some good fights. Steve O'Malley, of Bellaire, fought the last show there and won from Harry Forbes in a ten round battle, leading all the way.

In the semi-final Lou Posto of Bellaire, O., won from Kid Duffy of Fairmont, W. Va., on a foul in the fourth round.

The promoters at Clarksburg are opening in the Clarksburg Middle Atlantic League ball park in the near future for the summer.

Amateur boxers from Clarksburg, Fairmont, Parkersburg, Huntington, Wheeling and Benwood will compete in the tri-state championships to be held in the new outdoor arena being constructed by the Foutts brothers of East Liverpool, O.

MISSISSIPPI BOUTS
By BOB WALCOTT

DUE to the lack of interested parties sending in dope during the past few months, this column has been missing, but being requested to start again, I will give same a try. Send clippings and other dope to me, P. O. Box 163, Natchez, Miss.

Greenville is the prize drawing town in the State at present. Dr. Otis H. Beck, of that city, matchmaker for the Legion, has been putting on real shows. Al Jerome, Chico Cisneros, Jesse Akers, Jack Tunney and other good boys have appeared under his direction.

Jesse Akers is one of the best prospects in the South. During the past month he defeated Tommy Davenport, Jack Tunney, Sailor Enright and Tex Leavelle. He lost a newspaper decision to Bob Godwin, of Daytona Beach, Fla., with Jack Dempsey the referee.

Another real comer in the State is Honor Powell, who is just eighteen and holder of the welterweight title. Among his victims are Red Goss, Little Boy Peterson, Bud Clark, Al Thonton and others.

At Greenville during the past month Al Jerome won over Kid Adams; Jesse Akers K. O.'d Sailor Enright, of Kansas City; Jack Tunney and Tommy Davenport fought a ten-round draw.

At Greenwood—Jack Humberto K. O.'ed Jack Tunney in the fifth and knocked out the same fellow in the second a week later. Honor Powell lost to Dick Clark, of Memphis, Tenn., and Kid Harry won over Jacky Coogan in six. In another bout, Alex Simms lost to Buster Mallini, middleweight champion of the State.

At Natchez—Jesse Akers defeated Tex Leavelle and Jimmy McGinnis K. O.'ed George Girard. They are welterweights.

MOULDING A MIGHTY CHEST

Get a 46 Inch Chest

Complete Course on Chest Building

ONLY 25c

Learn the real secret of powerful chest building. Know all about the muscles that lift, widen and deepen the chest and broaden the shoulders. Practice the specialized exercises which will make YOUR chest massive and powerful. The greatest analysis of vital, vigorous chest development ever written. Learn the Hindoo religious system of exercises that makes their wrestlers and strong men invincible. A Hindoo strong man and wrestler threw Zybysco in two seconds. Many other methods unknown to the American body builder, are explained. Complete with illustrations. You can build for yourself a Herculean chest. The author, George F. Jowett, built his chest from 32 inches of weakness to 48 inches of colossal muscular strength. Develop your chest with straps of big steel muscle. Fill it full of vital strength energy.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD—GET IT TODAY

To each purchaser will be given a FREE COPY of *THE THRILL OF BEING STRONG*—a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the equal of theirs.

REACH OUT—GRASP THIS SPECIAL OFFER

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
422 Poplar Street, Dept. 57G Scranton, Penna.

Dear Mr. Jowett: I am enclosing 25c. Please send me the course "MOULDING A MIGHTY CHEST" and a free copy of "THE THRILL OF BEING STRONG."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

STAMMERERS'
New Home Method.

Address: **Nat R. Reid**
B-129 Penna. Ave. Sta., Washington, D. C.

BOXING CHARMS AND MEDALETS

GLOVE CHARMS		MEDALETS	
Gold Filled	$ 1.50	Sterling Silver	$1.25
With Stone	2.50	Gold Filled	2.00
10-K Solid Gold	5.00	10-K Gold	6.00
14-K Solid Gold	5.50	14-K Gold	7.00
14-K with Diamond	10.00		

RING MAGAZINE, Box 107
Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.

The Ring in Philadelphia

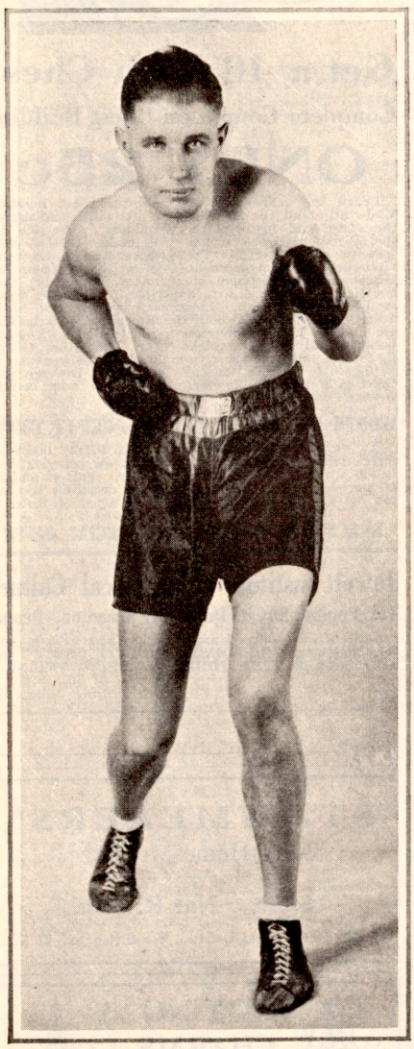
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

DID Tommy Loughran win or lose in his bout with Ernie Schaaf of Boston at the Arena?

That question has been threshed out, argued and re-argued ever since they met on the night of April 28 before a crowd of 6100 fans who paid $5 tops to see the sensational bout.

When the judges Frank Knaresborough and Matthew Cox disagreed and referee Leo Houck rendered his decision in favor of Schaaf at the close of the tenth round, there was a terrible howl from the crowd. Knaresborough voted for Loughran while Cox said it should be a draw. That put it squarely up to Houck, former noted middleweight fighter from Lancaster and head coach of the Penn State boxing team. His vote was cast in favor of Schaaf.

It was a keenly fought battle with Loughran apparently having a slight advantage although had the bout gone a few rounds longer the former light-heavyweight champion might have been in dire distress. Schaaf looked better the longer the bout progressed. It was Tommy's early lead with his stinging left jab, occasional right uppercut and straight rights that should have given the decision to Loughran.



Ed Hultgren, Swedish middleweight, who recently arrived and is under the management of Woodman & Lawrence

Joey Kaufman of New York, on his way back from St. Louis where he took a beating from King Tut, stopped off at Chester and also lost a ten-round decision to Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia. Hayes, who weighed 144 pounds, had five pounds on Joey, and set out a terrific pace from the start. In the semi-windup Puggy Snyder of Vineland, defeated Benny Miller of Chester, in six rounds.

Sailor Fitzpatrick of Clifton Heights, the burg that Bobby Barrett made famous, gained a technical knockout over Eagle Marshall of Wilmington, when referee Bryan Hayes stepped in to save the latter. Fitzpatrick is a 155-pounder.

Jack Gross, the Salem, N. J., baker boy heavyweight, who recently was given "the air" by Manager Max Hoff, made good in his first start with manager Phil Glassman by knocking out Leonard Dixon, giant Leiperville colored fighter in the fourth round at the New Broadway Club. Advance publicity claimed Gross had changed from a left-hand to a right-hand hitter. The "Baker Boy" must have done something for he looked improved and much better than when he was stopped by George Godfrey at the Arena some weeks previously. Gross finished Dixon just two minutes and forty-seven seconds after the start of the fourth round.

Jack Gallagher, seasoned welterweight from Smoky Hollow, stopped the victorious march of Larry Wagner, former Corsac amateur star, by gaining the eight-round decision as the semi-windup to the Gross-Dixon bout.

Al Girardi earned a six-round decision over Sam Penzi; Joey Hayes stopped Mike O'Cue in three rounds and Al Snyder knocked out Isaac Williams at the New Broadway. Williams was put away in the third.

After considerable hackling, Primo Carnera, the Italian "Man Mountain" and George Godfrey, Leiperville Goliath, were matched to appear in the windup of a special show at the Phillies' Ball Park on the night of Monday, June 23. The promoters will be Herman Taylor and Robert Gunnis who have been supplying the Philly fight fans with outdoor boxing shows for more than fifteen years.

Preceding this match, Tommy Loughran, former light-heavyweight champion, collided with Ernie Schaaf of Boston, in a return ten-round bout at the Municipal Stadium, where Dempsey and Tunney fought their first battle four years ago. Loughran and Schaaf collided at the South Philadelphia Stadium June 9.

Still another big outdoor event was staged June 6 at the Phillies' Ball Park when Dick Shikat defended his heavyweight wrestling championship against Jim Londos. They met late last summer at the Municipal Stadium, Shikat winning.

Eddie (Kid) Wagner, veteran Philadelphia lightweight, after being knocked out by Pat Igo at Pottsville in the third round, announced he was through with boxing. "Thirteen years is enough in the boxing game," said Wagner, who met most of the topnotchers in the featherweight and lightweight division.

Al Ettore, winner of the Philadelphia and district amateur middleweight championship last fall, won his second professional fight by stopping Dan Kingsley in two minutes, 37 seconds after the start of the opening round at the Arena.

Frankie Cawley who is in the same stable with Tommy Loughran, evidently has found a knockout wallop. He dropped Abe Callahan Lipschutz of Chicago and New York in the first round after having him down twice before Referee Pop O'Brien halted it to save Abe.

Babe Hunt, giant heavyweight from Ponca, Okla., made his Philadelphia debut by defeating the veteran Big Big Hartwell, Kansas City colored battler in six rounds at the Arena. Hartwell is a tough scrapper but Hunt set a fast pace all the way. Hunt is to appear in a number of outdoor shows this summer in Philly.

Jack DeMave of Jersey City took a series of hooks and jabs in the face and body and then crumpled up in the second round of his bout with Walter Cobb of Baltimore.

Al Conway of Philadelphia battled to an eight-round draw with Earl Dunlap, also of Philly, at Atlantic City on the same bill in which Johnny Peppe, of Philadelphia, was fouled by Al Walters in the third round.

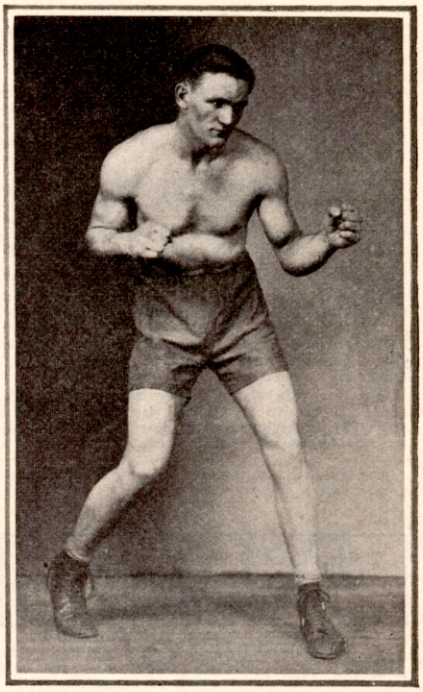
Records compiled by Bob Young, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission and Arthur Dudley, revenue agent, show that there were twenty-five shows conducted at the West Philadelphia Arena during the past indoor campaign, involving 173 boxers from all parts of the United States and a few foreign stars.

The total paid attendance was 157,259, an average of 6,200; total gross receipts, $299,692, or an average of $11,987.68. The State received a tax of slightly less than $15,000. The Primo Carnera-Ace Clark fight on March 3 drew $31,637 to top the list. Heavyweights received the biggest "play" during the season, figuring in seven windups while light heavyweights and featherweights tied for second with five main bout assignments each. No flyweights were seen in action in windups.

John Piazzi, a Philadelphia southpaw featherweight, who was up with the topnotchers thirteen or fourteen years ago, has returned to the land of his birth. He sailed with his family the middle of May for Bremen from whence he went to Innsbruck, Austria. Piazzi was going good when the World War started. He went abroad and upon returning with the American Expeditionary Forces was taken sick. After being a patient in various American hospitals, Piazzi decided to take "the cure" in the Alps.

Tommy Cleartk, retired Manayunk boxer, is back in the game as tutor of his younger brother Johnny and also John Neyin. The latter was a star in the amateur lightweight class before turning pro.

Midget Wolgast, world flyweight champion, breezed through to an easy ten-round victory over Pinkey Silverberg of Ansonia, Conn., at the Broadway A. C. recently. Silverberg, a full-fledged bantam who came in the ring at 118 pounds to Wolgast's 112½, was so bewildered by the pirouetting style of Wolgast that he was not able to land more than a few solid blows. Sherman Brown, colored featherweight, was defeated by Al Girardi in the six-round semi-windup.



Ernie Schaaf, Boston's splendid heavyweight prospect

Tony Falco, Phil Glassman's junior lightweight, turned in a surprise victory over Luigi Quadrini, Italian featherweight champion, in the ten-round windup at the Broadway A. C. recently. Each boxer had a decided advantage in one round. Falco's best was the third while the Italian youth was "hot" in the seventh. In the other rounds they were pretty evenly matched.

Frankie Polo defeated Johnny Nevins in the six-round semi-windup.

Harry Blitman, former Philadelphia featherweight star, got back in action recently when he met Sammy Novia at Atlantic City.

Leo Duncan, a Leiperville colored fighter, helped get George Godfrey in shape for his coming fight with Primo Carnera.

Johnny Burns has closed his Cambria club for the summer and will enjoy a vacation at Wildwood-by-the-Sea. Burns staged his usual quota of good shows in the Kensington district the past indoor season and will be on the job at the same spot next fall.

Jackie Branton, member of the Corsac A. C., is preparing for a professional career. He is a featherweight, who has been going good in the "simon pure" ranks.

Lew Tendler, former lightweight star, was in Benny Victor's corner recently when the latter knocked out Ray Thomas in the third round at the Broadway A. C. Tendler is now in the clothing business in Philly.

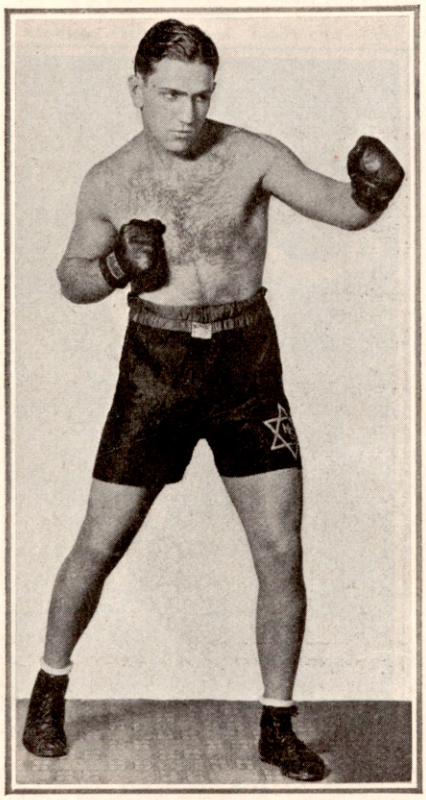
From Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY BOUSLOG, Sports Editor, Detroit *Daily Illustrated*

DETROIT retained its jinx on Welterweight champions when Young Jack Thompson, colored challenger, won the crown from Jackie Fields at Olympia, May 9, in the former titleholder's first defense of the royal robes.

The bout went the distance, 15 rounds, and it was comparatively easy for Referee Elmer "Slim" McClelland to ward the duke to the colored charge of Ray Alvis, Chicago fight impresario. Thompson won eight rounds, five went to the champion and two were even.

Fields started fast, almost knocking out his challenger in the second round when a swirl of rights and lefts had Thompson staggering around the ring. The bell saved him and after staying away from Jackie's vicious attack in the next three rounds, he started in the sixth to pile up a comfortable lead. In the fifteenth, Fields staged one of the greatest stands ever witnessed in a Detroit ring but his blows lacked snap and Thompson coasted home a winner.



Morrie Sherman, welterweight champion of Michigan. A fine looking prospect, managed by Al Werbe

The victory upset the smart boys who were betting 3 to 1 on the champion before the bout. The loss of the crown he won when he almost crucified Joe Dundee here July 25, 1929, can be charged directly to Fields' effort to get into condition for the bout in 10 days. He arrived late and during three sizzling days, worked 30 rounds in the ring in a gymnasium that was so thick with smoke that it resembled a London fog. Fields burnt himself out getting into condition and lacked snap, both in his arms and legs. He was the aggressor throughout the entire fight and that probably saved him from taking a bad beating.

After the fight Thompson spent the night in the Detroit receiving hospital, suffering from a hemmorhage of the nose. Fields' only mark of the fight was a cut below his left eye.

The champion received $37,500 for losing and the new king $2,500 for copping the title. Had Thompson lost he would have taken away $10,000. Olympia, the promoters, made about $6,000 on the bout. This profit came from a rebate from Thompson. His contract read that he would receive only $2,500 if he won. Dick Dunn, Olympia promoter, drew up the contract and it saved his club from a loss. A sellout was expected but the public did not take so kindly to the match as Thompson lost a bad decision to Tommy Freeman here last winter.

Efforts are now being made to match Thompson with Young Corbett III, at Navin Field here, the home of the Detroit Tigers, on August 27. Alvis declares that he will not fight a southpaw and will not defend the title so early. There was a deal made between Alvis and Gig Rooney, manager of Fields, whereby the champion would get first shot at Thompson if he lost. Alvis insists that this agreement be carried out. The Fields bout should draw a record gate while the Corbett affair does not look attractive. At least insofar as Detroit is concerned.

Morrie Sherman, Detroit welterweight, is coming up the ladder. He erased one defeat from his record at Olympia May 9, when he won over Billy Light, St. Paul. On the same bill Johnny Indrisano won from Rudy Thomas and Pee Wee Wilson decisioned Carlo Mazzola, knocking him down many times.

Morrie Sherman plastered Billy Alger with everything but the floor to win a 10-round victory at Danceland. On the same card Rudy Thomas beat Joe Rugguzzoni but lost the official decision. Ray Van Hook, one of the brightest prospects among the junior welterweights, beat Johnny Clancy easily.

Pontiac attendance has been improving steadily. During the past month results of their shows were as follows: Pete Baert and Johnny Mooney fought a 10-round draw; Joe Kelley defeated Dave Runyon; Jack December won over Adam Helzer, Mt. Clemens, 10 rounds; Ray Lawley and Jack Thompson, both of Pontiac, drew, six.

Mt. Clemens continues to attract good crowds with cards that feature fighters that toss plenty of gloves. Johnny Mack whipped Kid Hans, ex-state heavyweight champion, in a bout that was filled with thrills; Jackie Jantz and Adam Helzer, both of Mt. Clemens, fought it out and Jantz took the nod. Harry Fine whipped Frankie Grove in a welterweight affair.

Motee (Kid) Singh, Hindu flyweight, campaigning around New York

The Michigan boxing commission has gone on official record as declaring they think Primo Carnera the victim of circumstances and a tool of smart managers. They have sent a resolution to the National Boxing Association declaring that Primo should get a chance against a ranking heavyweight.

The commission has also adopted a new rule whereby it will name the referees for all important bouts in the future. The commission will also use two judges in certain fights in the future. The judges will be referees and thus there will be no politics in their selection.

Boxing appears to be in for a big summer in Detroit and the state despite the poorest winter in many years.

The best prospects among the state fighters today are as follows:

Flyweight—Franklyn Young and Johnny Sili.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Harvey and Pee Wee Wilson.
Featherweight—Billy Shaw.
Junior lightweight—Marty Stone.
Lightweight—Eddie Koppy.
Welterweight—Morrie Sherman.
Middleweight—Paul Thurman.
Light-heavyweight—Tony Cancela.
Heavyweight—Whitey Gorsline.

WHY WEAR GLASSES?

Thousands Can Throw Them Away

Upon startling revolutionary facts has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training, which quickly enables you to train the muscles of the eye so you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.

Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years, and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value. The most remarkable results were obtained in a series of tests made in the N. Y. City Public Schools from 1903 to 1911.

No claim is made that this course is a cure-all. In many cases glasses are essential. But if you are wearing glasses because of faulty refractions—far- or near-sightedness — astigmatism — cross eyes — squint eyes—weak, watering eyes—eye headaches or strain, you at least owe it to yourself to give these methods a fair test. You can test these principles of eye education out in your own home without a cent of cost. Just mail your order and the entire course comes to you at once.

We want every reader of this magazine afflicted with eye-trouble, to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercise that it prescribes. In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, plus delivery charges. Less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. Send for "Strengthening the Eyes" today.

Macfadden Book Co., Inc.,
Desk R-7, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of Its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42d St., New York City

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Learn about my method to overcome Nerve Exhaustion. **Send 25 cents for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-247 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

HOW TO OBTAIN
A Better Looking Nose!
Improve your personal appearance

My new Model 25 Nose Shaper is designed to improve the shape of the nose by remoulding the cartilage and fleshy parts, safely, and painlessly. This is accomplished thru the very fine and precise adjustments which only my patented Model 25 possesses. Results are lasting. Can be worn at night or during the day. Money refunded if not satisfied after thirty days' trial. Write for free booklet to

M. TRILETY
Pioneer Nose Shaping Specialist
Dept. 189 Binghamton, N. Y.

GUS WILSON
For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp
Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY
Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan.
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
OTTO BEER, Mgr.
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING

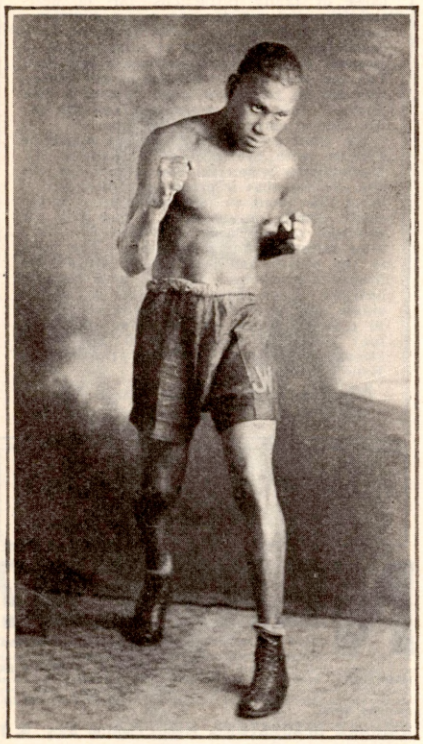
In Southern Ohio

By JIMMIE AMANN

THE fight game in this section was very slow during the months of April and May. The one and only bout of the month was the Fierro-Schwartz mingle at Music Hall, in which Corporal Izzy Schwartz was stopped in the ninth by Harry Fierro, the Chicago Italian. Referee Lou Bauman stopped the fight when Schwartz was unable to guard himself.

Leonard Cook, the sensational Bridgeport, Conn., lightweight who recently joined the stable of Williams and Amann, fought at Dayton, O., May 19th, on the American Legion show in that city.

Bob Rappaport, Cincinnati heavyweight, making his pro debut, knocked out Primo Harris in the first round. Johnny McPherson won over Lee Creager in six; Mutt Morsch beat Joey Edwards in four and Spike Jansen defeated Red Kraus.



"Tiger" Joe Walters, middleweight crack from Springfield, O.

According to word from Middletown, O., Jimmy Kilbane, former welterweight of that city, will stage fights this summer.

Roy "Tiger" Williams, Joe Glaser's light-heavyweight star, won on a foul in the fifth round of his bout with Rosey Rosales up at Dayton, O. Many of the ringsiders thought the blow was fair but Referee Gary ruled otherwise.

In the semi-windup of ten rounds, Jackie Dugan, of Louisville, Ky., pulled the grand surprise of the evening by beating Jimmy Reed, of Erie, Pa., a prime favorite in the Gem City.

Jimmy Gordon, veteran Middletown featherweight, is all agog over his recent win over Toughy Snider in Springfield, O.

Down from Toledo, O., come the following results of the shows from Myron Bradley:

Al Brown, recognized bantamweight champion in several states, appeared in what was to be a scheduled ten-round bout with Toledo's rising star—K. O. Morgan. The bout was halted in the seventh round when Morgan showed no desire to fight. Pee Wee Wilson won over Bobby Allen in eight rounds. They are bantamweights.

Joe Anderson, middleweight, recently changed trainers. Mickey Kelcher, of Cleveland, who trained Johnny Kilbane, is now teaching Anderson. Kelcher succeeds Sammy Smiley, both as trainer and co-operator of the Covington (Ky.) Blue Grass Gym. Smiley is now devoting his complete time to his heavyweight, Bob Rappaport.

Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky., featherweight, is making Cincinnati his home. Payne is being handled by Danny Davis, Newport, Ky., lawyer.

At Eagles Hall in Dayton, O., Jimmy Fitzpatrick, former Army mitt slinger who makes the Gem City his home, knocked out the veteran, Vic Ross, of Cincinnati, in the fifth. Charlie Baxter knocked out Pete Pettley in one round. Bobby Ammon won over Mickey McGarr in 4; Eddie Bomber knocked out Billy Martin in 2, and Mike Kelly knocked out Knockout Brown in one round.

Springfield is again coming back as a fight town. Recently at a show in that city, Jim Kelly and Tommy Glenn drew a $2300 house at the Memorial Hall. Kelly won the judge's decision.

Joe Walters and Joe Hyde, middleweight stars, battled to a wild-eyed ten-round draw. Johnny Quirk stopped Toughy Snider in six rounds; Artie Quirk stopped Lou Potter in 2; Bulldog Drummond knocked out Will Mahoney in 2; while in the initial bout, Sammy Wagner knocked out one, Paul Gaffney, in one heat.

Tut Jackson, veteran Washington C. H. Negro heavyweight, won a ten-round decision over LeRoy Bryant at Washington C. H. In the semi-final, Fighting Joe Walters, of Springfield, defeated Bobby Krenshaw.

Piqua, O.—Knockout Jenkins, Springfield welterweight, won over Young Condi, of Dayton. Joe Walters, of Springfield, knocked out Fighting Panel, of Atlanta, Ga., in the third round of the semi-windup.

Around Fountain Square with the local leather pushers and their pilots: Billy Griffith talking in spurts of a proposed comeback . . . the call of West Baden, Ind., in Billy's ears . . . Joe Marciente back in town with a few tales of the coast . . . The Long Tom Hawkins-Knute Hansen bout falling through and the immediate rumor that Hawkins will fight Godfrey in Philly this summer . . . Jack Moran proving to be quite a big shot in the wholesale shirt and tie racket . . . Irish O'Connor tagging the Derby winner . . . Mel Kaufman's new champ soon to arrive . . . Paging Milton Manguna, Southern lightweight champion . . . Freddie Miller's new tailor shop in the Lyric building now open . . . rumors pro and con in regards to Miller's return to the ring . . . wise shots have it Freddie will desert the featherweights . . . Charlie Scheyer spotting his Tacoma Bowl for his opener.

Stanley Isaacs, president of the National Boxing Association, has been appointed chairman of the American Legion committee, which will run a boxing show during June. Young Jack Thompson, newly crowned welterweight champion, is being sought for the headliner. The program will be held at Redland Field in Cincinnati.

The scribe would like to hear from some good heavyweight who would like to go under his managment. Information in the fight game in this vicinity can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose stamp for return reply.

Word, received by the scribe recently is to the effect that Jim Maines is planning to run an outdoor show at Armco Park in Middletown.

Tiger Roy Williams, Chicago light-heavyweight, defeated Gorrilla Jones, of Akron, O., in a twelve-round bout at Memorial Hall in Dayton. Williams is improving with every start.

Following are my eight best in Southern Ohio: Heavyweight, Joe Sekyra, Dayton; Light-heavy, Tiger Williams, Dayton; Middle, Joe Anderson, Cincinnati; Welter, Pete Petroskey, Cincinnati; Light, Johnny Curtin; Feather, Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Bantamweight, Johnny McPherson, Cincinnati; Flyweight, Cricket Helson, Cincinnati.

Jack Dear's card up in Logan recently proved to be a large success. Tiger Gene Kiger, of Lancaster, knocked out Bernie Primm, of Columbus. They are welterweights. Jimmy Ringheiser won the decision over Slim Meadows, of Columbus, in the six-round semi-windup. Eddie Westhover, popular Lancaster middleweight, outpointed Tommy Bennett, of Columbus, in a six-rounder. Knockout Darnell beat Young Ruff in 4; Kid Brownie won from Chet French in a four-opener. In a special three-round attraction, Kid Singleton and Battling Smith mauled each other in the trio of rounds to a draw decision.

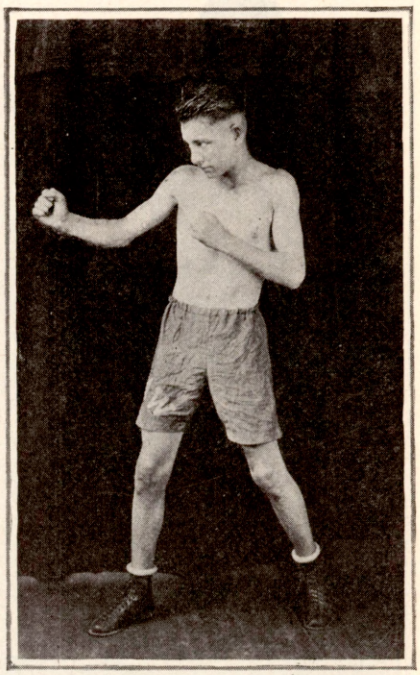
The bouts were held in the Ruble Skating Rink before a large crowd. Immediately after the last bout was run off Promoter Dear announced that he had intentions of opening an open air arena in that city and would promote shows throughout the summer.

W. J. Sullivan, Springfield manager of fighters, writes in that his two hard-hitting aces, Tommy Glenn and Johnny Quirk, are winning regularly. Sully's stable includes 12 different classes of fighters and they can be booked through the scribe.

Al Robinson, California flyweight champion, is eastward bound and may stop off in Cincinnati, according to his manager. Robinson has a long string of victories and hopes to make a success of his future eastern invasion.

Several fine wrestling cards were staged in Cincinnati during the past two months. The outstanding bout of the month was the Hugh Nichols-Joe Banaski return match for the N.B.A. light-heavyweight title.

Nichols, ever dangerous and relying on his leg-split mainstay, won the match via the first and second fall.



Art Wuest, youthful Cincinnati amateur, who will turn pro shortly

In the semi-final, Ray Carpenter, of Columbus, outstanding contender for the world's middleweight title, won a 30-minute decision over Alex Williams, of Philadelphia. Pierre Ladjuni, French soldier of fortune, threw Pat McCarthy, of Chicago, in 13 minutes and 50 seconds. They are middleweights. Bobby Roscoe won from John Felix in 11 minutes and 50 seconds.

Jack Reynolds, of Cincinnati, and world's welterweight champion, is recovering from a serious head injury he received in a bout in Toronto, Canada.

Billy Hallas, Greek welter, won a 2-hour finish match over George Gable, of Cincinnati, at Music Hall.

Charlie Grip, Huntington, W. Va., "apeman," making his first appearance in the ring since his defeat by Reynolds, proved to be easy meat for Billy Thom, of Indiana, in a 30-minute match. Frank Wolff, of Germany, pinned Jack Kogut, of Canada. Happy Norman pinned Chet McCauley in 10 minutes and 25 seconds.

Billy Hallas won another match at the O. N. G. Armory over Joe Parelli, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Walter Achiu, the former U. of Dayton football star, wrestled to a 30-minute draw with the veteran, Cyclone Massey, in the semi-final. Pierre Ladjimi threw Alex Williams, and Ray Carpenter beat Paul Adler, from Indian Lake, O., in 10 minutes and 45 seconds.

Al Haft should be congratulated on bringing the grappling game back to a high basis in the Queen City. Under Haft's management the wrestling game is flourishing.

KANSAS NOTES

By L. R. FORD

TULSA, OKLA.—Red Fitzsimmons, cagey, hard-hitting heavy, looms on the fistic horizon again. After a year's layoff, Red came back and blasted the aspirations of Young Jack Dillon, sensational Oklahoma battler, by knocking Dillon dizzy in two rounds at the Mid-Continent Athletic Club. Mike Curran, of Wichita, has acquired Fitzsimmons' contract. In the semi-final to the Fitzsimmons and Dillon bout, George Trenkel knocked out Beryl Busby in three rounds. Chick Rains defeated Sergt. Red Foster in ten. Jack Estes and Jack Dunn drew in six. Ross Smith and Bill Morris fought a four-round draw.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jackie Fields knocked out Meyer Grace in three rounds. Roy Jacks knocked out Roy Pollock in 9 rounds. Walter Dunham defeated Wilson (Indian) Dunn in 10 rounds. Dugan Layton and Harold Sines fought a 6-round draw.

Wichita, Kans.—Wildcat Monte defeated Mickey Cohen in 10 hard-fought rounds. Baby Stribling won a close decision in 8 rounds over Kenny Hill.

Cushing, Okla.—Rolland Kirshmeyer, heavyweight, knocked out Vic Hurst in 4 rounds. Chief Wow Wow defeated Basil Chastain in 8. Grant Martin won from Kid Belmont in 6 rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—King Tut outpointed Pinkie Kaufman in 10 rounds. Johnny (Pee Wee) Kaiser and Lou Terry bout stopped at the end of the eighth round and declared "No Contest".

Pittsburg, Kans.—Leslie Showers is the most efficient amateur boxing promoter in the west. Showers will probably move to Colorado next month for a tourney and then right back to Kansas where he has many more tournaments scheduled.

Tulsa, Okla.—King Tut knocked out Jackie Kane in the fifth round. Bobby Calmes defeated Babe Adams in 10. Brownie Thurman beat Joe Rich in 6. Carlos Garcia beat Young Leonard in 6. Chief Harjo won from Billy Hyde in 4. George Trenkel knocked out Jack Burns in 4 rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jock Malone shaded "Tiger" Johnny Cline in 10 rounds. Adolfo Alvarez beat Johnny Wright in 6. Harold Sines won from Billy Proctor in 6. George Dixon beat Chick Rogers in 6. Dave Allen won from Steve Aleshi in 4 rounds.

Okmulgee, Okla.—Louie Avery won a well-earned 10-round decision over Johnny Nichols. The boys are featherweights.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Jimmy Sayres knocked out Joey Fernandez in the tenth.

Walter Dunhad, of Ft. Scott, Kansas, a willing middleweight, defeated "Tiger" Johnny Cline and Wilson (Indian) Dunn in Kansas City and then went to Davenport and gave Edgar Norman a real lacing in 10 rounds. Johnny Wagner, stablemate of Dunham, will shortly resume boxing.

Tulsa, Okla.—Carlos Garcia won a very unpopular referee's decision over Speck Friend in 10 rounds. Two judges gave the decision to Garcia, Sid Young, the referee, favored Friend. Kid Kober knocked out Kid Gilbert in 3 rounds. Dave Berry beat Eddie Wilson in 6. Chick Rains easily defeated Flor Navarro in 10 rounds.

Jimmie Carter, the "Fighting Comedian, 144-pounder, is ready to battle again. Kansas (Kid) Easter, a middleweight and stablemate of Carter, is in fine condition and anxious to tangle with some of the good middleweights in the middle-west. Carter and Easter are under the management of L. R. Ford, 125 N. Grant St., Chanute, Kansas, writer of this column.

Johnny Husong and Harry Ortmeyer, promoters for the Legion at Wichita, have matched Paul Swiderski and Paulino.

Leslie Edmonds, executive secretary of the Kansas Boxing Commission, has tendered his resignation. Mr. Edmonds will enter the banking business in Wichita. His courteousness, fair and square dealing with the boxers, promoters and fans, has won him thousands of admirers. The writer of this column and hundreds of others connected with the boxing game take this occasion to wish Mr. Edmonds unlimited success in his new enterprise.

Baxter Calmes, young Kansas heavyweight, will make his next start against Jackie Williams, of Chicago, at Wichita, in a ten-round main event for the Cudahy Athletic Club. Sutro Pearl and S. W. Cooper are matchmakers and promoters for this organization.

Pratt, Kans.—The first amateur boxing tournament ever held here proved a big success. Fans packed the hall each night. Mr. Aronis, of Wichita, is supervising this tournament.

FLORIDA WEST COAST

By "TINY" JOHN GASTOFF, JR.

THE game is hitting along fairly well here on the West Coast with most of the clubs keeping their heads above water.

At Jacksonville—Armando Vidal, Cuban feather, slipped over a right in the fifth and Ray Schneider, Jax, took the count.

In the semi-final, Tony Monin, slugging Tampa junior lightweight, beat Harry Allen, of Jax.

At Sarasota—Ernest Sagues, Chilian middle, knocked out Whitie Metner, Pittsburgh, in the fifth.

At Lakeland—Spike Webb, Charlotte, N. C., middle, again knocked out Frankie LaMarr, Chicago. This time in the seventh round.

At Cuban Club—Dick Gore, Jacksonville veteran welter, made a game stand against the sharp-shooting Relampago Saguero, Cuban Tornado, but went down and out from a barrage in the mid-section early in the fourth.

At Orlando—Bob Godwin, flashy Daytona Beach middle, knocked out Bobby Mac, of Miami, in the third.

At Jacksonville—Jimmy Watts, Atlanta feather, beat Joe Temmes, of Ocala.

At Tampa—Al Edwards and Rex Meyers, well-known sportsmen, opened the new Cass and Central Arena.

At the Cass and Central Arena—Brady O'Hara, heavy hitting middleweight, of Jacksonville, knocked out Kid Bombero, Tampa, in the fourth. Rex Meyers, promoter, sold his interest in the Arena to Dale Gardner, well-known fight manager.

At the Cuban Club—Louis Gonzalez, the Cuban Windmill, battered out a ten-round decision over Raymond Perez, Havana.

At Lakeland—William Stokes, Lakeland welter, beat Mike Ester, of Roanoke, Va.

At Jacksonville—Sammy Buchanan, Waycross, Ga., welter, pounded out a ten-round decision over Kai Kruse, Swedish welter from Utica, N. Y. Oscar Howell, popular Tampa junior lightweight, beat Ray Terrill, of Kansas City.

Palatka—Bob Godwin, Daytona Beach middle, knocked out the tough Monroe Porter, of St. Petersburg, in the fourth round.

Orlando—Tony Dominguez, Cuban middle, beat Gordon Fortenberry, of Cocoa.

Sarasota—Spike Webb, Charlotte, N. C., middle, and Cliff Greenwood, Sarasota, fought a furious ten-round draw.

Nixon Jones, Benjamin Field fight promoter, has branched out and is now the proud matchmaker of three arenas. He handles the affairs of the Lakeland, Orlando and Benjamin Field Arenas.

Most of the leading arenas in the State have agreed to recognize each other's suspensions.

Tampa—Chino Alveraz, clever feather, has returned to his old manager, Joe Leto.

Cuban Club—Baby Joe Guzman, clever Tampa bantam, banged out a hard-earned decision over Thomas Barredo, Tampa.

Lakeland—Don Whitlock, Roanoke, Va., lightweight, beat Tommy Shull, Dallas, Texas. In the semi-final, Mike Easter, stablemate of Whitlock, beat Bob Wilson, of Orlando.

Jacksonville—Michel Maurer, the German heavy, fighting under the Stribling banner, battered out a technical K. O. over Earl Carter, of Little Rock, Ark., in the second round.

Cass and Central Arena—Don Whitlock, Roanoke lightweight, K. O'ed Al Stone, of Charlotte, N. C., in the fifth.

Manuel Quintero, Tampa junior welter, won easily from Jack Purvis at Memphis, and Dwight Fryer at Greenville, Miss.

Cuban Club—Eddie Rans, claimant of the Polish welter title, lost a close whirlwind battle to Tony Dominguez, Cuba.

Jacksonville—By making a flashy finish, Oscar Howell, Tampa junior lightweight, nosed out a ten-round decision over Armando Vidal, of Cuba. In the semi-final, Mutt Griffin, clever Miami feather, K. O'ed Jimmy Crowder, of Lakeland, in the second round.

Cass and Central Arena—Tony Monin, Tampa feather slugger, stepped in and won six of the ten rounds from the flashy Baby Miller, also of Tampa. Monin, an eighteen-year-old youngster with only six months' boxing experience, outsmarted the classy Miller.

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical books on the above sports for sale.

BIOGRAPHY

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00
Young Griffo, The Will-'o-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....75 cents
The Life of John L. Sullivan. By R. F. Dibble. Price.....$2.50
"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price....$1.00
William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport. By Ed Van Every. Price.....$3.00
The Life of Gene Tunney. By Ed Van Every. Price.....35 cents
The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....75 cents
In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Price.....$2.00

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Knockouts I Have Seen. By Ed Smith. Price.....50 cents
Everlast Record Book. Price 45 cents. by mail.
Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927—Price each.....$10.00
1928—Price....$8.00 1929—Price....$7.00
Andrew's 1929 Record Book.....35 cents
Police Gazette 1929 Record Book..35 cents

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50
Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price.....75 cents
Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents
The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00
How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ring Strategy and Tactics. By Freddy Welsh. Price.....85 cents
Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
My Methods, or Boxing As a Fine Art By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....50 cents
Scientific Boxing. By James J. Corbett. Price.....50 cents
The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price....85 cents
Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00
Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price.....85 cents
Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price.....85 cents
The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price.....85 cents
Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25
Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

PRIZE FIGHT FICTION

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price.....85 cents
Sir Toby and The Regent. By Paul Herring. Price.....$2.50

HISTORY

Ten and Out. By Alexander Johnston. Price.....$3.50

All book orders must be sent to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

MONTREAL FISTIC NOTES
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, deadly punching Montreal lightweight, has brought a signal honor to the Dominion of Canada, by dint of his sensational knockout feats. Foreman knocked out Fred Webster, British lightweight champion, in the first round of a scheduled twenty round bout on May 21, before a packed house in London, England. A few days before, Foreman was notified that the Canadian lightweight title had reverted to him through official channels as Billy Townsend, the holder, was unable to make the limit of 135 pounds. Therefore, as Foreman was the outstanding lightweight in Canada, the title was turned over to him. Under the new regime, in which the British and Canadian Commissions were combined, the Foreman-Webster match was for the British Empire, or Imperial Championship, which was only natural as both men held major titles of their respective countries.

Foreman brings an enviable honor to Canada, as the Canadian is the first official Imperial (British Empire) ring king to be crowned in the history of boxing. The Montreal marvel worked his way up the titular path in no uncertain fashion in his campaign of British rings. He scored three straight knockouts before meeting the crafty veteran, Harry Brooks.

His K. O. of Webster was the fifth in as many fights on the other side. Foreman is anxious to meet Berg for the right to represent England in the logical contending position for the world's lightweight laurels, but Berg apparently wants nothing to do with those dynamic Foreman fists. Harry Foreman, Al's brother and manager, deserves great credit for the clever manner in which he has directed his brother's ring activities.

Leonard (Young) Zazzarino, windy featherweight from Jersey City, talked his way into a ten round headliner at the Forum. Roger Bernard, the Michigan star who is making a hit here was the other principal and he did a thorough job of exploding the ballyhooed Jersey spieler. Bernard took eight of the ten rounds.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's classy little flyweight, pasted the tar out of Bud Walley, a game little Briton from Singapore, in the semi-final. This bout was slated for ten rounds but Referee Bert Schneider showed good judgment in stopping the slaughter in the seventh. Walley made a hit with the fans by his willingness to absorb everything tossed at him but lacks class. The local flyweight star has just completed a tour of the New England States where he turned in a string of a dozen straight victories.

Harry Leibovich, Raoul Godbout's latest find, smacked the daylights out of Freddy Guilbault, rugged French Canadian flyweight, but could not stop him within the limited six rounds. Harry packs a neat wallop in his right mauler and is quite a stylist with the mitts, but he does not appear rugged enough. He should build up strength and stamina.

Harry Smith, local welter slugger, furnished the fireworks of the evening in his brief, but thrilling, seance with Harry Buron, Jersey City slam-bang battler. Smith clipped Zazzarino's rugged catching mate on the chin and knocked him out. Nels Ferguson, hailing from Winnipeg, shaded Rene Taillefer, local lightie, by a good start in the early rounds but was only awarded a draw after this six-round opener was completed.

Bobby Leitham is one of the best bantams Canada ever boasted. Leitham has been training steadily for months.

Jimmie McKimmie hasn't been active with his Gayety Theater promotions of late. It looks as though he has dropped the reins in that project. Jimmie says that the Gayety is too small to compete against the Forum and Stadium. Alex Moore is giving local talent a good break on his next card, which is commendable.

Denis White, Supervisor of Amateur Boxing in the Province of Quebec and Provincial representative on the A. A. U. of Canada, will wind up the most successful season in the history of local amateur boxing by making certain of full representation in each class for the Provincial team to compete in the Canadian Championships. The popular amateur czar is planning a tourney among the best boxers in the vicinity to take place by the end of June. The proceeds will help to defray the expenses of sending the team to Hamilton, Ontario, where the Dominion titles will be decided. "Dinny" is confident that the majority of the Canadian amateur fistic kings will be local boys and he will get strong support in his plan in view of the approaching British Empire Games in which the Dominion title-holders will represent Canada.

IN EASTERN CANADA
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BESIDES Young Lebrun, who is just about on the verge of breaking into the ranks of featherweight topnotchers, H. Rappaport, Sherbrooke's leading manager, has Rene Loubier, Lebrun's lightweight stable mate, going like a house afire. Loubier bobbed into the limelight by virtue of two decisive eight-round victories over Rene Taillefer, Montreal's ex-amateur star.

Young Lebrun added another knockout victim to his list by stopping Frankie Davis, of Manchester, England, in the second round at Sherbrooke. Davis claimed a foul but the referee disregarded the claim and counted the Britisher out.

Billy James, a corking flyweight prospect, held "Pee Wee" Lapointe to a draw in their torrid six-round affair on the Lebrun-Davis card. In a return bout on May 10th, they fought another draw over the six-round trail in the fastest bout of the night.

The other preliminary results saw an up and down canvas kissing epidemic between Emil Lefebvre and Kid Perusse with the latter colliding with the floor for the full count in the fifth canto. Young Al Brown, brother of Young Lebrun, plastered Jack Vachon with a right on the whiskers in the third heat and Vachon went out—and how! Brown also added Kid Perusse to the K. O. column in two heats on May 10th. The hard hitting featherweight looks like a good prospect.

Ernie Zurch, who recently arrived in Montreal from Holland, made an auspicious debut in Canadian rings when Promoter R. N. Smith featured him in an eight-round bout with Eddie Beaurivage, tough Drummondville welter, at the newly erected Arena on May 10th. The Dutch youngster looked impressive and punched out a smart victory. George King, promising Sherbrooke 140-pounder, dropped the duke to Jack Fisher, Drummondville, in eight hard-fought rounds.

Coaticook, Que., will also be the scene of fight shows in the near future. The game is going great guns in all parts of the Eastern Townships.

A Foreman-Bernard match may be staged here this summer and would be a great box-office attraction, but Bernard will have to improve 100 per cent to make any kind of a showing against the hammering fists of the Imperial champ.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

MAX TARLEY nearly won the featherweight championship of the Orient in his first contest with Young Nacionalista, title-holder. He was leading by a comfortable margin and had floored Nacionalista in the second round, but in his anxiety he delivered a left swing which landed on Nacionalista's groin, thus causing him to lose the bout on a foul in the third round. In a return bout the boys fought a hot draw.

Frankie Aragon scored a technical knockout over Kid Arca, of Cavite, in the eighth round of a scheduled 12-round go. Young Dumaguilas won from Kid Gabo in the semi-final event.

Teddy Fox, lightweight champion of the Orient, lost two non-titular contests. Rough Dumaguilas, featherweight champion of the Visayas, outpointed him in a ten-rounder at Iloilo, and Kid Vicente, of Cebu, sprang a surprise on the champion by beating him in another contest of eight rounds.

Frankie Aragon, stablemate of Nacionalista, in his last appearance in Manila won a slashing, clean-cut victory over Mariano Adriano, the Baclaran Bearcat, in a twelve-round melee. Max Manila outpointed Rush Medina in one of the preliminaries.

Willie Gordon, fighting gob, is through with the game for good. His appearance, which according to him was the last, with Mariano Adriano resulted disastrously for the Seattle boy. Willie was a badly beaten man after the eighth round and the towel was thrown in to save the game lad from further punishment.

Joe Mendiola won by a technical knockout from Young Dumaguilas in the eighth round in one of the preliminaries. This lad Mendiola is making rapid progress and bids for bantamweight title honors.

At the Lyric Stadium, Iloilo, Little Moro, bantamweight champoin of the Orient for the past five years, lost the 118-pound crown to Young Tommy, Iloilo sensation, in a slashing twelve-round contest.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

THE rise of Kid Chocolate and the rise of boxing in Cuba have gone hand-in-hand. Ever since the "Keed" startled the boxing experts by his incomparable speed and cleverness, this country has increased its pugilistic entrants with many stars in the field.

Kid Sullivan, crack bantamweight, is one of the new ringsters. In his last start, he scored a three-round knockout over Pedro Puig of Spain. Kid Sullivan has three brothers who also don the gloves.

Luis Aguiar, another youngster, is also making rapid strides. He has twice defeated Albert Leon of Tampa.

Rodolfo Diaz, in the welterweight ranks, looks promising. He generally wins by the K. O. route. His last victory over Domingo Perez proved that he has the makings of a good scrapper.

Petit Uzcudum, who only weighs 104 pounds, is rapidly coming to the front. He drew in his recent encounter with Kid Mallorquin.

Gilbert Fernandez scored a three-round K. O. over Mario Matilla. Fernandez can box and shows that he has a terrific sock in his left hook.

Battling Yano, a fast welter who can box cleverly, easily outpointed Antonio Ullivarri in six furious rounds.

Ventura Yanes has fought his last bout as an amateur. Yanes will attempt to secure bouts with Martin Perez, Angel Sanchez and Kid Proenza, three of Cuba's best pro middleweights.

Raul Bianchi, the Argentine Elephant, has eliminated Cuba's heavyweight contenders. Bianchi knocked out Frederico Malibran and Roger Mestre in four and one rounds respectively.

Elpidio Pizzaro, the young Cuban heavyweight who is now in New York, has been selected as Bianchi's next opponent.

Amador Urquia, who promotes amateur fights on Sunday nights, has proved himself worthy of the position as matchmaker at the Miramar Gardens.

Aramis Del Pino, a few years back one of Cuba's star lightweights, is now a promoter at the Arena Polar.

Rolleaux Saguero, lanky southpaw light-heavyweight, was knocked cold by Goyo Rico, ex-heavyweight champ of Cuba.

Antolin Fierro, also entered his name on the comeback list, and was stopped in the first round by Roger Mestre.

Johnny Cruz, one of Cuba's best featherweights, one of the classiest mittmen this country has ever produced. He intends showing the fans that there is still a lot of fight left in him.

Jose Fleites easily won over Jose Belmonte in four rounds.

Hilario Martinez dropped into town and flung a challenge to any man in the world. He happened to pick on the wrong customer, and was easily defeated in ten rounds by Relampago Saguero, who extracted a few of Hilario's teeth for a good measure.

Kid Proenza scored an eight-round victory over Benito Malpica. When he started his boxing, Malpica looked a sure comer, but he has gone back considerably.

Frank Fowler is again promoting semi-professional bouts at the old Cock Pit near Agua Dulce. Fowler is one of the veterans of the game in Cuba.

Jess Losada, ex-pugilist of Cuba, is now referee.

Cuco Sanchez, who started as referee in the amateur ranks, is now doing his stuff in star bouts at the Arena Polar. There are times that he receives a bigger ovation than the boxers. He is a first-class official.

Luis Parga, matchmaker supreme, still continues his good work at the Arena Polar on Saturday nights, the big fight night in Havana. We take our hats off to Parga, the "Cuban Tex Rickard".

At the Miramar Garden fights, promoted by Amador Urquia, the results follow: Tomas Carballo lost to Jose Diaz; Francisco Vega lost to Braulio Diaz; Gilbert Fernandez and Enrique Irizar, drew; Eugenio Roche outpointed Rizal Gonzalez and Joe Gandon beat Ramon Martinez in the headliner.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

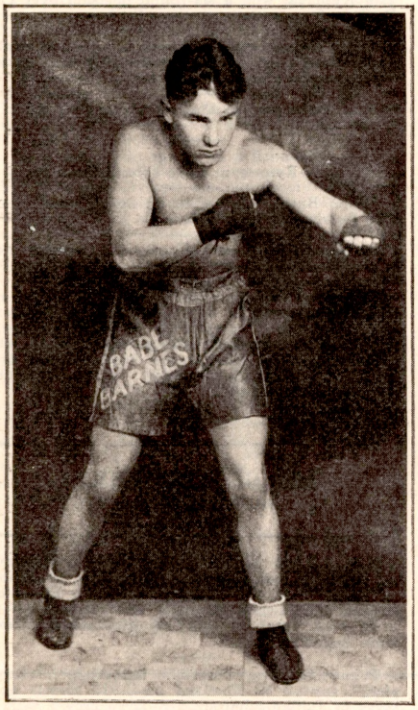
SEVERAL good cards are being billed in this locality for the summer months, chief of which is the bout billed for Riverview Park between Sammy Martin, local lightweight, and Billy Love, of Omaha, to be staged by Matchmaker Joe Kelly.

Kelly operates the Iowa Boxing Club at Des Moines, which organization stages monthly shows at the Des Moines Coliseum during the indoor season.

Frankie White, the Dakotas' K. O. king, who is under the management of Bert Kavanaugh, popular Des Moines manager, has been added to the local colony. He is ready to meet the best middleweights in this section.

"Pep" Jennings, a clever little flyweight, will make Sioux City his headquarters. "Pep" is under the management of Joe Kelly and wants action.

Sammie Sacco, a tough featherweight, put on a four-round boxing exhibition with Fredie Reddy, another local feather, at a Knights of Columbus smoker. The bout had all the ear-marks of a real fight.



Babe Barnes, hard hitting Sioux City bantamweight

A number of out-of-town fighters and managers have written the writer in regard to promoters, etc. Their names will be turned over to the promoters as fast as they come in. Address all mail to the writer—2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

Louie Tattleman, the newsboy manager, is keeping his boys busy. Louie has Johnny Lambert, a hard socking middleweight, under his wings.

Bobby LaSalle, well-known Los Angeles flyweight, is now making Sioux City his headquarters.

Approximately 200 Sioux City fight fans were present at Omaha when Sammy Mandell, lightweight king, boxed a ten-round draw with Tommy Grogan, the Omaha slugger. Jake Isaacson was the promoter.

Sonnie Lloyd informs the writer that he will start promoting boxing shows at Clinton, Iowa.

When the news was received that Tuffy Griffiths had defeated Jack Gagon there was an expression of joy here.

Tom Brislane, Sioux City's big time promoter, is planning another big show here.

A two-page letter from Matt Smith, a tough lightweight in his day, wants the world to know that he is now ready for his come-back. He tips the beam at 135 pounds.

Walt Pritchard will operate the Stock Yorks ball park.

J. A. "Fred" Griffiths has a fine looking bantamweight in Herbie Kempker. He is very clever and a hard hitter.

Mickey O'Donnell, former Sioux City bantamweight, who is now making his home in Sioux Falls, So. Dak., gave Leo Kimberly a beating in a fast four-rounder at Sioux Falls. Kimberly is a Sioux City boy and a fair prospect.

Ray Mann, Sioux City 150-pounder, was given a light set-back recently when he lost the decision to Johnny Martin, of Larchwood, Ia., in a six-rounder at Sioux Falls. Out of thirty odd starts, Mann has lost but three decisions.

Babe Barnes, local bantamweight, is ready for action.

Ray Frager, youthful amateur welterweight boxer of Chicago, will soon join the pros in Sioux City.

Results of the boxing bouts held on the Kolln-Parcaut wrestling card held at Sheldon, Ia., which is just a few steps out of Sioux City, were as follows: Battling Haxon, of Britt, knocked out Josie Koduce, of Belmont, in the third round of a billed six-rounder. Kid Sweeney, of Blue Earth, won a decision over Mutt Holmes, of Sheldon, in four rounds, and Jackie Sharron, of Sheldon, won by a shade over Jimmy Brenneman, of the same place, in their four-rounder.

Wrestling in Iowa has been enjoying a very prosperous season. Several good shows have been staged before large audiences, and a busy outdoor season is anticipated.

Sheldon, Iowa, the little metropolis of northern Iowa, has staged some very fine shows under the auspices of the American Legion. On the last card Henry Kolln, the Sheldon star middleweight, tossed Ralph Parcaut, of Newton, Iowa, in straight falls. By his victory over Parcaut, Kolln becomes eligible to continue competition in the N. B. A. elimination wrestling series of the United States. One thousand fans signified their appreciation of the match. Lawrence Perigue was the referee.

Howard Cantonwine, former University of Iowa football player and one of the leading heavyweight wrestlers, is planning a tour of the British Isles.

Last minute Sparks—Murray McLean, well-known fight manager, is in Sioux City looking over the fight game . . . Riverview Park Arena is available to boxers wishing a place to work out, dressing rooms, showers, and a fine ring under the trees . . . Did you know King Tut got his start in Sioux City, and Nate Dax, local promoter, gave him the name? . . . Tuffy Griffith's father is a candidate for constable in Sioux City township . . . The RING is the Sioux City fans' delight . . . The writer is still squawking for a local boxing commission . . . So long until next month.

NOTES FROM ARKANSAS
By YOUNG (GEORGIE) CORBETT

TOMMY DAVENPORT, heavyweight champion, has developed into one of the best drawing cards in the South. He fought a draw with Jess Akers and beat Stanley McRae, Jack Humberto, Tex Levelle, and Roy Cathcart last month.

Dwight Fryer has been in Florida for the past three months, where he has had several good matches.

Chico Cisneros has returned from New Orleans, where he lost a decision to Johnny Farr. This is the first fight Chico has lost for over a year. He beat Babe Ruth in Greenville, Miss. recently.

Kid Adams and Delos Kid Williams fought a slashing ten round draw at North Little Rock.

Tommy Davenport, Arkansas' heavyweight champion, beat Stanley McRae in their ten round fight at Osceola.

The American Legion's new stadium is now ready for summer shows.

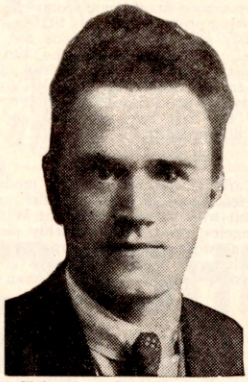
Tommy Davenport knocked out Walt Patrick of San Francisco in the third round at Tupelo, Miss.

Fighters who can really fight and are looking for work in this part of the country should get in touch with C. G. Youngblood, 208 Arch St., Little Rock, Arkansas.

My rating of Fighters in Arkansas: Heavyweight, Tommy Davenport; light heavyweight, Sailor Enright; middleweight, none; Welter, Tommy Freeman; light, Joe Kid Peck; feather, Chico Cisneros; bantam, Kid Adams.

What Made His Hair Grow?

Read His Letter for the Answer



Mr. H. A. Wild, whose photograph appears at the left, is among those who acknowledge complete satisfaction from the use of Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately after I began using Kotalko," he writes, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

This statement by Mr. Wild is but one of many which voluntarily attest that Kotalko has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth where the roots were alive.

Hair roots that remain in the scalp long after the surface hairs are lost, may regain their original power through proper encouragement. The process of hair growth depends on the hair roots and the nourishment they receive.

Women also report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women whose health was undoubtedly good and whose hair roots were not dead.

Is your physical condition equal to theirs? And are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, they may be stimulated into growing hair through Kotalko, the right sort of invigorant. **Sold by busy druggists.**

Free Box To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes.

Kotal Co., C-201, Station O, New York

Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....

Full Address.....

.....

SELL ROSECLIFF SHIRTS

Make Steady Money

Showing Samples Men's Shirts Ties, Underwear brings you big cash commissions. One Year Guarantee. No substitutions. Free silk initials. More exclusive Rosecliff features establish leadership. Write for your FREE Outfit NOW!

YOUR OWN SHIRTS and TIES

ROSECLIFF SHIRT CORP.
Dept. T-7
1237 Broadway, N. Y.

Outfit Free

Pioneer Gymnasium

340 West 44th St. New York City
Eighth & Ninth Aves.

World's famous Boxers train here every afternoon between 1 and 4 P. M. Amateur and Business Men's Sessions evenings until nine o'clock

Jimmy De Forest and Young Otto
Boxing Instructors

Tel. Long Acre 8398

CHAS DOESSERECK, Mgr.

NOTICE TO BOXING MANAGERS
Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Today

The Ring Magazine,
Boxing Managers Department,
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can bring my boxers to the attention of the entire boxing profession at a lower cost than is required to send 100 letters.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

In Sunny California

By THERON FISKE

ETERNAL hope and the fallacious belief that you can't keep a good man down, seems extant among the boxing promoters of our little community, particularly that section famous for its southern exposure. And they may all be, but it takes more than just a good man at the head of a boxing enterprise to pay dividends. It takes good fighters, good fights and good times. We have on hand but little of the first two requisites and a disputed amount of the third.

Nevertheless, Carlo Curtis, heretofore a modest gymnasium proprietor and Saturday nights promoter, branches out with open air bouts at White Sox Park, Los Angeles, on a twice monthly plan. Young Curtis has a twenty-four-hour capacity for work and a knowledge of what constitutes good matches. The boxing brotherhood to a man is pulling for him.

Comes next, Culver City with none other than Cy Saenz at the helm. Saenz has a reputation as one of the best matchmakers on the Coast and deserves credit in his attempt to re-establish Culver City's beautiful little arena. The job is no cinch.

Wilmington, arises new and modern from the ashes of a destroyed fistic aquarium with Cecil Glasscock as matchmaker.

The Eastside arena, Los Angeles, is also on the verge of coming into a semblance of activity.

And last but not least, Jack Doyle hinted at a new deal in the affairs of the Olympic, Los Angeles. Doyle would attempt fewer but bigger and better shows at his Grand Avenue mansion of maul, filling in with amateur shows.

Here is the line up of fights for the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Monday, Eastside arena; Tuesday, Jack Doyles's Olympic; Wednesday, Pico and Wilmington; Thursday, Pasadena, Ocean Park, Culver City, and Southgate; Friday, Hollywood and Compton; Saturday, White Sox Park.

Jackie Fields, until a certain Friday night in Detroit not so long ago champion of all the welterweights, arrived home in Los Angeles via automobile for a rest and time-out to consider.

According to gossip along the fistic rialto, Fields and his manager Gig Rooney are at the parting of ways. Further, it is said that when Fields, still a very young man, concludes to return to the ring, he will hook up with Jack Kearns, and seek work among the middleweights.

New dispatches from the East said Fields' successor to the title, Black Jack Thompson, was an Oakland boy and the first Negro to hold the welterweight crown since the days of Joe Walcott. That's a mistake. Thompson was born in Los Angeles and lives there with his parents who are looking after considerable income property which Young Jack has bought with his ring earnings. The last Negro welterweight champion was not Joe Walcott but one Aaron Lester Brown, a Negro born in Missouri, and who did most of his fighting in California.

Old-timers will remember Aaron Lester Brown as "The Dixie Kid." He won the title from Walcott at Colma, a suburb of San Francisco in 1904. He won on a foul in round twenty—and I was among those who saw him do it. Of course there was considerable dispute about Aaron's title, but he won it nevertheless. Aaron Lester Brown, "The Dixie Kid," now resides in Los Angeles and is a daily visitor to the gymnasiums, giving the new generation the once over.

The game and untiring efforts of Promoter Louis Parante have again established Oakland as one of the leading fight centers of our little community. Facing odds which caused the veteran Tommy Simpson to throw in the towel and the American to flop, Parente has furnished the Oakland faithfuls with fights week in and week out in a little obscure hall until new interest in the ring pastime among Oakland fans has reached such heights that Parente has moved into the beautiful and mammoth Civic Auditorium with his big shots.

Promoter Parante's ace is one Max Baer, heavyweight. Baer has a punch like the kick of a mule but his only defense is a concrete jaw and a grin.

Armand Emanuel, the boxing barrister, has opened offices for the general practice of law in the Chester Williams building, Los Angeles.

Jack Dempsey is back home in Los Angeles with plans uncertain other than to spend the summer here taking life easy.

Jimmy McLarnin, outstanding welterweight contender, has never appeared in a professional bout in his home town, Vancouver. He did, however, enact the role of referee recently at a smoker for the home town boys and received a big ovation and silk robe.

Sailor Eddie Huffman is back on old come-back trail again. He has turned in a couple wins at Southgate. Eddie has a kid brother just starting out in the game who looks pretty good.

Newsboy Brown won from Pablo Dano in ten rounds at the Olympic, Los Angeles. Both midgets gave all they had every second of the ten heats and provided a corking attraction.

Benny Miller, one of the few real prospects of our little community and one likely to be heard from before the year is out won over the veteran Matt Codan in the semi-windup of the Brown-Dano card. Young Miller is now bordering on middleweight poundage.

Staging a tenth round rally, Bert Colima, the veteran Mexican middleweight, fought his way to a tie with Homer Sheridan in a bout that thrilled Hollywood from the opening bell to the closing.

Armand Emanuel "Gene Tunneyed" his way to a ten-round win over Jim Maloney in the so-called main event of Jack Doyle's all star heavyweight show at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles. Emanuel just tapped and tapped throughout the ten monotonous rounds and Maloney was Baloney any way you slice it.

The real "McCoy" of the show was a scheduled ten-rounder between Frankie Campbell and Les Kennedy which Campbell won in round four by a kayo after running second most of the way.

The third event ended in favor of the ponderous Vigo Doman over Ray Spiker. Spiker staggered Doman in the second but failed to follow up his advantage and Vigo terminated matters then and there with a right to the chin.

The show drew less than 24 "grand". Guarantees to the principals aggregated 25 "G's". Doyle took a loss of about $10,000. But you can say this for Doyle—he is a darn good loser. He just smiled and said it couldn't be helped.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Boxing Commission it was voted to recognize the winner of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight as the legitimate successor to Gene Tunney.

Dave Shade dodged a suspension as a result of his "no contest" fight with Mike Hector at the Olympic, Los Angeles, but commission censure went to the matchmaker for scheduling such an uneven contest.

The rule prohibiting managers of fighters using more than one fighter on the same card will be enforced.

In the future local deputy inspectors will be held to stricter accountability by the Commission.

Royal "Dutch" Elliott, the hairy-chested ex-amateur heavyweight champ, won over Ernie Owens in ten rounds at Hollywood.

Johnny Lamar is lightweight champion of the Pacific Coast by reason of his ten-round win at Hollywood over Hector McDonald. Lamar and McDonald have long been considered the best in their division in their respective localities, McDonald in the Northwest and Lamar in California. Lamar was presented with a gold belt buckle emblematic of the title by the Legion management.

Young boxers planning a Western trip this summer and boys wanting work in California rings are invited to get in touch with this writer at 5007 ½ South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles.

SAN FRANCISCO PUGILISTICA

By J. MALDONADO

FRANKIE STETSON ran into Andy Divodi's powerful right and went to sleep as a result. This Divodi boy has been licking 'em right and left.

People think that Stetson is through, but he's not. Under Dolph Thomas, Frankie will go a long way. Dolph, his manager, knows what it's all about, and has a good head.

Paddy Ryan left for Los Angeles with Pablo Dano, Filipino flyweight. Pablo Dano lost an unpopular decision to Newsboy Brown down there. Reports from the south claim that Dano won all by himself.

Leon Chevalier, the big boy who upset the strong space of Primo Carnera, lost a decision to Angus Snyder in 10 rounds.

Louie O'Neil, brother to Frankie Stetson, surprised when he knocked out Kintaro Useda, Japanese welter. O'Neil hit the canvas twice in the first up got up only to stop the Jap. O'Neil is under Dolph Thomas' management.

Fritz Reschert, rubber at the Taussig-Ryan gym, is ill. Fritz is one of the best rubbers on the Pacific Coast.

Little Al Robinson, of the Taussig stable, left for the east to take on all comers. Al, who only weighs 108, is willing to box the best at 112 pounds. Moose Taussig is his manager.

Young Corbett the third koed Andy Divodi in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. The house was jammed to the roof with 11,000 fans who paid $19,000 to see the bout.

Norman Smiley still thinks he can make a fighter out of Al Johnson.

Babe Marino won a ten-round decision over Charley Hernandez in a fast bout at National Hall. The bout was crammed with thrills. Young Alde won a six-round decision over Vernon Jackson. Jiro Kumagai won a six-round decision over Old Sammy Compagno.

Lester Donati sure can punch with that right hand of his. Recently Lester knocked out Charley White at National Hall.

Paul Negri, of Joe Ducros' stable, has taken a short rest.

Billy O'Donnell is in charge of the rub room at the Taussig-Ryan gym while Fritz is absent.

Hippo Burns has a gym up on Church Street. Bill Remiers is his partner.

Al Marino won over Billy Adams in six rounds at National Hall.

Nails Gorman and Jack Stewart fought six rounds to a draw.

Johnny Norman has quit fighting. Johnny was one of the best bantams on the coast. Johnny is a cousin of Johnny Dundee, ex-featherweight champion of the world.

OREGON FLASHES

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND News—Mickey Dolan, Portland, stopped Jean Boireau, lightweight champion of France, in the fifth round. Promoter George Moore gave the few that turned out a great main event, as the fight was full of action from beginning to end.

Primo Carnera, "world's bulkyweight champion," arrived in Portland amid the shouts and vivas of Italian admirers. A large crowd packed the Union Depot to see him and packed George Moore's arena when Carnera stopped Sam Baker, Hollywood giant Negro, in the first round.

Promoters Evans and Moore put Carnera on in six exhibition rounds and followed that with a regular boxing card. Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles, won over Ivan Laffineur, French welterweight, in ten. Jack Silver, ex-light-heavyweight ruler of the Navy, kayoed Tommy Hogan, Toledo, Ohio, in one.

Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, decisioned Cowboy Jack Willis, San Francisco middleweight, in ten, on Ralph Gruman's card. Eddie Volk, Portland ex-amateur, won a decision over Ray Archer, Tacoma featherweight, in six. Jack Willis praised Volk's ability as did Pete Cerkan. Both predict that he is a comer.

On Ralph Gruman's card, Young Firpo, Burke, Idaho, stopped Pete Cerkan, Pe Ell, Wash., 174, in two. Don Fraser, Spokane, Wash., decisioned Tommy Fielding, Victoria, B. C., in six; lightweights. Battling Slim, Bellingham, Wash., decisioned George Morris, Tacoma light-heavyweight, in six.

At Klamath Falls, Willie Feldman, New York middleweight, decisioned Tiger Bob Robinson, Oakland, in ten.

At Klamath Falls, Dave Jackson battled a draw with Young Sam Langford in ten.

Mickey Dolan, Portland lightweight slugger, fought in Detroit with Jean Boireau of France, on May 31. Dolan stopped Boireau in Portland previously.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

LOU SCOZZA, sturdy local light-heavy, who came close to knocking out Slattery in their 15-round match, holds two clean-cut wins over Rosenbloom. Lou has eyes on a match with either Maxie or Jimmy and believes he can trim both of them.

Scozza is due for some important matches during the open air season. His first showing will be with Chuck Burns at Flint, Mich. Then Jules Beck, Pittsburgh promoter, wants him with Billy Jones. The Crescent club of Buffalo is angling for Larry Johnson and Pete Latzo for Scozza and Chicago promoters offer him Larry Johnson and Leo Lomski.

George Parker, recently amateur lightweight champion of New York State, has demonstrated what he can do as a professional. His smashing victory over Mike Coogan of Syracuse was impressive. George stopped Mike in three rounds. It was not the knockout that made the fans go so heavy for Parker but the way George went about his work in winning. Parker has one of the best left hands the writer has seen. He will go far in his chosen profession.

Tommy Paul will have to tend to his knitting and get in good shape if he wants to win over the real topnotchers. He was lucky to get a draw decision with Al Brown. Fidel La Barba beat him and Providence papers say Johnny Datto was far out in front when Paul got the verdict on a foul. Datto had floored Tommy for a nine count in the initial round. A return go between Paul and Datto would go well here.

If Tommy gets a few wins under his belt the Crescent club intends to make an effort to sign Al Brown for a world's title match here at the baseball park this summer.

Steve Halaiko, former national lightweight champion, and Olympic amateur lightweight star, is making a great record as a pro. He boxed professionally 14 times last season and lost only once. Sammy Dorfman won from him on a foul in eight rounds at Rochester. Sammy was ahead on points when the foul was struck.

Anse Carroll, the Rochester matchmaker, announces that he will stage some very important open air shows at the Horse Paddock, Edgerton Park, Rochester. The Paddock seats around 10,000.

It is not likely that there will be any open air boxing in Buffalo until July. The Lake Erie breezes are too chilly for outdoor boxing in the early summer here. However, the Crescent A. C. is arranging some heavy fistic programs for the Bison Stadium. And the Queensbury club hopes to stage Slattery vs. Rosenbloom in late June.

As the Crescent A. C., Buffalo, the Rochester Sporting club, Rochester, and the Syracuse Coliseum A. C., Syracuse, are all under the same ownership, good boxers anxious to locate in one of these towns will have a fine opportunity to box often. Write Hugh Shannon, 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

There will be a call to organize the International Boxing Promoters' Association in mid-Summer. The idea will be to create a working agreement, rules, etc. and a better understanding between promoters in the various cities. Hugh Shannon and Grant Quale, promoters at Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse and Playfair Brown, Toronto, are the prime movers to launch the new organization.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES

By ROCKY CONTI

JOEY MANUEL, the fighting pressman, won the lightweight championship of the city when he defeated Christy Hart in an 8-round bout before one of the largests crowds that ever saw a bout between two local boys.

Abe Lichenstien, local welterweight, also had a spot on the card and kept up his winning streak when he defeated Stanley Stevens, of Boston, in another 8-round bout. Although Stevens was outweighed he gave the local boy the toughest fight of his career.

Jack Riley, who recently came here from Scotland, defeated Frisco Grande in another 8-round bout that was full of action. The boys stole the show for the night and were soon rematched.

Johnny Burba, the fighting Cossack, was a spectator at the Manuel-Hart bout and challenged the winner for the city championship.

Ernie Rosini, featherweight, who is making Rochester his headquarters, has been in training for the past month for a busy summer campaign.

Dominick Angelo, local heavyweight who six months ago broke his right hand in his first "pro" bout with Joe Doctor, has been pronounced O. K. by Doc Knight, bone specialist.

Sam Porcelli, who seems to be the youngest boxing manager licensed by the New York Commission, has a large string of boxers under his management and is keeping them busy. Some of his boys are Dominick Angelo, Johnny Burba, Johnny Baker, Pete Defrank, and Meyer Lathron.

Al (Bad News) Taylor, formerly of Pittsburgh, who a few years ago met some of the leading bantamweights, is making his home in Rochester and has grown into a junior lightweight. He craves action with some of the leading boys in his division.

Mike Dempsey, who a few years ago met all the leading welterweights in the country, made a hit in Toronto when he boxed Red Bragan.

Ruby Cohen, former middleweight champion of the Navy, who hung up his gloves last summer to operate a gym, is getting himself in condition and hopes to start over again. Ruby was a good drawing card here and has been missed by the local boxing fans in the last year.

Boxers with good records get in touch with the writer at 300 Ward Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE RING, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for April 1st, 1930.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel Fleischer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of THE RING, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Nathaniel Fleischer, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; business managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: The Ring, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholders, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) NATHANIEL FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1930. Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 1392, Reg. No. 5241. Cert. filed in New York County; No. 81, Registered No. 1P92. Commission Expires March 30th, 1931. (SEAL).

BRUTE STRENGTH

Quickly and Easily!

Now you can get brute strength and a stocky, rugged body, quickly and easily, with this amazing body building outfit. Try this powerful 5 CABLE EXERCISER—it's got a kick like a mule! Builds enormous Chest, Shoulders, and Arms. And the HAND GRIP . . . great for the Wrists and Forearms. And for strong, well-muscled necks . . . this powerful HEAD HARNESS. ALL THIS for but $1.98 (Get your outfit today. Send no money. Just your name and address. Pay postman only $1.98 plus few cents postage when package arrives. No C. O. D. outside U. S.)

$1.98 only

SEND NO MONEY

H. C. SWEENEY MFG. CO.
21 East 22nd St., Dept. G-12, New York, N. Y.

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Learn about method to overcome bashfulness. **Send 25c. for my amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE
B-247 Flatiron Bldg. New York

WANTED

Police Gazettes from 1846 to 1896. Any odd numbers especially those of the early eighties. Also any Police Gazette Annuals or Record Books from 1880 to1908.

Address THE RING
11 West 42nd Street New York City

WILL BUY

Old Police Gazettes prior to 1905.
Police Gazette Annual Record books—
Any year from start to 1906.
Address–Nat Fleischer, THE RING,
11 West 42nd Street New York City

A WINNER SINCE 1870,

and still in the ring after a 60 year record of satisfaction and manly comfort.

SCHNOTER'S SUSPENSORIES

Take no substitute, if dealer will not supply you, send direct.

Dept. R. J. C. SCHNOTER CO.
Midland Park, N. J.

Mouth Bleeding Stopped For $5

Cut lips and bleeding mouths are past. NO MORE is it necessary to be annoyed by a LOOSE, ILL-FITTING MOUTHPIECE that is always FALLING OUT.

MOUTHPIECES MADE TO ORDER

Of soft, flexible, rubber, red in back, white in front, can hardly be noticed.

OUT-OF-TOWN BOXERS
CAN ORDER BY MAIL

M. M. SALOMON, D.D.S.
144 Columbus Ave. at 66th St., New York City
Tel. Trafalgar 7096 Office Hours 10 to 5

How To Reduce Weight

by Bernarr MacFadden

This book gives you the complete regime for weight reduction, including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises. It is all simply told and is as simple to carry out.

It is by all odds the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction that we have ever seen.

Send only 50c for this book.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Inc.
Desk R.-7 1926 Broadway, N.Y.

OKLAHOMA BOXING NOTES
By L. H. TITTLE

RED FITZSIMMONS surprised Tulsa fans when he hung an overhand right flush to Tiger Jack Dillon's jaw in the second round and won the fight.

George Trenkel kaoed Beryl Busby in the third round on the same card.

Roland Kirchmeyer stopped Vic Hurst in the fourth on the American Legion card at Cushing. Chief Wow Wow beat Basil Chastain in 8. George Story laced Jack Frazier of Denver in six and Kid Belmont lost to Grant Martin in 4.

Frank Crider, University of Oklahoma football star, was stopped by Chief Wow Wow in the fourth. Sargis Prevost and Duckie Dillman drew in ten. Glen Dowel of Hinton who recently graduated from the amateur ranks as middleweight champion of the state, kayoed Sandy Sanderson in the second.

Speck Fried of Muskogee and Louie Avery of Tulsa went ten fast rounds to a draw at Tulsa. Kid Kober kayoed Jack Dougherty of Los Angeles in the third. Wilson Dunn won from Red Foster and Bobby Hamilton drew with George Trenkel in eight.

Several ring favorites are coming back to Oklahoma for the outdoor season and many good bouts are in the offing. Oklahoma has turned out as many top notch boys as any other state and more than most of them and it has now a number who will make a success of any outside campaign. We need a boxing law in order to give these lads the proper protection and encouragement. The promoters and manager themselves hold the success of the Boxing Law Campaign in their grasp. They can either defeat or pass it. If they defeat it, boxing should be barred here as in Texas. Most of our state schools are adopting boxing as a major sport. It is right that our citizenship support it, politically.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

THE Golden Glove Amateur boxing tournament was initiated in Minn. The show was a mild success, and it has been established as an annual event. The fights, themselves, were chuck full of spills, thrills, and laughs. The heavyweight trophy, donated by Jack Dempsey, was awarded to Earl Sather, of Minneapolis. Sather, a big, good-looking kid, knocked out Allen Teeter, U. of M. boxer.

The lightheavy title was won by Ted Loy, of Fargo, by virtue of a win over Al Lindley, in four rounds.

The 160 pound trophy was given to Mark Schweback, when Bill Hayes, the runner-up, broke his hand in the semi-finals. The middleweight class offered the stiffest competition of any one division in the tourney. Frank Dvorack and Hugh Early were also impressive.

Wes Bryant, local fighter, swept through the Welter class to win the final from Billy Howard in one round.

The lightweight award was taken by Jerry Chapman, Minneapolis, who looked impressive in his fights.

The other winners were: Babe Daniels, Bud Melander, and Kenny Reed, Feather, Bantam, and Flyweight champs.

The three outstanding prospects were: Earl Sather, Ted Loy, and Babe Daniels.

Yale Okun, clever New York Hebrew, outpointed Dick Daniels, Minneapolis heavy, in 10 rounds.

Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, refereed the Daniels-Okun fray before a full house. He still is the same old popular Jack.

Angus McDonald, is showing more "stuff" in every start. The big heavyweight won his fourth consecutive knockout, Jack Burke being the victim in two rounds.

In St. Paul, My Sullivan, was forced to step on the gas to edge out a decision over Jack McCarthy in 10.

Jimmy Gibbons is coming right along. He dropped Chuck Golden in 3 rounds.

Duluth has a great prospect in their heavyweight, Charley Retzlaff. Retzlaff is coming along in great form.

Dick Daniels came through with a surprising win over Babe Hunt, who hails from the state Will Rodgers made famous. Daniels had Hunt on the verge of a knockout in the tenth.

Ernie Peters, Chicago, won a shade verdict over Britt Gorman, Minnesota flyweight champ.

Paul Wangley, Minn's. hardpunching featherweight, stopped Glenn Lehr in the fifth.

The Hunt-Daniels fray was one of the few cards promoters Collins and McCarthy have lost money on.

THE RING is by far the most popular sport publication around these sections.

Short Socks—Harry Dillon married Dorothy McLean, of Minneapolis—Dave Forbes, lightheavyweight champion of Scotland, is here under the management of Murry McLean and his partner, Mike Ferrozzo—Jimmy Gibbons, Mike Gibbons' heavy, is throwing the leather high, wide and handsome—Mickey McDonough deserves more work—St. Paul will have a new gym for fighters only, by the time the snow flies again—Flash Random, of Iowa, is now a soldier, stationed at Fort Snelling—Red Fry is back in the ring—Phil Terk packs 'em in at Duluth—Babe Daniels, protege of Dick Daniels, looks great for a kid—Mike Mandell has his name on his car in large gold letters—Modest Mique—Jock Molone should hang 'em up—He has fought over 220 battles, since 1916—Minnesota needs a state-wide boxing law—Angus McDonald stands out as the month's best prospect.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LICHTIG

EARL MASTRO of Chicago made his second appearance in Milwaukee by defeating Jackie Cohen of New York. The bout was a corker, Mastro doing the pitching and Cohen the catching.

The semi-windup to this fight proved to be better than the windup as long as it lasted. Mickey O'Neil, Milwaukee, winning over Joey Medill of Chicago, on a foul in the fifth round.

Solly Schuman of Chicago beat Frankie Lamping of Milwaukee in four rounds. Schuman a stable mate of Mastro is one of the sweetest boxers seen around Milwaukee in a long time.

King Tut, Milwaukee lightweight contender, continued his winning streak. He kayoed Wild Cat Monte and Russie LeRoy in quick order.

Bruce Flowers won on a foul from King Tut in four rounds before one of the largest crowds ever to attend an indoor fight in Milwaukee. The bout was the first mixed bout in thirty years of Wisconsin ring history. Flowers was given a great reception.

King Levinsky won the hearts of Milwaukee fans with his slam-bang tactics when he disposed of Leon Lucas, Olympic amateur champ, in five rounds.

Levinsky then came back and put the kayo on Dave Maier, undefeated lightheavy champ of Wisconsin. The bout took on the aspect of an old-fashioned saloon brawl, the referee stopping the bout before the first round had ended.

Mitz Minikel, Ace Boxing Club slugger, came back into the limelight by his quick kayo of George Rohrick, hard-hitting heavyweight, in two rounds.

Minikel then came back and beat King Levinsky in ten rounds. The bout had the fans on their toes from bell to bell. They fought a third bout on May 27.

Milwaukee according to some of the leading fighters in the country has some of the best equipped gyms in the country.

Tommy Neary, former welter star, runs a fine gym here. It is located at 1141 Third Avenue. Out of town boxers are invited to train there.

Ace Boxing Club runs an elaborately equipped gym at Grove and National Avenue, Milwaukee.

Milwaukee Eagles were hosts to one of the greatest amateur teams in the country, the Robins Athletic club, piloted by Manny Robins of Cleveland. These boys were all in good shape and could really fight. Among the boxers which impressed the fans very much were Frankie (Cheech) Wallace, Joey (Weasel) Kushner, and Don Gonzales.

I hear that Johnny Dettlaff won the Central A. A. U. championship of Chicago . . . Joey Sangor is going to make another comeback in the fall . . . Franklin Cheek is ready for the best of them . . . Billy Mitchell is going to build a bowl seating 15,000 . . . Lou Sangor is looking for some good fighters . . . Eddie Metrie has a great heavyweight prospect . . . Hymie Lebo is going great in the insurance game . . . Joey Azzarella will be ready to go next month . . . Ace Boxing Club is the only organization to boast three amateur boxing champions, Louis New, Walter Walker and Johnny Dettlaff . . . Fred Saddy is glad amateur boxing season is over . . . "Doc" Hoffman is now matchmaker at the Elks' Club.

HOOSIER FISTIC NEWS
By "KID" CHISSELL

TWO pals of the ring arrived back in their home town, Indianapolis, for a few days' visit recently—Jack Dillon, the former Hoosier Bearcat and Giant Killer, who was light-heavy champion of the world at one time, and Jimmy Watts, former flyweight. Dillon and Watts have been pals for over twenty years. They have been doing fairly well in Miami, Florida, where they have a small business. While here, Dillon has been coaching Walter Pickerd, Indianapolis' latest heavyweight sensation, who has been winning most of his bouts by the kayo route. Watts now has a string of greyhound racing dogs and expects to leave shortly for St. Louis with them, while Dillon will go to California to fill an engagement for a motion picture studio.

Willard Brown, Indianapolis lightweight, shaded Roy Pierson, of Indianapolis in the semi-windup. Willie Erne, Kansas City lightweight, stopped Bruce Britt of Terre Haute in the fifth. Billy Meyers, Indianapolis heavyweight, stopped Freddie Frost of Indianapolis in the first. "Irish" Chamberlain, Richmond welterweight, stopped Buddy Williams of Indianapolis in the first. Kid Crady, Indianapolis junior lightweight, outpointed Jack Kelly of Indianapolis in four.

Willard Brown, Indianapolis lightweight, outpointed Roy Pierson of Indianapolis, at the Armory. Red Holloway, Indianapolis welterweight, lost to Glen Nidy, Terre Haute, in the sixth. Scotty Scotten, Indianapolis featherweight, and Joe Lynn of Princeton, boxed a draw. Joe Napolitana, Kokomo bantam, and Roy Woods, Indianapolis, boxed a draw. Jimmy Reynolds, Fort Harrison welter and Woody Birtch of Indianapolis, boxed four rounds to a draw.

The future of the game looks bad here unless certain clubs and managers change their tactics. It's surely a pity that good boys like Frankie Carbone, Johnny "Kid" Lewis and quite a few others cannot get work here.

Sam Markus, who was handling good boys a few years ago, is back in the game as a promoter. He has a lease on the Cadle Tabernacle.

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis heavy, decisively defeated Joe Sekyra of New York in ten bruising rounds at Cadle Tabernacle, before a packed house in Sam Markus' first show.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By HAROLD T. BUCKLEY

THE South has a new fistic star. His name is Warren English. This slugging youngster has had thirty fights and has won twenty-nine and drew in the other contest. English weighs 125 pounds and will be amongst the leaders in another six months. He won over Al Donnelly in his last start. He is New Orleans' best card at present.

Johnny Cook won over Chico Cisneros here last month but many thought that the Mexican was entitled to a draw. Johnny looked real good. What a club fighter this Cook is!

Charlie Rodriquez is back in action after a three months' layoff. Rodriquez has boxed the best in the lightweight class. Another good club fighter.

The Courthouse A. C., with Phil Gaffney as matchmaker, should have a big summer. It is situated in a good section of the city and is one of the classiest open air arenas in the South.

Gaffney will run show twice a month. With his ability as a matchmaker, he should turn them away.

Chester Bush won over Walker Smith last month and is claiming the middleweight title of the South. Smith was the recognized holder by many before meeting Bush. Sal De George is doing Bush's business.

Jack Melrose is going good again. He boxed three fights last month, winning two and drew in the other. He is a real action fighter.

Martin Burke is staging shows at the Coliseum every Monday night and is doing well. Martin has shown New Orleans fans some of the best fighters in the country during the past six months.

Basil Galiano has announced his retirement from the ring. The New Orleans Italian met the best boys in his class and was never kayoed in nearly 100 fights. Galiano was a credit to the fight game.

Milton Manguno, who met Johnny Cook, Eddie Wolfe, Ray Kiser and others, is back in action under new management. Emil Bruno is now piloting the clever Manguno.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

ART FEESER, Lebanon's sensational lightweight, knocked out Benny Schwartz, of Philadelphia, in two rounds. Feeser is one of the busiest and most pleasing scrappers in these parts.

It took Rosey Stoy eight rounds to knock out Augie Pisano, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Stoy is staging a comeback.

Jimmy Wilson has a good looking youngster in Joey Pierce, of Philadelphia, former amateur featherweight.

Eddie Leroy, Williamsport's clever feather, dropped a decision to Johnny Chiodo, of Johnstown, in the latter's home town. The verdict was loudly booed as everyone thought Leroy earned a draw.

Whitey Laubach, Williamsport's welterweight, shaded Al Conway, of Philadelphia, with the fans hooting the verdict.

Gaston Lacadre, France, outpointed Jackie Portney, of France, in a bruising ten-rounder at Allentown.

Battling Willard, Lancaster veteran, is still holding his own with the middleweights. Recently he won a close decision over Sailor Matty, of Shenandoah.

Danny Dern, Lebanon welter, looks like one of the best prospects in these parts.

Frankie Pallo, now making his home in Lebanon, is winning steadily, his latest victim being Buddy Fletcher.

Tommy Liberto, of York, won the decision in ten over Mickey Diamond, of Philadelphia, but the fans disagreed with the judges.

Matt Rice, who in his last fight stopped Gene Cardi in two rounds, shapes up as the best middleweight in this part of the State. He boxes nicely and carries dynamite in both gloves. Watch him.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

MICKEY DOYLE, Pittston featherweight who recently returned from South Africa, stopped Lou Moskowitz in three rounds at the Armory A. C.

The New York boy was punished from the opening bell and his handlers decided to stop hostilities when it was discovered Moskowitz had suffered a broken nose.

The balance of the card kept the fans on their toes. Joe Mayars, middleweight, Rochester, won from Mike Kushwara, Pottsville, 6 rounds. Tony Stern, Breslau welter, outslugged Pete Petrolle, Syracuse, 6 rounds; Rex Petrella, Exeter flyweight, beat Freddie Lattanzio, New York, 5 rounds; Ray Parker, city lightweight, outpointed Syd Thomas, Nanticoke, 6 rounds.

As a warm-up to the match with Moscowitz, Doyle took on Tony Johnson, at the Pittston Armory. Doyle disposed of Johnson in five heats.

In the preliminaries, Jay Macedon, Newark welter, won over Joey Coolbaugh, of Duryea, six rounds; Charlie Russo, Pittston lightweight, outpointed Jackie Tilden, Dickson City, six rounds; Pep O'Brien, Old Forge, defeated Sammy Diamond, Duryea welter, 6 rounds; Young Fisher, Exeter lightweight, won from Jimmy Thompson, Wilkes-Barre, four rounds; Young Mattinas, Pringle featherweight, won over Carmel Del Regno, Pittston, four rounds.

Joe Grady, Simpson welterweight, and Sailor Matty, Shenadoah, battled to a draw before a packed house at the Carbondale Casino. A cut above the eye proved a big handicap to Grady but he staged a great rally in the closing rounds to gain an even break.

The preliminaries to the Grady-Matty bout were a riot of action and the results were: Tony Rock, Mayfield welter, drew with Frankie Gundermas, of Throop, six rounds; "Wild Cat" O'Connor won over Georgie Murphy, Carbondale, four rounds; Babe Palko, Mayfield, defeated Frankie Grum, Scranton; Johnny Leonard, Scranton, outpointed Pete Sullivan, Oliphant, four rounds.

Mike Kushwara, Pottsville middleweight, added another kayo to his list when he disposed of Tommy Gleason, Philadelphia, in one minute and twenty seconds of the opening round. In the other half of the double wind-up staged by the Mahanoy City A. C., Pat Iago defeated Mickey Diamond, Philadelphia; Mickey Greb, Wilkes-Barre featherweight, won all four rounds over Bucky Bastian, Sunbury.

More than 1500 fans enjoyed a boxing show staged by the American Legion A. C. in Hazelton. Marty Mellet lost a six-round bout to Mickey O'Donnell, Freeland featherweight. In the other bouts, Jockie Dillon, East End bantam scored a kayo over Harry Snuder, of Freeland; Walter Levan, Wilkes-Barre welter, beat Kid Dugan, McAdoo; Rocky Lou, Wilkes-Barre, lost to Jack Tillman, Hazelton; Joe Axiom, Wilkes-Barre light-heavy kayoed Ray Minnick, Weatherly, in one round.

Johnny Kelly, local welterweight, scored an impressive victory over Pep O'Brien, at Carbondale. On the strength of his showing against O'Brien he will be matched with Bud Cicerone, Carbondale welter.

Al Jackson, Scranton lightweight, defeated Al Bryant, Newark Negro, in ten rounds. On the verge of a kayo in the third stanza, Jackson rallied.

The Scranton A. C. staged a fine show, featuring forty-six rounds of boxing. In the wind-up Joe Moresco, Newark welter, won over Mickey Chapin, of Scranton, 10 rounds; Al Bryant, Newark lightweight, defeated Pat Iago, Pottsville, 10 rounds; Pete Suskey, Scranton lightweight, outpointed Danny Cooney, Trenton; Pep O'Brien, of Old Forge, won from Durant Boyce, Scranton; Gus Gardener, Plains light-heavy, kayoed Joe Stevens; Pete Artido, Pittston, defeated Young Bevan, Scranton; Jack Leonard, Scranton, won over Pete Sullivan, Olyphant.

Johnny Dunn, former Wilkes-Barre featherweight, who now lives in New Kensington, Pa., recently put up a great battle against Andy Martin, of Boston, at Pittsburgh. The decision went to Martin.

Seven amateur boxers were selected at the final show to represent the Sacred Heart Club of Luzerne, in the Luzerne County Boxing Tournament to be held at the Wilkes-Barre Armory. The winners in the tournament were as follows: Andy Polchok, 116; Joe Peazzo, 116; Marty Vance, 128; Jack Allen, 139; Tony Ostrosky, 157; Jack Botsko, 185.

The St. Francis A. C., Nanticoke, brought to a close another successful season of amateur bouts. The winners in the finals were as follows: Adam Gajewski, 116; Jimmy Gallagher, 127; Bernie Lastowsky, 140; Joe Bonsa, 122; Walter Daring, 140; Wesley Roche, 156; Joe Sweeney, 115; Georgie Cocha, 130.

The Pittston American Legion staged the semi-finals with the following victors: Barney Sakalouskas, 150; Jack Lasky, 116; Walter Kleip, 131; Charley Munnely, 150; Eddie Murtha, 159; Charley Dominick, 135. The final will be held in the near future to determine the county finalists.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

BOXING has slowed down to a walk around these parts. There has been but one show here in the past month. The Terry-Murphy bout with prices doubled packed the Arena to capacity. The trouble seems to be with the promoters, as there are plenty of naturals that would draw capacity houses. Get busy, Cliff.

The packed house that attended the Terry-Murphy bout were equally divided as to who they wanted to win. Many arguments and even fist fights occurred during the bout, but ever-ready Detective (Sharkey) Kelly and his squad stopped them before they became serious. As to the bout, both boys put on a bruising scrap for ten rounds. It is this writer's honest opinion that Terry's aggressiveness alone won for him the bout. Referee Danny Sullivan declared the bout a draw.

Frank Striet, who has a park and swimming hole back in the woods at Nulmerville, Pa., is rigging a training quarters for boxers. It is an ideal spot. No doubt many Philadelphia and Trenton boxers will do their training there. Yours truly will have charge.

Jimmy Phillips, of Newark, won an eight-round decision over Tommy Madden, of New Brunswick. Phillips dropped Madden for the count in the seventh.

Howard Artl, of Newark, won as he pleased in a six-round bout over Pee Wee Ross, of Camden. Ross was a last minute substitute.

Johnny Lucas, of Camden, won an eight-round decision over Young Sacco, of Trenton. Lucas scored a knockdown in the first round.

Frankie Cabana, of Trenton, won over Billy Lavery, of Newark, in a six-rounder.

Joe Reno, Trenton welter, punched his way to an eight-round decision over Al Willis, of Newark. This bout was held at New Brunswick.

SAMMY EVANS
THE NEW WELTERWEIGHT SENSATION
CLEVER—FAST—AGGRESSIVE
Most Popular Fighter in the Northwest.
Will Fight Anyone—Any Place.
EDDIE DOHERTY, Manager
8 Sixth St., South, Great Falls, Mont.

TRY THESE PUNCHES
Sock! It's a KNOCKOUT when you know how to hit. Famous Boxing Course by Jimmy De Forest, trainer of Dempsey and other champions, teaches you everything; every punch, defense and trick. Special Summer Price $2.98 (later $3.98).
De Forest Boxing Course Now Only
Send $2.98 or pay C. O. D. plus actual postage. (Or if you want more information send for FREE Book, "The Golden Age of Boxing.")
$2.98
JIMMY DE FOREST BOXING COURSE
347 Madison Avenue, Dept. 107 NEW YORK CITY

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS" HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

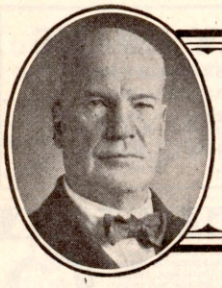
BUY IT NOW. REDUCED PRICE 75 CENTS
YOUNG GRIFFO
The Will o' the Wisp of the Ring. His Life and Battles. 30 pages of illustrations by Young Griffo on "How to Box." An excellent book for the beginner.
Address—NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING, Inc.
11 West 42nd Street New York City

100 Cartridges FREE
22 Cal. Blank
AUTOMATIC
NO PERMIT REQUIRED
Carry this 6 shot automatic (for blank cartridges) without license.
Looks and acts like genuine $10.00 automatic. Magazine holds 6 shots without reloading. Plenty noise in every shot. Useful for real protection required out at night or in any home and farm. Blued Steel finish. Safety catch. Send now low price $4.88 or send no money and pay Expessman on delivery. Two for only $8.88.
$4.88 6 SHOT
Century Sales Co., Dept. R, 35 Maiden Lane, New York City

WHY WEAR GLASSES?
They are only eye crutches at best. And today thousands are throwing them away.
Try Bernarr Macfadden's eye course at our risk. You need send no money. Just write to address below. We will send back C. O. D. You pay postman $3.00 plus a few cents postage. If you are not fully satisfied after a five-day trial, return the book and we will refund your money.
MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC.
Desk R-7 1926 Broadway, New York

IF YOU WANT A BIGGER INCOME SELL SHIRTS!
Earn big money from the start. Let Quaker help you. Wonderful sample Outfit gets orders. Finest Men's Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery. Unbeatable values. Unique sales features. Ironclad guarantee. Shirts, Ties, Cash Bonuses given to producers. Write for Free Outfit NOW! Dept. O-7.
QUAKER SHIRT CORP., 1107 Broadway, N.Y.

PROTECTION FOR BOXERS' TEETH
Ready made teeth protectors or guards made to fit any mouth. Just what a boxer must have. Nothing like it ever offered for sale.
No matter how good a boxer you are, try this teeth protector while training and see how much it will help to improve you in every way.
Your investment is well worth it. Give it a trial. Send $2.00 to
H. J. KRAMER
5057 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Michigan



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

A Fight Fan, Meriden, Conn.

Q.—How much did Dempsey and Carpentier receive for their fight?

A.—Total receipts, $1,626,580. Dempsey received $300,000, Carpentier $200,000.

I. Hicks, Brewton, Ala.

Q.—What is the meaning of no decision?

A.—Applied to localities where official decisions are prohibited by law.

Q.—What is a technical knockout?

A.—Where referee intervenes to prevent unnecessary punishment.

Q.—Who were the heavyweight champions to date?

A.—Hyer, Morrissey, Heenan, Coburn, Dunn, Gallagher, Dwyer, Allen, Goss, Ryan, Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney.

Emanuel Ribak, Baltimore.

Q.—Who would be favorite in a McLarnin-Fields contest? What are the records of Benny Leonard and Sid Terris?

A.—Fields would be a slight favorite. Get Andrews' 1928 Boxing Record for Leonard and Terris statistics.

Frank A. MacKenzie, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Two months ago I started training to become a boxer. I weigh 165 pounds, am 6 feet ½ inch tall and 21 years old. Can you tell me where to find a trainer or manager in Detroit or somewhere?

A.—Call on Sam Pearlstein, 242 West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit.

Mitchell Fredka, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Where can I start as an amateur in Detroit, Mich. I weigh 154 pounds, height 5 feet 5¼ inches. Born Sept. 24, 1912.

A.—Join the nearest amateur club or gymnasium.

Dan Mardock, Kearney, Neb.

Q.—Please send me your books on Training and Boxing C. O. D.

A.—No books from THE RING Book Shop are sent C. O. D. Send cash or money order.

Q.—I am 16 years of age, 5 ft, 7½ in. tall, and weigh 125 pounds. What will be my dimensions at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft, 10½ in., 175 pounds.

Q.—Who was the greatest featherweight?

A.—Considered from all angles, George Dixon is my choice.

A. Polidor, Springfield, Vt.

Q.—How can I develop a punch? Will rope skipping increase one's speed? Is the Earl Liederman course beneficial?

A.—Punching the bag will develop hitting power, skipping the rope good for speed. Liederman course excellent. THE RING highly recommends it.

Joe Evans, Abilene, Kan.

Q.—Can a man aged 28 years, who never has boxed, get into the heavyweight tussle?

A.—A bit late in life, but if you get instruction you might succeed.

A Reader, Raleigh, N. C.

Q.—Will I be able to box with flat feet?

A.—Flat feet no obstacle if you learn to move rapidly.

Wm. Roszits, Rahway, N. J.

Q.—What are the heights of Jackie Fields, Freddie Polo and Al Mello?

A.—Fields, 5 ft. 7½ in.; Mello, 5 ft. 8 in; Polo, 5 ft. 7¾ in.

Q.—Who is the best colored light-heavyweight today?

A.—Larry Johnson, of Chicago, the best prospect.

Chas. Allen, Wharton, Texas.

Q.—Could you give me the address of Chocolate, the Cuban boxer?

A.—Address his manager, Louis Gutierrez, 1547 Broadway, New York City.

George Stainінger, Los Angeles, Calif.

Q.—Which are the best rated, the Irish or Italian fighters in the past and at the present?

A.—Irish fighters predominant in past, but Italians coming along strongly at present. Irish boxers noted for skill and headwork, while Italians are famous for pugnacity.

George H. Arnstein.

Q.—Is John L. Sullivan still living?

A.—Died on February 2, 1918.

Q.—Which do you think is the most dangerous sport, boxing or football?

A.—Fatalities and injures in football much greater than in boxing.

Joseph J. Cash, Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—I am 16 years, 5 months old, five feet, five inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. What will my height and weight be at full growth? What class will I be in?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 8 in., 160 pounds; middleweight.

Q.—What are the best books on training and boxing?

A.—"Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." Buy them from THE RING, 11 W. 42nd St., New York City.

Q.—Who are the three most scientific boxers in the heavyweight class today?

A.—Schmeling, Sharkey, Loughran.

Q.—Could Dempsey defeat Corbett if each was in his prime?

A.—Corbett, most scientific boxer in history, sure winner over Dempsey, if both were in their prime.

Q.—Which is the best gym in Cleveland in which to take up boxing?

A.—Inquire of Jimmy Dunn, 433 West 25th St., Cleveland.

Q.—Could Loughran whip Sharkey in a comeback? Which is the harder hitter?

A.—Sharkey would be favorite. Sharkey hits harder than Lougrhan.

Edison Hobbs, Catonsville, Md.

Q.—Can Griffiths hit as hard as Sharkey?

A.—Perhaps harder, but he is not so accurate.

Q.—What is the age of Griffiths?

A.—Twenty-three.

Q.—Do you think Loughran would have a chance with Sharkey again in another fight?

A.—Sharkey would be favored to win.

Q.—What should a man 28 years old, five feet ten and a half inches tall weigh, in good health?

A.—Not less than 175.

J. H. S., Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—Will the double tattoo hinder or aid a hard straight blow on punching bag?

A.—Fancy work on the bag is at the sacrifice of hard, straight punching.

Q.—What are the best exercises on the bag to develop a hard hook and a jab?

A.—Hook and jab the heavy bag.

RING Reader.

Q.—How can I strengthen my stomach muscles?

A.—Pulleys and bending exercises. Get a copy of "How to Train" from THE RING. Price $1.00.

Q.—How much will a boy weigh when 21 years of age, who at 17 scales 140?

A.—Probably 160.

Reader, Lorette, Man.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, weigh 162 pounds, stand 5 ft. 10 in. and have a 74-inch reach. Am I too old to take up boxing? In what class am I?

A.—Not too old. Middleweight class.

Carl E. Kaiser, Chillicothe, O.

Q.—How many contests did Tunney have, and how many did he win by K. O. and how many by decision? Please answer same question in regard to Dempsey.

A.—Tunney 68 contests; K. O., 35; won decisions, 17; no decisions, 14; lost 1; no contest, 1.

Dempsey, 79 contests; by K O, 47; won by decisions, 11; lost by decisions, 4; by K O, 1; draw, 4.

Knutford Kjorvestad, Klaten N. D.

Q.—How much does a boxer pay to his manager, seconds, promoters, trainers, etc., in a year.

A.—Varies according to earnings of boxer. In New York manager gets 33 1/3 per cent, promoter nothing. Trainers and seconds are paid according to receipts.

William John Horne, New Paltz, N. Y.

Q.—Can you send me the application blanks of the Amateur Athletic Union?

A.—Write to A. A. U., 133 Broadway, New York City.

Q.—How many bouts should I box as an amateur before turning professional?

A.—Stick to the amateurs until you have learned to box.

Q.—I would like to get a manager in Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, or Kingston. Can you locate one for me?

A.—Know of no managers in those cities. If close at hand, drop over to them and inquire.

MAINE BOXING AND WRESTLING GOSSIP

By FRANKIE BREARD

THE need of a state boxing commission has never been more demonstrated than during the past few months. Boys with no qualifications whatsoever have been substituted without proper notification and several bouts have ended unsatisfactorily.

Art Giroux, state flyweight king, beat Frisco Grande of Buffalo, N. Y., at Portland. Leo Salvas, Berlin, N. H., kayoed Red Grange, Portland, and Bobby Jones vs. Herbie Beck, home town rivals, went to a draw.

Timmy Burns, Bangor favorite, was knocked out in five rounds by Chino Alvarez, down in Tampa, Florida.

Tony Cavalero of Portland kayoed Bat Cabana of Sanford in the fourth round of Mike Marriner's show at Westbrook. Jerry Violette, Westbrook veteran, beat Louis Mousette, Rough House Chabot, Sanford, kayoed Bat Siki, Westbrook, in one; Jimmy Sargent, Portland, shaded Kid Smiles, Lewiston, and Dan Willey, Sanford, kayoed Young Perkins, Windham in one.

Ash Wing of Bangor, one of the square shooters in the boxing game, keeps packing them in at his club.

Tiger Tom Dixon, Dover, N. H. heavyweight, scored a suprise knockout at Portland over Al Schooner of Hartford, Conn. in the second round. Louis Nemis, Halifax, Canada, outpointed Johnny Casper, Lansing, Mich. Ted Kid Drew, Bidderford, drew with Joey Connolly, Boston; Jimmy Kid Sullivan, Portland, whipped Leo Salvas, Berlin, N. H., and Smokey Joe Woods, Portland, kayoed Boston Willie Brown in two.

The Le Cercle Canadian A. C. with Henry Tanguay as matchmaker will give the fans of Lewiston weekly shows featuring only local boys.

Ish Patterson of Bangor, and Al Parent of Lewiston, went to a draw in their bout at Belfast. In the semi-final, Sailor Mack, Belfast, kayoed Kid Merchant in three.

Art Giroux of Portland outslugged Ruby Dark Cloud Bradley of Holyoke, Mass., in their six-round go at Lewiston. In the semi-final, Little Jack Dempsey, Boston, took the measure of Al Nolet, Lewiston, in six.

Bud Fisher of Dexter knocked out Joe Costigan of Portland at Augusta. Roney Conet, Augusta welter, won over Tommy Lawn of Portland.

Jerry Duprey, sensational Bangor youngster, went to a draw with the veteran Battling Thierrien of Sanford, at Bath. In the semi-final, Jimmy Sawyer, Sanford, was knocked out for the first time in his long career by Mike Fortier, Bangor.

Eddie Cormier pulled a show at Bangor which gave the fans more knockout and thrills than they have witnessed in many moons. Sailor Utah, state welterweight champion, stopped Eddie Salvie of Boston, Mass. in the third round of the main bout. Jerry Dupree, Bangor, kayoed Battling Therrien, Sanford in one; Tiger Brown, Bangor, kayoed Kayo Kelly, Colby College in three and Tarzan Carter, Bangor, won over Young Edwards, Waterville.

Lou Lambert, ex-state featherweight champ, was defeated by Chevy Chase of Bedderford at Westbrook. Ben Durand Windham, kayoed Andy Gamble, Boston, in two, and Battling Cabana, brother of Emery Cabana of Phiadelphia kayoed Kid King of Bedderford in four.

Ad Zachow, Portland, kayoed Phil Burns, Sanford, in the third round of the main bout at Augusta. Red Grange, Portland won over Gene Madison, Dorchester, Mass., and Young Attell, Bangor Hebrew, won over Young Parent, Augusta Frenchman.

Cyclone Violette, the Old Town mauler, has retired.

In the top bout of Lewiston, Little Jack Dempsey, Boston, Mass., outpointed Kayo Labbe, Lewiston trial-horse, in six rounds of terrific slugging. Paul Junior, Lewiston, won over Tommy Lawrence, Rochester, N. Y. lightweight, on a foul in the third round of the semi-final.

John "Piper" Lynch will promote shows at the Gypsy Stadium in Orland during the summer season.

Tiger Brown, Bangor, was no match for Cyclone Violette of Old Town in their battle at Bangor when Violette kayoed Brown in the second chapter. Pat Cormier, Old Town, and Young Mike Fourtier, Bangor, went to a draw; Al Parent, Augusta, won over Peanut Duby, Old Town, and K. O. Doughty, Bangor, put Sailor Regan Brooklyn, N. Y., to sleep in one.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

A BUSY boxing season is in prospect for the summer months. Local promoters enjoyed a very prosperous indoor season and expect an equally good open air season.

The following clubs were in operation during the past six months: Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, John L. Hernon, promoter; Moose Temple Auditorium, Pittsburgh, Francis Flynn, promoter; Palisades Rink, McKeesport, Jimmy McGirr, manager; Coliseum, Washington (Pa.), I. E. Goodridge, promoter; Duquense Garden, Duquense, Pa., Johnny Ridge, promoter; Junction Park Arena, Ray Erbele, matchmaker, New Brighton, Pa.; and the Jolly Bowl at New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Eddie Brannon, Pittsburgh Negro lightweight, hung a kayo on Russel Bradford, of Pontiac, Mich., in the tenth round of their bout at McKeesport, Pa.

Ray Fay suffered a technical knockout at the hands of Patsy Perroni, Canton heavy, in the fourth at Massillon, Ohio. Ray is a brother to Al and Harry Fay, also heavyweights, of Charleroi, Pa.

In a double headliner at the Duquesne Garden Young Saylor, veteran ringman, of Charleroi, triumphed over Freddie Mueller, Buffalo star, in ten stanzas.

Benny Schwartz disposed of Marty Gold in the other ten-rounder.

It was Benny's first start since he suffered a one-round knockout at the hands of Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh Negro featherweight. Rodgers, by the way, lost the most important bout of his career when he met defeat at the hands of Archie Bell a month ago. Marty Gold, veteran Philadelphian, met Rodgers after the Archie Bell setback and went the limit of ten rounds, although losing a close decision.

Farmer Joe Cooper took on Harry (Kid) Wallace, Philadelphia, at the Moose Temple Auditorium and won handily. Wallace is now under the management of James (Red) Mason.

Phil Tobias won a ten-round verdict from Ruby (Dark Cloud) Bradley, Negro, at the Jolly Bowl. Both are leading flyweights. George Chip, of New Castle, refereed.

Prior to his defeat of Dark Cloud, Tobias defeated Tommy Palacio, Filipino flyweight, in the same ring.

Jackie Rodgers, Pittsburgh featherweight, was awarded an unpopular verdict over his clever rival, Johnny Dunn, of New Kensington, at the Motor Square Garden. Dunn holds two previous victories over the Negro.

Buck McTiernan knocked out Lee Sala in three rounds in the semi-final.

The Meyers Bowl at North Braddock, Pa., the largest of Western Pennsylvania's out-door arenas, will open soon.

Jack (Buck) McTiernan, local middleweight star, came through with a decisive victory over the aged Young Saylor, of Charleroi, in ten rounds. In his last four starts Saylor defeated Gene Moretti, Tom Malco, Mickey Solomen and Freddie Mueller, hence was not a set-up.

In the ten-round semi-final, Benny Schwartz easily defeated Frisco Grande.

Young Rudy, Charleroi lightweight, was awarded the referee's decision over Tom Malco, of Pittsburgh, in the other ten-rounder. In the six-round opener, Mose Butch, Pittsburgh bantamweight, stopped Freddie Smith in round one.

Steve O'Malley, Bellaire, Ohio, received the duke over Johnny (Young) Smackey, of Cannonsburg, Pa., in a ten-round battle at the Coliseum, Washington, Pa.

Mickey Solomen won the verdict over K. O. Husk in a ten-round go at the Jolly Bowl.

A new fight club will open its doors. It is the Hickey Park Arena, at Millvale, Pa.

Al Fay, of Charleroi, is coming along at a lively clip these days under the careful piloting of Jack Kearns. In his last time out, the Charleroi star beat Frankie Wine, Montana heavyweight. Al is a stablemate of Mickey Walker, middleweight king.

The writer is anxious to secure good clear photographs of the boys in western Pennsylvania for publication in THE RING. His address is 743 McKean Ave., Donora, Pa.

THE THREE GREATEST BOOKS ON BOXING EVER PUBLISHED

There are many books on the market on boxing, and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published by THE RING and written by THE RING publisher, Nat Fleischer.

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

(The American Way) With a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

* * *

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A Book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing."—All for only $1.00

* * *

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

No matter how good a boxer you are, you shouldn't be without this book. Buy it—Read it—Study its contents thoroughly if you want to be up near the top.

A book adopted in many colleges, high schools and even in the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army.

It is a book without an equal. Jack Dempsey, most popular of all boxers, has endorsed this book. He writes that it contains many fine points that he never knew about.

In this third edition, you'll find six full pages of training stunts which Dempsey, The Man Killer, The Greatest of All Modern Fighters, employed in getting in trim for his big battles.

Would you miss such a treat? You can't go wrong by sending in $1.00 for the latest training book, or $3.00 for the three books.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

THE RING BOOK SHOP,
No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second"
"How to Box"
"Training for Boxers" } Please mark books desired

Name_____

Street Number_____

City_____

State_____

ORIGINAL
GOLDEN GLOVE CHARM
Gold Filled Glove $2.00

Wrestling Charm
Gold Filled . . . $3.00
Sterling Silver . . . $2.50
14 K. Solid Gold . . $7.00

Send Cash or Money Order

OSK & OSK
64 W. 48th St.
New York, N. Y.
Bryant 9617

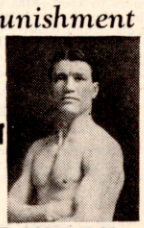
Copyright 1930

BOXING
Taught Without Punishment

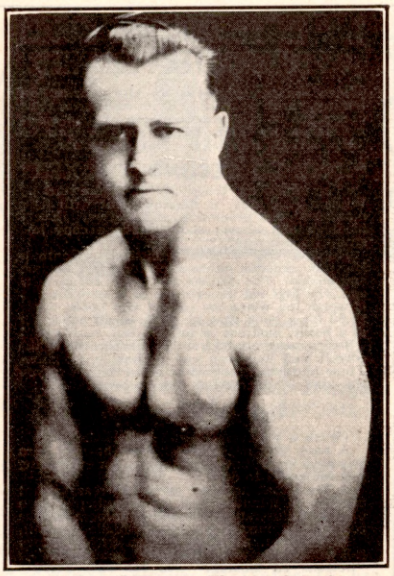
REDUCE!

MEN & WOMEN

2 to 4 Pounds Lost Each Treatment



PHILA Jack O'BRIEN
1658 Broadway, N. E. Cor. 51st St.
Circle 3327-3035 NEW YORK



EARLE LIEDERMAN, The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," Etc.

What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it's the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start. Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

I Can Give It To You In 30 Days

In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked for them.

You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders; that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the "Muscle Builder" for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. *And you can be that man.* Remember, I not only promise it. I GUARANTEE IT.

Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

Send for my New Book

"Muscular Development"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 2507 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 2507, 305 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Sir:—Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

WORCESTER was treated to big time when Promoter Deak Dodge imported Clyde Hull, South Dakota welterweight, to meet Lou Brouillard, local southpaw, in a ten-round main bout which headed the opening show of the outdoor season at the Fairgrounds.

Brouillard, with a record of 51 knockouts in 61 fights, failed to display his vaunted hitting power on Hull. The westerner, whose natural fighting weight is 159, came in at 149¾ and although in a weakened condition, Brouillard did not score a fall. Puzzled by Brouillard's awkward style, Hull went into a shell from the start and played a defensive game throughout.

Brouillard's unorthodox style should carry him a long way and establish him as a welterweight threat. It is doubtful, however, that any contenders will mix with him.

The poor showing of the main bout was discounted by the preliminary staged by Johnny Thompson and Julius Lurkey, both home town boys. Excitement that had the house reverberating with cheers, prevailed throughout. Thompson, making his pro debut, scored a five-round K. O. Newspapermen acclaimed this one of the greatest bantamweight battles staged in Worcester in many a day.

The Worcester Sporting Club stable, managed by Eddie Shapiro and located at 20 Madison Street, has been completed and is composed of: Pete Lucci, 125, conquerer of Harry Roberts, Freddy Neal, Tony Santello, Duke Menard, Johnny Barron, Lew Feldman, Jimmy Scully, Pinky Silverberg, Tony Leto, Jimmy Rappaport, Al Beauregard and others.

Joe Preston, 153; Johnny Yagjian, 126; Johnny Thompson, 121; Harvey Pette, 126; Scoops White, 155; Harry Alexanian, 135; Young Roy Gardner, 147; Kid Allen, 140, are the others who are under the Worcester Sporting Club banner.

Dick Flynn, University of New Hampshire welterweight champ, a protege of Scoops White, is now making his home in Worcester. Dick can handle many of the present pro boys and may soon be turned loose in the money ranks.

The Worcester Sporting Club at this writing has 146 members.

George Ross' Chicopee middleweight, Flash Fisher, seems like the goods. His last feat won him four bouts in a single month, copping two decisions each in Holyoke and Pittsfield.

Harry Devine is coming right along, his last accomplishment was trouncing Sonny Suggs in an eight-round main bout at Fall River. Lou Petrone, his lightweight stablemate, also won, gaining a six-round verdict over Bristol Brown.

There is still room for several more boys in the Worcester Sporting Club. Boxers desiring to become affiliated with this organization, should address 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

HUDSON COUNTY AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

EDDIE REILLY, of New York, was far too classy for Danny Levine, of Jersey City, in the feature contest at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Smothering Danny under a constant shower of leather, Eddie gave a great display of speed and science and proved that he is ready for the leading local lightweights.

Pete Nebo, Seminole Indian, defeated Lud Abello of Newark in ten rounds at the Laurel Gardens in Newark.

Philly Griffin, of Newark, won over Maxie Straube, of Cleveland, in another ten-rounder that was filled with action. In a third ten, Paulie Walker of Trenton, scored a knockout over Charlie Kaus, of Passaic, in the fifth round.

Irish Bobby Brady, of Jersey City, pounded out a sensational four-round knockout victory over Kid Henery of Canada in a scheduled ten-rounder at the Bayonne Stadium before a large crowd.

Harry Martone, of Jersey City, lost the decision to Battling Tracey, of New York in eight rounds, while Tommy Brady, brother of Bobby, scored a kayo in four heats over Bobby Lee, of New York.

Tony Melore, of Jersey City, knocked out Augie Pisano, of Brooklyn, in the second round of a ten-round bout at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Pisano was floored three times before Melore put over the knockout punch.

Mickey Marchitta, stablemate of Melore, scored a sensational victory over Charlie Roberts, of Newark, in the eight-round semi-final. Roberts proved to be a hard puncher with his right.

Dick Ellian, of Union City, scored his third consecutive knockout victory when he flattened Harry Saimers, of Elizabeth, in the opening round of a scheduled six-rounder, while Joe Blanco, won over Willie Wright, and Freddie Caruso captured the nod over Charlie Raines in a four.

Joe Glick, of Brooklyn, was given a draw in his fight with Lud Abella, of Morristown, in ten rounds in the closing Laurel Garden show in Newark. The crowd hooted the decision for they thought that Glick was entitled to the verdict.

In the eight-round semi-final Steve Hamas, of Passaic, former Penn. State star, won the decision over Mario Campi, of Italy, while Al Jones scored a kayo in the Georgie Hersh, and Ray Ratts flattened Jerry Fabe in the first heat.

Young Terry, of Trenton, handed a ten-round lacing to Joe Reno, also of Trenton, in the feature attraction at the opening of the Newark Velodrome.

In another scheduled ten-rounder, Freddie Polo, of Silver Lake, scored a knockout over Gene Gaffner, of Vineland, in the second round. After splitting Polo's nose with an over right-hand punch, collapsed after sampling one of Freddie's terrific right hooks, and was counted out in agony.

Eddie Reilly, of New York, put up a brilliant boxing exhibition in outpointing Dino Tempesti of Italy, in ten rounds of milling at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

Danny Levine, of Jersey City, fought a slashing ten-round draw with Martinez Ford, while Teddy Watson of Jersey City lost a bruising ten-round battle to Buck Oliva of New York.

MIDWEST NEWS
By PINKEY GEORGE

PRIMO CARNERA, Italy's giant, appeared in Des Moines in a six-round exhibition with three opponents and packed the coliseum. He stopped Texas Ranger in one and Seal Harris and Jack Cracken remained two rounds each.

Louie Mays, Des Moines middleweight, turned in two splendid victories when he defeated Laurie Peppin of Canada and Dick Watzl in his last two starts.

The Sammy Mandell-Tommy Grogan fight at Omaha, though a sell-out, brought in little or no profit for the promoters.

Outdoor shows have started. Ralph Alexander is showing at the Electric Park in Waterloo, Joe Kelly at Riverview Park in Sioux City, while David Fidler is matchmaker for the Riverview Park at Des Moines.

Kenneth Hunt and George Bourland, Iowa heavyweights, plan a comeback.

Cedar Rapids has two good cards in Joe Rivers and Johnny Fulton. Rivers bested Spug Myers and stopped Joe Azzarella while Fulton surprised the Iowan by winning an easy victory over Jack McCarthy.

Iowa's best boxing prospect and attraction, is Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines featherweight. He has not lost a start in 40 bouts.

Billy Light, St. Paul welterweight, who took a long rest, has returned to the ring. Johnny Salvator, his manager tells us, he is looking better than ever. St Paul is likely to see another Billy Light-My Sullivan tangle.

Johnny O'Hara is St. Paul's latest sensation. O'Hara is quite a card in this territory. He stopped Slim Craychee and beat Johnny Martin the last two times at bat.

Though stopped by Tommy Grogan, Tony Ligouri, Des Moines lightweight, is making a surprising comeback. He drew with Urban Liberty, then stopped Chet Wilkins on the Primo Carnera act at Des Moines.

Henry Falegano is a busy fighter—three fights in one week. Lost to Billy Vaughn, then beat Kid Lehr and Nach Manriquez. . . . David Fidler, Des Moines promoter, plans trip to New York with three fighters. . . . Glenn Allen, Atlantic, Iowa, is a great prospect. . . . Night baseball is hurting fights. . . . Al Bork beat Vale Falegano for the third time. . . . Spirit Lake resort plans to show outdoor fights. . . . "Baby" Carnera, Des Moines heavyweight, continues to win. . . . Iowa boxing enjoying biggest year. . . . Sioux Falls, S. D., has great middleweight in Irish McKanna. . . . The writer has moved to a new location—glad to hear from promoters and managers—207 Flynn Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

The Red Riddle of Beacon Hill!

How Crowley Solved the Mysterious Death of Mrs. Carrie Smith

IT was midday. A woman staggered out onto the back porch of 61 Hancock street. She stood where the sun shone full upon her. One hand was raised to a gashed void where her throat had been. She swayed. It looked as though she would fall. The other hand, reaching out, gasped a piazza post. "Help!" she cried in a throaty scream.

She opened her mouth to shriek again. But for some reason sounds would not come. She clung to the post as she swayed and gibbered frightfully through lips which grimaced but were horribly silent. . . .

Across the fence in the kitchen of a house on Derne street, two women stood helpless with widened eyes and fluttering hearts. Even as they watched, she tottered backwards toward the open door. Then—as suddenly as she came—she vanished. Almost as though some unseen hand had dragged her backwards.

Except for certain marks, all was as though it never had happened. Eyes still intent on the swinging, banging door, one of the women cried, "Whatever shall we do?" Through chattering teeth the other answered, "Send for the police!" Had either of them investigated. . . . . .

However they did not and by the time the police arrived—but let Superintendent Michael H. Crowley of the Boston Police tell you what happened. It was his first big case as a detective. Of course he recalls it vividly. Lowell Ames Norris of the Boston Sunday Herald has collaborated in putting this "Red Riddle of Beacon Hill" into words. It is a true detective story that you will long remember. Don't miss it!

IN JULY

THE RED RIDDLE OF BEACON HILL
THE STOLEN CAR RACKET EXPOSED
PUT ON THE SPOT!
TAMPA'S MODERN BLUEBEARD
THE CLUE OF THE VANISHED TATTOO
ASTONISHING REVELATIONS OF A WOMAN GEM THIEF
CLEVELAND'S CRIMSON MYSTERY
MY CAREER AS A GIRL SPY IN THE GREAT WAR
THE CLUE OF THE BLUE PELLET
THE "DEATH WATCH" MURDER

Real Solutions of Actual Crimes!

THE MASTER DETECTIVE publishes complete inside stories of actual crime solution. Many of them come to you direct from the official records. They are reported by the detectives themselves or by newspaper men who are closely in touch with every twist and turn of the cases. For that reason MASTER DETECTIVE stories are outstanding in detective literature. Time and again they prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction as they disclose the amazing vagaries of the human mind as crooks try cunningly to hide their tracks. They prove that in actual fact the so-called "perfect crime" does not exist. You will be spell-bound at the skill and tenacity with which police detectives and private operatives get their man no matter how well covered are the clues, no matter how devious the trail. Add THE MASTER DETECTIVE to your list of reading today!

The Master DETECTIVE

July Issue—June 23rd

At All News Stands!

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, Dept. R-7

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine for the next five months beginning with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Classic of Fistiana

JACK DEMPSEY

The Idol of Fistiana

by **NAT FLEISCHER**

Make Him Happy

Give Him a Realistic Thrill

Let Him Enjoy His Reading Hours

by Sending Him a Copy of

"Jack DEMPSEY,

The Idol of Fistiana" by NAT FLEISCHER

A NARRATIVE AND A HISTORY COMBINED

NAT FLEISCHER knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

"Jack Dempsey" is a romantic narrative and an accurate record as well. It supplies a long-felt want in the history of the American ring.

Every contest in which Dempsey participated is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture.

Every step leading Dempsey to the title, every move which stood out in his career as a champion, is told about in the weaving of this tapestry of fact, anecdote and technique.

It has the speed of a romantic novel, the color of a red-hot story of adventure, a human appeal in every page.

The Greatest Biography of a famous

fighter ever written. 324 pages of interesting reading. 142 photographs covering the life of the Manassa Mauler from his rise from the Copper Mines to a World Championship; from a hobo to a millionaire; from a preliminary boy earning $2.50 per fight to a star commanding a million for the defense of his crown

A story with a heart throb

A kick in every line. A knockout in every page. The Most Thrilling Story of The Most Colorful, Picturesque Fighter the world has ever known.

An intimate story of Jack Dempsey, the "Play Boy," and Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

A beautiful orange-colored, cloth-bound edition. Only $2.00.
Buy your copy now—At all book shops or direct from THE RING office.
Also a De Luxe Edition, limited to 250 copies, each autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author in Beautiful Blue Morocco Leather. Price $10.00. Make Your Choice.

USE THIS COUPON AND ADDRESS:

THE RING BOOK SHOP, 11 West 42nd St., New York City

Please mail to me a copy of Nat Fleischer's thrilling story, "JACK DEMPSEY, THE IDOL OF FISTIANA." Enclosed find:
$2.00 for cloth-bound edition, or $10.00 for De Luxe Edition, limited to only 250 copies, each numbered and autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Illustrated with 142 Photographs, many of them stirring action pictures.

All for only

$2.00

Don't Miss This Story